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VICTIM AND VICTOR

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SET UP BY BROWN BROTHERS LINOTYPERS
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TO MY SISTER

MARION

IN GRATITUDE FOR A LIFE-LONG
LOYALTY AND IN MEMORY
OF HER NEVER-FAILING LOVE

"Fallax gratia et vana est pulcritudo;
mulier timens Dominum ipsa laudabitur"

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PREFACE

THE PRINCIPLE of continuity runs through the life history of every race, of every individual. A certain reaction is possible only because a series of other actions, interactions, and reactions have preceded it. The same law holds good in the making of books.

This book has no direct connection with *Fear,* written a year ago. Yet in a sense there is an element of continuity that associates one book with the other.

Someone who had read *Fear* suggested that it would be interesting to work out a type of priest-physician who might be able to deal more satisfactorily with the difficulties of psychasthenic patients than is possible for either clergyman or psychiatrist in their separate spheres. This, however, was a task beyond my strength. I have had to content myself with imagining two men, one a physician, the other a churchman, and with describing certain supposititious cases which these two might, together, treat successfully.

It would seem unnecessary to tell any sensible person that in this book there are no attempts to draw individualized portraits from "real life." Yet

there is a certain type of critic who feels that he is doing a writer a kindness by trying to tack onto the creatures of imagination the names of living men and women. My statement, therefore, may not come amiss, that while this book, like others of its kind, is constructed out of the raw material of the writer's own experience, rearranged and transformed by his imagination, yet no man or woman whom I myself have ever known personally has been "put into" it.

To present a clergyman, a minister, a priest, as the central figure of a narrative, may seem like an anachronism, a return to early Victorian traditions. But of late, writers of what is so often miscalled "fiction" have shown a renewed interest in the clergy, not always, I fear, to the credit of the individual clergyman or to the greater glory of the God whom he is supposed to serve. I have tried, therefore, to write the history of one man's priesthood, a man who is neither an Elmer Gantry nor a Mr. Harding of Barchester Cathedral. For the truth about the clergy, like the truth about most other things, does not lie at either of the two extremes, but in the *Via Media*—in the Golden Mean of Aristotle, "The Master of those who know."

J. R. O.

Pointe au Pic, Canada
August 24, 1927

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PART ONE

Victim

And Diomedes slew Axylus, Teuthras's son—that dwelt in well-built Arisbe—a man—that was beloved of all men. For he dwelt in a house by the highroad, and gave entertainment to all that passed by. Nevertheless, of all these, there was not one found—to ward from him woeful destruction.

HOMER, *The Iliad,* Book VI, lines 13-17

VICTIM AND VICTOR

CHAPTER I

AN OLD ANATOMIST TURNS HISTORIAN

In these days of unnecessary, useless books, the man who considers adding to their number must have some excuse that he can offer—at least to himself—for his *cacoëthes scribendi.* And so, although I know that what is commonly called "the reading public" will never set eyes on these pages, I feel that for my own satisfaction I must set down my reasons for wasting a number of weeks in an attempt to reconstruct, historically, a certain period in my own life, a period that stands out in bright colors against the drab background of other years, a period of unusual mental activity and of professional success as well. This heightened ability was due not to any primary achievements of my own but to my chance association with the only human personality that ever lent to my colorless existence an element of glowing enthusiasm; a personality faded out long ago but still powerful enough to cast an occasional ray of light on a dark horizon, or to stir in the burnt-out ashes of my old age a few chance sparks of vivid memory.

This year the University conferred its hundreds of degrees earlier than usual. Our Summer School does not begin until July. And during the coming month the Medical School will be almost deserted—especially that part of it with which I am now connected, the Anatomical and Pathological Museum. This museum covers the whole top floor of our large Anatomical Building, and I have been Curator of it for the past three years. A pleasant, quiet berth for one who has sailed so many medical seas as I. There is very little to do, and that little pleasant, especially to an elderly man with a scholarly turn of mind and an interest in the historical aspects of his subject. It is this interest that is taking me to Europe in a few weeks, to visit some of the great libraries and to examine several anatomical manuscripts of the Middle Ages which I am collating for my book—the work of many years—on the early anatomical treatises of Salerno and Montpellier. But I do not sail until July. And during the next four weeks my mind is going to be at loose ends, too tired to re-write the chapter on early Salerno, and yet too active to allow me to sit here in my office at the Museum doing nothing at all.

And yet, perhaps I might have resigned myself to the latter condition, had I not come across that bulky, sealed, big buff envelope. I was making a pretense of tidying up the drawers in my desk—the desk at my lodgings, that I scarcely ever use—not the orderly disordered desk in my office here at the

Museum—for although I am only midway between sixty and seventy, yet a man at my age does not cross the ocean without giving a thought or two to the possibility of not living to come home; and I have had a mild "warning" or two of late, not enough to worry about, my distinguished clinical colleagues tell me, but a "warning" to me, nevertheless. So I was hunting through that dusty, unused desk for two things, my life insurance policy and my will. To the latter, I wanted to add a codicil or two. I found, at that time, neither will nor policy; but from out the back of the lower drawer I pulled a heavy, buff envelope tied with string. I had no time to open it then; but next day I took it with me to my office at the Museum—and I have been studying its contents ever since. As a result, the memories of fifteen odd years ago have been revived in such clear-cut outlines that I cannot get them out of my mind. And it has occurred to me that I might be of greater help to the world by using the contents of that buff envelope as my historical data and by writing the story that they tell than by setting forth the variant readings of anatomical manuscripts. Not that I have the slightest intention of ever putting this record into type myself; but at least the story of an interesting life shall not be lost through any fault of mine. I shall try to write it as a historian; I shall leave it among my papers; and whoever finds it may do as he pleases with it. In setting it down, I shall have

done my part. And I ought to be able to finish it during the next four weeks, before I sail in July. It will occupy my mind with something quite different from my usual tasks, and I shall be all the fresher to attack the records of Salerno and Montpellier.

My material is so inadequate that it will be impossible for me to give any complete description of the life of Michael Mann. But it will be interesting, I think, to proceed in the manner of an objective scientific historian, giving the "documents" themselves when they are available, extracts from his diary, letters preserved between the pages of the diary; and only taking up the narrative with my own pen in those situations in which I have first-hand knowledge of the man himself. I make no attempt to explain some of the mysteries, or to fill some of the gaps which make certain periods in his life so hard to understand. There were happenings in his life to which he never alluded, and to which, even in his diary, he only refers indirectly. It is, I think, better to respect his reticences, not to try to uncover his secrets. For he did not hide anything because he was ashamed of what he had ever done; he hid, or avoided, certain memories because he had been hurt so deeply, had suffered so intensely, that even the memory of those sufferings was more than he could bear. As for those of us who knew him, we would not have cared a whit had he committed every crime in the penal code, for

we admired him—some of us, I think, loved him—not for anything that he might or might not have done, but for what he was—what he was to each of us. And because we knew this, we knew also that whatever his faults and misdoings might have been, he could never have done anything that was unkind or malicious or intentionally harmful to man or beast. And even if, blinded by forces beyond his power to control, he had somehow gone wrong, he had surely atoned for it with his heart's blood.

And now to my task. Here before me in this envelope lies my historical material—all that remains of a very active, varied life. And yet, not quite all. For the brain that loved and thought and suffered is at this moment preserved in a round earthern pot, among whole shelves of such brains and pots in our brain collection in the laboratory of our mental clinic. The greatest authority on brain anatomy in this country examined it, and microscopic slides were made. There were no signs of disease. It was, according to his report, a "normal brain." And yet the man who had once possessed it was the most unusual, the most "unnormal" personality that I have ever known. And in our pathological department are some bits of skin and parts of certain internal organs. Except for the one fatal lesion—I can't go into details here—there was nothing pathological in them, either. I

wanted to make sure of that. And I ought to know —for I made the autopsy myself.

But those bits of brain and flesh are deader than any cast-off clothing. Nothing lives in them now. There is infinitely more life in the contents of this buff envelope. I will empty it out on the desk before me.

A curious conglomeration of material on which to reconstruct a man's life! Here are two books, very worn, well bound in leather once but now cracked at the edges, almost falling apart. One is the Iliad of Homer, an old Greek text, with a prose translation in English at the bottom of each page. It is full of pencil marks, and as I turn over the leaves I notice that the passages which are doubly underlined all refer to the god Hermes, "Hermes the Helper." For him, the owner of the book seems to have had special veneration. The other volume is a Greek Testament—on that very thin Oxford India paper. A piece of the front page has been cut out as though to remove a name or a dedication. And on the fly leaf of each of these two worn books, the Homer and the Testament, two Latin words are written, *Comes Exilii,* "Companion of My Exile."

Then there is a third volume—not a printed book, but an octavo blankbook—a sort of diary, I take it. The first long entry is dated 1894; the other entries take up about one half of the remaining pages. A few old letters are pinned to the pages, or lie loosely between them.

Here is a worn little cross or crucifix—rather a cheap, poorly executed thing—that is worn shiny on one side, as though it had for years constantly rubbed against some slightly moist surface.

And finally—the most unusual bit of all—I see something that I myself, who once sealed up the envelope, had forgotten—a round, clerical collar, the kind that the uninitiated call a "dog-collar," made of rubber, or celluloid, or some hard, lasting material. And attached to it, held between the folds of the double collar, is one of those black bibs, or "stocks," that the clergy wear inside their waistcoats, instead of a tie or cravat. One sees them below the chins of Roman Catholic priests. This one, that lies in my hands, is plain, without the tucks and embroidery that, so far as I remember, distinguishes the usual Roman type. It is worn and frayed at the edges; the back of it is stained with sweat. It is a most unlovely, disreputable looking bit of cloth.

As I spread out this strange collection of "material" on the desk before me, my mind goes back to the day when I slipped it into this big envelope, tied it up, and stuck it at the bottom of my lowest drawer, slamming the drawer shut, angry because I had no key with which I could lock the whole thing away from my sight forever. Then my heart was full of bitterness and rebellion. I had been, as it were, setting down the assets of what had seemed to me a very valuable life; and after adding them up, it had looked as if the sum total consisted only

of two worn books, an old half-used diary, a worn brass crucifix, and a celluloid clerical collar. And even these poor assets were apparently swallowed up in the mass of liabilities set down by those who had judged and condemned that same life, condemned it mercilessly and without hope of appeal.

But I was wrong—all wrong.

I know—or rather, I can guess now—how infinitely greater were the assets—the results of that life—than I, in my momentary bitterness, had supposed.

And now, with Agag, I can say, "Surely, the bitterness of death"—and of life, too—"is passed." Old age has its blessings in its deliverance from emotional standards, from the cocksureness of youth and the self-satisfactions of middle age. And to Agag I can join Sophocles, and with him give thanks that in advancing years one feels as though one had been set free from the domination of tyrants, the tyrants of ambition, egoism, and emotion, whose slaves we are until old age dethrones them forever.

Therefore, in attempting to reconstruct a very complex life from most inadequate historical material, I am not seeking to right any wrongs or to stir up any fruitless discussions. If I fulfill my task even partially, there will be, I think, a lesson to be learned. But I shall not be at pains, myself, to point it out. If it does not declare itself, then it is not worth the learning.

In quoting from the diary, I have, naturally, omitted certain well-known names, or I have altered the names of places. Any over-curious reader who attempts to identify with a name and a tag the persons and places that I have been at pains to protect, will do me ill service and will surely do himself no good. But after all, I need have no fears on this score. I am writing to please myself. And if what I do write ever drifts into print, I shall not be here to see it, at least with earthly eyes.

CHAPTER II

FROM THE DIARY OF MICHAEL MANN

June, 1894. Tomorrow the life that I have lived for the past twenty-four years comes, in one sense, to a definite end. Tonight I am still the Michael Mann who was baptized at the wobbly old font in the pro-Cathedral and confirmed at the altar rail of the Cathedral itself two years after the building had been consecrated; the Michael Mann who worked his way doggedly through college, and who has spent three crowded, intense years here at the Divinity School. But by tomorrow night, something mysterious will be imprinted on my soul that will set me forever apart from my former self. And nothing that can ever happen to me afterwards, either in this world or the next, can destroy that new spiritual character. I can never be just Michael Mann again. Tomorrow, when the Ordination Service is over, I shall be Michael Mann, deacon. And in another year, if it be God's will, I shall be Michael Mann, priest.

So, on this last night of my old life—of my life as a layman—I have burned up my old diaries—three of them—that I have kept since I was con-

firmed. In them I have written only when the impulse to write has seized me, or when I have had something very important to write about. This new diary I bought this afternoon, when I was downtown. It is to be the record, or the beginning of the record, of my life as "Deacon and Priest in the Church of God," as the Prayer Book has it. With what intense longing and devotion do I look forward to the events that are to be recorded here! For my ordination has been the one aim that has for years held my life steady in purpose. Steady, from that day when I realized that even so humble a person as myself—I, whose mother kept a boarding-house and whose father had a mysterious habit called "drink"—might aspire to become even as the Precentor, in his blue-lined hood, who sang the Litany—or, perhaps, even as the Dean, who preached such wonderful sermons, and who, as my mother said, had "such a refined face." As far as the Bishop on his throne, in his bright, red, Oxford doctor's gown, my boyish ambition had never thought to lift its eyes.

How clearly those memories of my boyhood stand out in my mind tonight!

The beginning of "my vocation to the priesthood." My spiritual directors have asked me about this so often, when they were trying to discover whether I had a "true vocation" or not. It is intimately associated in my mind with the building of out wonderful new cathedral that now stands high

on a little hill of its own. On the outskirts of the city, overlooking and dominating everything, it gathers, as it has always seemed to me, the whole city into the power and peace of its shadow. But when I was born, it existed, I suppose, only as a sort of glorious dream in the mind of the Bishop. What was called the "Cathedral congregation" worshiped in an old wooden church—way downtown—a church that was always almost falling over and having to be propped up with beams on the outside. We were frequently told that the "pro-Cathedral" was likely to tumble in around our ears any Sunday; this made people all the more eager to build the Cathedral itself. My parents lived near this old pro-Cathedral church; they had been married there, and they brought me there to be baptized.

I don't remember much about this old edifice. But the building of the new Cathedral I watched with intense interest, from its very beginning. My family had moved into the suburbs, where living was cheaper, and my school—a new building too—was just two squares from the oblong lot on the top of a hill on which the Cathedral walls were rising. On every school-day for four years I passed and re-passed the site, watching the great piers of the nave grow and the outline of the building become clearer and clearer. How well I remember the day of the Consecration, a Saturday; and how I stood in the street, with staring eyes, marveling at the procession of choir and clergy around the

outside walls. I pushed so close that one of the choir boys, who knew me at school, stuck out his tongue at me in the middle of "The Church's One Foundation." Until he stuck out his tongue, I had not recognized him as Tommy Mather, for his hair was slicked flat, and he wore a long, purple sort of dress, with a white thing over it. I went home fired with a new ambition. If Tommy Mather, whom I could "lick" with one hand, could wear such clothes and walk in a "parade" like that, why could not I?

I was a secretive child. I said nothing to my mother. She was still a member of the Cathedral congregation, although only on its outer fringe; for she had begun to keep a boarding-house, and my father's habits had become more pronounced. All I understood of these habits was that my father was afflicted with something awful called "drink"—something disgraceful—that must be hidden—or only mentioned in whispers—something that was somehow responsible for my mother having to cook and wash dishes and add up grocer's bill with the stump of an old pencil that was wetted by her lips, and occasionally by the tears that dripped from her eyes. And this same disgraceful Something—this "drink"—that somehow made both my mother and me inferior, holders-on to the fringe of our social order, became associated with and materialized into the strange, pungent, sour, heavy smell that offended my clean childish nostrils when my father stumbled

across the bedroom floor—he and I slept in the same bed—and tumbled in beside me, dropping at once into a heavy sleep, his open mouth empesting the air in which I slept and dreamed with the odor that I subconsciously recognized as the source of all my mother's troubles and my own.

So, like some unhappy, banished spirit, I used to loiter on my way home from school, on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, hanging about, near the low entrance to the Cathedral crypt, where the choir rehearsed twice every week. The boys would pass me by, one or two of them nodding at me or giving me a half-friendly kick on the shins, and I would watch them disappear beyond in the low archway. And then—all alone on the street—I would stand, staring at the closed door of the crypt, until I would suddenly realize how late it was, and would scuttle off home to help mother lay the table for the boarders' supper.

But on one gloomy winter afternoon, when my soul was bitterness within me, one of the choir-boys whom I knew kicked me on the shins harder than usual. Anyway, it hurt me more. In a burst of rage, I dashed across the street after him, to punch his nose, forgetting that he was a choir-boy and that I was an outsider, whose father "drank." My antagonist, surprised by my sudden attack, called to his friends for help, and I was soon in the midst of a pushing, pummeling crowd of enemies. Suddenly, a high, clear voice seemed to speak out of

the air above me, and the panting group that surrounded me as suddenly dissolved. Someone took me by the shoulder. "If you are through fighting, we'll go in to practice that new Te Deum." Before I could gasp out that I was not a member of the choir, the hand on my shoulder had pushed me down the steps, inside the low door of the crypt. "Go and sit down on the end of that bench till your battling emotions have evaporated," said the same voice. I knew, now, who had rescued me. The organist and choir-master. Hamlyn was his name, and on the printed list of the choir the letters after his name, "Mus. Doc.," always fascinated me. He was slight, with long, wavy brown hair and the face of a pre-Raphaelite knight—a face that would light up from inside when he was playing, or that could be twisted with black diabolic passion if the boys sang out of tune. I got to know this face very, very well. A great musician he was, though not much of a choir-master. Some of the best hymn-tunes in our hymnal were written by him. There is one —with an accompaniment of trumpets—that used to lift my boyish soul to the heights of heaven.

But that afternoon when he mistook me for one of his choir-boys was a fateful afternoon for me. It was only during the rehearsal that he came slowly to notice that I did not sing, that the other boys stared at me belligerently, and that my face was strange to him. But he let me sit where I was. After rehearsal he dismissed the choir, and from

where he sat at the piano, crooked an inviting finger at me. With shaking knees, I came and stood at his side.

"Can the boy sing?" he asked, apparently of the surrounding air.

Sing? Why should I be able to sing? There was nothing in our house to make anyone sing. I shook my head despondently. "But—but——" I stammered, "I can—I can—whistle!" (And I had had my head clouted for it often enough—my mother didn't like it—my father whistled, especially when he walked unsteadily to our bed.)

The choir-master shook his head. "I'm afraid," he said, half to himself, "that Stainer's Service in B Flat has no whistling solos."

Then he seemed to have read in my eyes something of my inward conflict, for he struck a note on the piano and said, "Whistle that."

I gave forth a fluttering little pipe. "And now whistle the 'Swanee River.' I'll accompany you."

I did what I could. Halfway through, he took his hands off the keys and let me finish without accompaniment. Then he hit a single note on the piano again. "Well," he muttered to himself, "I'll be damned!" He looked up at me suddenly. "Excuse me," he added, smiling, "but I am so devilishly tired of these boyish trebles that flat, and flat, and flat! You must have some sort of a voice. And with your accurate ear, you won't torment my soul as much as the others do."

I put my hand up to my ear; I did not understand what there was about it that had won me this commendation.

That was the beginning of what I might call my "Cathedral life." Choir-boy—first treble, then alto; and when my voice broke hopelessly, crucifer and choir-librarian. I shall never forget the first day that I carried the processional cross at the head of the choir. All the time I was squinting out of the corner of one eye to catch a glimpse of my mother, sitting far off, on the "fringe," at the end of the north transept.

I soon came to know all the clergy by sight. And one of them, the Precentor—that fat, gruff, but big-hearted little man—took an interest in my spiritual welfare. He prepared me for confirmation; to him I went with all my boyish troubles. He always hoped, I think, that I might have a vocation for the priesthood. But he never said anything to me about it. And, indeed, until I was nearly fifteen, such an idea never entered my mind. It never occurred to me that the son of a man who "drank," and whose mother kept a boarding-house, could ever aspire to such lofty station as that. Then came that sudden opening out of the vision. And it came in such a strange manner.

On the evening of Christmas Day, the Dean usually gave a big dinner at the Deanery, a large, pompous, old stone house, a block from the Cathedral—the only stone house in that part of the city.

It was older, much, than the Cathedral. And how it came to be there, and who built it, and why, I have never known. But to my boyish mind, it was the acme of luxury and grandeur; just the proper setting for the big, handsome man, with soft, beautifully kept hands and tired-looking deep brown eyes, who had been "installed" as Dean—from the choir, I had, myself, seen the Bishop perform the act—some three years after the consecration of the Cathedral. People said, I remember, that "he had money of his own and lived well." And my mother knew one of the maids at the Deanery.

But of the interior glories of that house I had a fleeting glimpse only once a year, on the evening of Christmas Day. At that time the Dean would entertain first the Cathedral clergy and their wives —he himself was unmarried, and his sister, as my mother expressed it, "presided at his table"—then, in lesser pomp, the choir. We came to the Deanery at nine—to be up so late was in itself exciting—and were kept huddled in the big front drawing-room. At the end nearest the street was a Christmas tree; at the other end were the big double doors that opened into the dining room. Someone would light up the tree, the choir would gather around it, and as the doors from the dining room opened, giving us a glimpse of a brilliantly lighted table and its lines of guests, we would sing, "Good King Wenceslaus looked out." Then, while we sang other carols, the dinner party would break up, and some of the

clergy and their wives would drift into the drawing-room, where we stood, gathered around the tree. Later, after the carols, there were presents from the tree for all of us; and best of all, on that very dining table around which the clergy had dined, we of the choir would be fed with ices and sweets. Then the Dean would make a little speech, and the Bishop would say a few words; and it was all very jolly and delightful.

Strange that in such an atmosphere I should have caught my first vision of the priesthood as a possible future for myself. For a number of years I had been present at the Deanery on Christmas evening, as one of the choir. But on this particular Christmas things were different, for I had become crucifer and librarian of the choir, and I did not stand with the choir-boys, huddled round the tree, but off at one side of the room, near the piano, making myself as useful as I could to Dr. Hamlyn. When the dining room doors opened and the guests rose from their places, I saw the Bishop, in his apron and buttoned gaiters, come into the drawing-room, leaning on the arm of the Dean. Both were smoking large, black cigars. They stood for a moment looking at the tree and the choir. And then, my friend, the Precentor, bustled up behind them, passed them, and came to the piano to speak to me. He slipped his arm through mine and led me up to where the Dean and the Bishop were standing. Now I had, of course, spoken to the Dean before. But a Bishop

does not know the choir-boys of his Cathedral; and, besides, he is a personage too taken up with diocesan affairs to give much attention to the details of his cathedral church. I had never seen our Bishop except when he was on his throne, during service. And now, suddenly, I was being led up to this exalted prelate. I felt the Dean's soft white hand on my shoulder, and I heard him say, "My Lord," —bishops who wear gaiters and aprons like to be called "My Lord"—"this is our new crucifer."

I don't know what was said to me. I don't know what I said. I got back to my place by the piano somehow—and my knees were shaking under me—not because the Dean had been kind to me, or because the Bishop had held out his ring for me to kiss. Not at all, although all this was staggering enough and would give me no end of interesting matter to tell my mother. But what had shaken me to my inmost soul was—an odor—an atmosphere—a heavy, aromatic, hot smell—that had reached me, plainly enough, from both the Dean and the Bishop—a thing that I had hitherto associated in my mind with all the degrading, handicapping elements in my life, and which I had accepted as the cause of my own and my mother's inferiority. It had come, hitherto, from my father, because he did what people called "drink." And here, at the Deanery, in this environment that was to my hungry, boyish mind the acme of life at its highest and its best, an environment to which I,

with my father behind me, might never hope to attain, here I had met this same odor, this same thing again. And behold, it was not a degrading, not a disgusting thing at all! For was it not associated, intimately, with those whom I had been taught to look upon as the Lord's Anointed?

I went home with my mind in a tumult. My poor mother, who had stayed up late to hear about the "Dean's party," must have thought me most unkind. But I wanted to be alone; I wanted to think.

Today I cannot exactly reconstruct my boyish reasoning. But I do know that from that Christmas evening I date my determination to take Holy Orders. The idea had been, I suppose, in my mind always; but my feelings about my father's habits had made it seem utterly impossible of realization. Now, thanks to a whiff or two of the Dean's good Burgundy, the obstacles had all disappeared.

So that was the beginning of my vocation; or at least of my realization of it.

From that time on, my whole life became merely a means to an end—a certain number of years that had to be lived through in a certain manner, a definite work that had to be done, habits of mind that had to be formed—all this, in order that I might reach the thing that is to happen to me tomorrow, in the same Cathedral where I once carried the cross in front of the choir. And because of all this, tonight, as I sit here alone in my Seminary room,

writing, the last seven years seem foreshortened, run together into an unimportant bit of time. The hard four years at college, with all their interests and friendships, seem hazy. I don't think that at any time during those years I lost my hold on my vocation, except for two bad months in my Junior year, when, as a rank outsider, I won the half-mile for our track team and gave us an unexpected victory by two points over Williams and Amherst. I didn't stand the sudden popularity very well. I had never been so happy before, and I—I may as well admit it here—I drank a great deal more than was good for me—the only period in my life when I got into bed at night without first getting down on my knees. And then, suddenly, somehow I came to myself. I had gone home to my mother for the Easter holidays, and she saw the change in me at once. My father had died two years before; she was still "keeping her boarding-house." And I, I who knew at college two fellows from my city who lived on one of the really fashionable streets and who had asked me to their homes, I—God forgive me—was ashamed of her. Then I went to the theater with one of these friends and came home—to my old room, that I had once shared with my father—came home stumbling as he had once stumbled, and breathing and smelling as he had once breathed and smelled.

I passed through an agony of repentance. I thought that I had forever forfeited my vocation;

that I could never become a priest. And I went back to college in a depth of depression, wondering what I was to do with life. Luckily, just then one of the Cathedral clergy at home, who was an alumnus of my college, came on for Commencement. I put him up in my rooms, and he got rather overloaded at his fraternity house one night, so that I had to help him to bed. He wasn't disgusting, remember, like my father; just funny. And after he was asleep, I made up my mind that I had been taking my own mistakes too seriously, and that I might have a real vocation after all. Next morning, when the priest sat in my rooms, with a bad headache and deep remorse, and said, "My dear Michael, I hope that you will not think any the less of me because I—because——" I cut him short and scandalized him, I fear, by answering, "I think of you even more highly than before, for you've helped me more than you can ever guess." For I knew, you see, that he was a good, a useful, and, in some respects, a holy priest; and if he could take a little too much and still be both good and useful, why, then, I had been making altogether too much of my own troubles.

After college came the three years here at the Divinity School. How I have tried, and fought, to build up within me the firm foundations of a priestly life! I've failed often enough, I know. There have been times, especially in the spring, when the city that lies within such easy distance

of our ivy-covered walls has called and called to me, until—occasionally—I have yielded. But I came back; I always came back. And I never did harm to anyone except myself.

And during these three years I have read, two or three times every day, at the services in our chapel the Latin words that stand out in great Gothic letters on the wall of our sanctuary, *Tu es sacerdos in aeternum,* "Thou art a priest forever." They are placed there, so my professor of Christian Ethics tells me, as a sort of warning. They say to young men anxious to take Orders: "Consider what you are doing. The life to which you aspire is not like any worldly profession that you can give up or change if it does not please you or if you are a failure in it. The man who is once ordained priest is a priest *always.* He may deny his orders, he may think that he has become a lawyer, or a financier, a physician, or a manufacturer, but in the eyes of God and God's Church he is still, and he always will be, a priest. If he dies and goes to hell, he will be a priest there also. (And hell, so my old professor says, is full of wicked priests.) So beware before you take a step that is utterly irrevocable. For once the hands of the Bishop and the other presbyters are laid on your head, and you 'receive the Holy Ghost for the office of a priest in the Church of God,' you are a priest *forever.*" *Tu es sacerdos in aeternum.*

How many, many times have I read and re-read

those words on the chapel wall. And the same thing is true, of course, of the diaconate—the last step before the priesthood. And to that office I am to be ordained tomorrow.

It is growing very late. The lights in most of the other rooms are out. And still I go on writing. I couldn't sleep. I am too excited.

This afternoon, while I was in the city, I had a strange, most unpleasant experience. It has been at the back of my mind ever since it happened.

I went into town, not in order to buy this new diary—that was an afterthought—but to get some clerical collars and a stock. Some of the men here at the Divinity School start wearing clerical collars with high vests or stocks as soon as they become students. But I have never done that. I should be afraid, positively afraid, to put on a clerical collar before I had actually been ordained deacon; afraid that, somehow, it might bring me bad luck, that somehow something might happen that would prevent me from being ordained at all. Wearing a clerical collar before one is safely in Holy Orders gives me a dread of Nemesis—the feeling of an ancient Greek who would fear to boast of his happiness or success lest he should so anger the gods above as to bring down upon his head the vengeance of an outraged Olympian heaven. I have looked forward to my ordination with such intense desire that I have always been terrified lest something

should happen that would make it impossible for me to achieve it. So, although, like the other students, I have always worn black clothes, I have not discarded my ordinary collar and black four-in-hand tie. Why, I have not even dared to buy a clerical waistcoat, the high-buttoned variety! No, my plan of avoiding bad luck has been to wait until the very day before my ordination; then, to buy some round collars and a black silk stock that will fill up the opening in my ordinary black waistcoat when I take off my lay collar and tie forever. On the morning of my ordination, then, all the change that I have to make, is to put on the round clerical collar and the stock attached to it, and throw away what I had worn before. So that is why I waited until today to buy the two little things that are to transform my appearance from that of a layman dressed in mourning to that of a clergyman. I knew just where to get what I wanted. The Roman Catholic clergy get their things at the same shop.

It was very, very hot in town. My old collar was wilted to a soggy rag. As I leaned over the counter after picking out a dozen round collars and a plain silk stock, the clerk pushed another box under my nose. "Have a look at these, Father," he said. He knows that sub-deacons and deacons like to be called "Father," just as captains in the Army don't mind being addressed as major. "They're made of some sort of indestructible rubber; they won't wilt, even on the hottest day, and

they feel cool around your neck." Then, as I hesitated, he added, "Come back here to this mirror and try one of them on yourself."

I yielded. In spite of all my fears I was seized with an irresistible desire to see how I would look in a clerical collar. After all, my ordination was set for tomorrow. Nothing much could happen now to prevent it. So the young clerk tucked my new stock under the folds of this rubber clerical collar, and I—I put it on. I stared at myself in the glass. I had changed my dress in only two apparently insignificant details; and yet how different I looked! At last—at last I looked as I had always wanted to look—like my old friend the Precentor—like the Dean himself. My satisfaction must have been very plainly visible. For the clerk said, holding out my wilted lay collar and stained black tie: "Better keep it on, Father, and wear it home. You'll never get this dish-rag of a collar on your neck again."

Once more I surrendered.

I collected my parcels, went across the street to the stationer's to buy this new diary, and then got into the train to hurry back to my room at the Divinity School. And in the train I had the experience that has troubled me so.

I was sitting in the smoker, filling my pipe, when someone sat dawn in the seat beside me. I paid no attention to the man until he spoke to me.

"Hello, Father," he said, with a glance at my

shiny new rubber clerical collar. "Going back to the Seminary, aren't you?"

Because he said "Seminary," and not "Divinity School," I knew that he had mistaken me for one of the Roman clergy from St. Benedict's Seminary, that lies just across the river from our institution. Such mistakes happened occasionally. And usually they flattered us. At least, I liked being taken for a Roman Catholic priest; and I didn't undeceive this man who had spoken to me. Nevertheless, my conscience was not at ease. So I compromised by partially correcting his mistake.

"I'm not ordained priest yet," I said, and started to open a newspaper that I held in my hand.

But the man beside me wasn't so easily snubbed.

"Well, you will be a priest soon," he replied. And then, suddenly, putting his hand on my knee, he added, "I was a priest once myself."

For the first time I turned and looked at him. He was shabby, his face was pock-marked and criss-crossed by thousands of little lines. Although it was stifling hot in the car, his skin was dry; but the hand that he laid on my knee seemed to burn through my clothes. It was as though he were consumed by some intense heat inside—a dry heat. Then, as he leaned toward me, I caught the full impact of his breath. And I knew what was burning him up inside. I had felt that feverish blast before—as a child—from my own father's lips.

"You—a priest!" I stammered. Glancing side-

ways at him, I saw that his dry, scorched face still bore, in washed-out lines, the marks that the Roman Catholic training stamps so clearly on all those who have passed through it. Somehow, in some ugly, distorted way, he still looked like—a priest.

He nodded, in answer to my question. Then, after a moment's pause, he whispered, "Deposed—kicked out—four years ago." He laughed, but there was more bitterness than mirth in his voice. "The old Archbishop did it. It was the drink, you see. And now I'm a newspaper man—reporter—and my own master—a free man again."

A sort of choking horror rose up within me. A deposed, unfrocked priest—drunken, disgraced. Instinctively I moved away from him and pushed his hand abruptly and rudely from my knee. God forgive me if I was cruel. But I could not help myself. The man's touch seemed to contaminate me.

He gave me one look—just one. There was pain in it, but apparently a pain with which he was familiar—an old ache that would be with him always. But there was something else in it too, a suggestion of pity for me, half humorous, half earnest. He looked at me as some wise, experienced, older man might look at a petulant, spoiled child. Then, without another word, he got up and, raising his hat, walked down to the farther end of the smoking car.

I was still thinking of him when I got back to

the Divinity School. And my thoughts were so unpleasant that I did not go directly to my room, but stopped for a few moments at a house that has been almost a home to me during the past three years. The people who live there, Mr. Thomas, his wife, and two children—both girls—are famous for their kindness to our Divinity students, and they have been especially kind to me. The eldest girl, Hilda, ten years old, has appropriated me as her own special possession. Whenever she plays with the children of our professors on the big lawn in front of the Divinity School, she always slips away from them after a while and climbs over the sill of my window on the ground floor to see how "my Mister Mike," as she calls me, is getting on. I must be something like Lewis Carroll, for I get along famously with little girls, while the roughness and ugliness of boys repel and annoy me.

So this afternoon, after my unpleasant experience on the train, I stopped for tea at the Thomas's house. I think that, half consciously, I wanted to see what Mrs. Thomas would think of me in my new collar.

I found her sitting in her usual place at this time of the day, behind her little tea-table. Usually there was a group of Divinity students with her; but today, luckily, on account of examinations at the end of term, she was alone. She said something about my changed appearance, something kind and comforting. "At last," she said, "you have got the

kind of collar that harmonizes with the face above it." Then, raising her voice slightly, she called to the children in the other room. Miriam, the younger girl, came in demurely, took my hand, and bobbed a very careful courtesy. But Hilda, with an undignified shout, "Oh, it's my Mister Mike!" dashed in after her sister, pushed the younger girl aside, and seized me by the coat-sleeve. Then, as she lifted her face to mine—she checked herself—let her hand fall from my sleeve, stared at me with open mouth, and, with a muffled wail, turned from me and ran to hide her face in her mother's lap, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Thomas was as surprised as I was. She tried to comfort the child. "Your new collar changes you, I suppose," she whispered to me. "And she wasn't prepared for the change."

I crossed the room. I tried to reassure this child who had been a source of brightness in my drab life, but she shrank away from me; she would not even let me touch her. And she would not—perhaps she could not—explain her behavior. She kept sobbing, "Oh, I don't like him that way! I don't like him the way he looks!" until at last she tore herself away from her mother's arms and dashed out of the room. We could hear her little feet go stamping up the stairs to her nursery.

Mrs. Thomas did her best to smooth out a difficult situation. She gave me tea, and Miriam handed me the sandwiches with great politeness and much

repressed satisfaction over her sister's "unlady-like behavior." But I missed Hilda.

After tea we went across the way to the school chapel for Evensong, as we had gone so often during the past three years. But this last time there was no Hilda to dance along at my side, tugging at my coat-sleeve and surreptitiously, behind my back, making faces at the very pious little son of our professor of Systematic Divinity. I did not take my usual place in choir with the other students that night, but sat with Mrs. Thomas in the ante-chapel. And as the Gregorian chants of the Psalms, sung by over a hundred men's voices, rolled and re-echoed along the vaulted roof, my eyes were fixed on that stretch of wall in the sanctuary above the altar where the words that were written there seemed to stand out in letters of fire. *Tu es sacerdos in æeternum.* "Thou art a priest forever."

It is getting very late. I have been writing for four hours. Why I have set down all this, I scarcely know. I wanted, I think, to get rid of the sense of unrest that has possessed me ever since I met that deposed priest in the smoking car. And Hilda's strange behavior hurt me—more deeply than I realized at the time. But now that I have set it all down, I feel easier in my mind. I ought not to have been so upset. What was the use of making a three-day Retreat in preparation for my ordination tomorrow, the Retreat that came to an end only this

morning, if I am now, because of such trivial happenings, to lose my sense of inward peace? I made the best Retreat I could. Old Father Raynes of the Holy Cross Fathers gave it, and there were five other men there besides myself, all to be ordained within this coming week.

I must go to bed. Yet I almost fear to stop writing. Still, I ought to get some sleep. I must be up early. It is a good hour by train to my own town, to my own cathedral city, where I was baptized, and confirmed, and where I am to be ordained tomorrow. And I've got to fast until noon tomorrow, also. It's nearly midnight now. And beside me, on my desk, is that bottle of special Scotch whiskey that Mr. Thomas gave me as a parting present. His one idea of hospitality is to make his guests drink too much. And it worries his wife, I know. I am all of a-tremble—my hand is cramped from writing so long. Perhaps if I ate a few biscuits and took just a small drink, I should sleep better. I wonder where my corkscrew is. What a silly thing to write. I must stop—now.

The next entry in the diary is dated a year later.

July, 1895. Ordained priest in the Cathedral two weeks ago, on Trinity Sunday. Said my first mass next morning at St. Michael and All Angels—the church in my own town in which I have served the year of my diaconate—a happy, successful year. I've

lived with my mother. The boarding-house still goes on; but in time I hope to be able to make that work unnecessary. Dear mother, how hopelessly, idiotically proud she is of me! She still sits "on the fringe" of the Cathedral congregation. But on the afternoon when I preached in the Cathedral pulpit, I, Michael Mann, made the verger escort her to a seat in the middle aisle.

The old dowagers who have sat there since the Cathedral was consecrated—and perhaps even before that, they seem such permanent, everlasting institutions—scowled at mother at first, she said, but then one of them leaned over and said something to her neighbor, pointing to me, sitting up in the choir in the stall next to the Dean's. After which they smiled and were mildly gracious.

My clerical colleagues have been somewhat stiff and stand-offish. But I can preach, if I say it myself, and even during the year of my diaconate I was asked to preach in a lot of churches all over our diocese. I have stayed overnight with married rectors with large families, with bachelor clergymen who put me up at their clubs, and at strict Clergy Houses, with never a female within a mile and with one of the clergy reading from the *Lives of the Saints* while we ate our breakfast.

Yes, thus far, thank God, I've been a "clerical success."

But now I am at last a priest! And I am leaving our diocese. The Bishop didn't want me to go. Yet

he saw what a big opportunity was being offered me and did not stand in my way. Next month I am to become a member of the clerical staff of an important church, St. Simon's, a long way from my own home town, and in a city in which I am an utter stranger. I am to live in the Clergy House, with the Rector, Dr. Stevenson, and five other priests. But what tempted me about the whole thing was this. St. Simon's is a very wealthy congregation, with a sense of wealth's responsibilities, and it is starting a sort of "mission chapel" among the very poor white people. As happens in so many American cities, there are slums, appalling slums, within a few blocks of some of the big so-called "residential avenues." On one of these avenues St. Simon's stands. And in the midst of the near-by poor, neglected district St. Simon's vestry intends to open a sort of settlement house, with a chapel and recreation hall and gymnasium and library. They've fitted over an old house temporarily; and this is to be the field of my new work. At the back of my mind there is a sort of uneasy question as to the reason why I was chosen for this particular duty. But I am putting that aside.

I shall have a free hand in my work to build up my "mission" in my own way. I shall be really "preaching the gospel," not to comfortable, wealthy, cultivated people who know all about it already, but to starved souls that are hungry for the beauty and the knowledge of the Christian religion.

My dear old mother will miss me cruelly. She will have to keep on "taking boarders"; for although I am to live in the Clergy House and have no rent to pay, my salary as mission curate is small, and I shall have to contribute my share to the running expenses of the house. But I shall spend this next month with my mother here at home. And then—to work!

CHAPTER III

A LETTER IN THE DIARY

THE TWO pages that follow the second entry are blank, but between them lies a letter, pinned to the blank page. It supplies the only information—and this, indirect—concerning the next few years of Michael Mann's life. This letter is indorsed in Mann's handwriting in the following way: "Letter from my friend, J. Lake Ellicott, M.D., a specialist in mental diseases. Received during my last year at St. Simon's."

J. LAKE ELLICOTT, M.D.
HOMELAND APARTMENTS

CONSULTATION BY
APPOINTMENT ONLY

January 8, 1899

REV. MICHAEL MANN
CURATE OF ST. SIMON'S CHURCH

Reverend and Dear Sir:

You need have no hesitation in asking me for an appointment. I shall be only too glad to place my services at your disposal. It would be easier to answer the questions in your letter during a personal interview; but I realize how busy you are, and perhaps you are anxious to get some kind of

an answer at once. I shall, therefore, do my best to give you the information you desire, but with the distinct understanding that you will come and see me, here at my office, at your earliest convenience.

I feel somewhat touched that you should appeal to me, a medical man whom you do not know personally, simply because you have heard about me from some of your poor people at the Mission, who have much exaggerated the value of the help that I have been able to give them. But if I am a stranger to you, you are not a stranger to me at all. During the past three or four years, whenever my professional duties have taken me into the sphere of your work, I have seen you occasionally, and I have heard of you—all the time. On one occasion you passed me, dashing through the soaking rain, and I asked the ragged, evil-smelling boy who was guiding me to the bedside of his delirious father, who under the sun you might be. His answer staggered me. "Why," he replied, in a tone of utter surprise at my apparently idiotic question, "why, that's Father." I protested. I knew the lad's father well enough; a hopeless paretic. "Oh," said the boy, "you're talking about *my* father, now. That," pointing after your hurrying figure, "that's just Father—everybody's Father." And with that explanation I had to be content.

Some weeks later this same boy came for me again; his father was dying, he said. And I thought

that he was probably right. I went with him, and as I came up the filthy stairs into the stuffy, foul little room where the dying man lay, a blowsy old woman from next door stopped me on the threshold, her finger on her swollen blue lips. I peered into the room. A tall figure, in a white surplice, was standing beside the bed. At his left hand was a little table, with a lighted candle on it, and something round like a watch, that shimmered in the wavy candlelight.

Now I will be frank with you. I have no interest in religion one way or the other, but I do *not* like clergymen, or ministers, or priests of any kind. They have bothered and crossed me in my work more than once. So I was just about to push my way into the room and to motion you away from the bedside so that I might do what I could for my patient—*mine,* you understand—not yours—when you—you began to pray. No, that isn't quite right. You began to repeat a prayer. Perhaps it was your voice; perhaps it was the words of the prayer—I've learned since that it is a very old one. At any rate, it was as though someone had stretched out a kind but a firm hand and pushed me back—and held me there. "Set forth, O Christian soul, from this world, in the Name of God the Father who created thee." That is all that I remember. But suddenly I understood that the man on the bed wasn't *my* patient at all any more. I had come too late with my poor bag of tricks. He was yours;

and you were doing something for him that was beyond my power.

So I waited until you had finished with what you had to do, hoping to get a chance to speak to you. But you passed by me as though you did not see me at all. And as I looked into your eyes, I, a dabbler for years in the hidden mechanisms of the human mind, I knew that you were seeing something—something real and marvelous—something that I, for all my science, would never see. So I know you, "Father," at least by sight.

Now, as to your questions. The symptoms that you describe in connection with the swelling in your mother's left breast are distinctly ominous. I am not a surgeon, but I know enough to beg you to take your mother to the best surgeon that you can find, and to take her soon. Lose no time.

Your own difficulties lie within the field of my own specialized interests; and here I can speak with greater authority. Your fear of falling—especially of falling from the high lectern, or from the top step of the high altar—is common enough and, although distressing, need give you no great anxiety. From your description, there can be no true vertigo; no objective impairment of the equilibrium apparatus in the inner ear. However, to make things sure, you had better see a good nose-throat-and-ear man, and I am inclosing a card of introduction to my colleague, Dr. Elmer Banks. But your sensations, as I know only too well, are none the less tormenting

because there is probably no objective anatomical lesion. Just two words of advice until I see you, later on, here at my office. Don't try to fight these mental conditions; don't grit your teeth and force yourself to get up in the lectern and hang dizzily on to the outstretched wings of that big bird that holds up the Bible. Explain to your Rector that you cannot read the lessons. Cut out that part of your work. And as for the high altar, why, don't use it. Use a lower one that has no steps.

Here on the margin of this letter, in Mann's hand, are penciled these words: *Just as though I didn't have to read Matins and Evensong, with the lessons, every day for a week when my turn came to take the services in the church. How could I tell the Rector that I was afraid of falling? He'd have thought me crazy. And I had good reason for not giving him that impression. And how could I find an altar with no steps? There aren't any such things. Good advice, perhaps, but no good to me; no good. I had to fall back on the one thing that kept me able to go on with my duties.*

And, secondly, avoid alcohol as you would the devil. You write that "a small drink" seems to give you self-confidence, and makes you able to get up into the lectern without fear of falling. This is, believe me, most dangerous. Gradually you will need a larger and a larger drink in order to get through the service. You say that you never take a drink when you have to stand at the altar because this would "break your fast." I don't understand this.

Penciled marginal note: *Of course, he doesn't. I can stick it out somehow until the Communion. And then the wine from the chalice seems to relieve the dizziness, and I can go on. And oh, the temptation to take more than is absolutely necessary! Who will ever understand!*

But if you can get through the altar services, why not the other services when you have to read from your high lectern? Besides, remember this. To a man of your emotional type alcohol is doubly dangerous. Also, during or after a service you must come into contact with your parishioners, with your fellow clergy. What if they constantly get a little whiff of that "small drink" on your breath—yours, whose voice had just been reading to them from the Bible?

Forgive me for preaching. Do come and see me. I am sure that we can get at the foundation of these phobias of yours and relieve you from the torment of them.

Your final question touches rather a delicate matter. I ought not to answer it at all. But the events to which you refer made me rather uncomfortable at the time; I felt that someone was trying to "use" me in a way that I resented. I'll give you the details when I see you. But the main facts I will set down here. After all, if Mr. Simms was your colleague and friend, you have a certain right to know what happened. I am sure that you will respect as confidential what I am about to tell you.

About eighteen months ago your Rector, Dr.

Stevenson, brought Mr. Simms to see me, at this office. He told me that Mr. Simms was one of his curates, that he had been working very hard and had begun to show signs of a "mental breakdown." Nervousness, depression, and—mild delusions. Or rather, as your Rector phrased it, "peculiar ideas." He had even had "peculiar ideas" about the Rector himself. But just what these "peculiar ideas" were, Dr. Stevenson would not tell me. Neither would Mr. Simms, who looked very frightened, but said very little, merely nodding his head in confirmation of the Rector's statements. I was not particularly pleased with Dr. Stevenson's manner. He made all these statements to me in the presence of Mr. Simms, and gave his curate no chance at all to speak for himself. Dr. Stevenson is, I know, a very distinguished man; a fine human specimen, with his big, powerful body, his resonant voice, and his clean-cut boyish enthusiasm. A virile type, with apparently endless stores of mental and physical energy. Beside him, your friend Simms looked like a mere rag of a man, an inferior species.

But I dislike to be dominated by anyone. And I felt as though Dr. Stevenson had come to my office, not in order to consult me or to get my professional advice, but in order to have me carry out some plans of his own. He is, I suppose, so used to dominating his own people that he forgot that I was not one of his flock and might resent his attitude.

However, after describing Mr. Simms' symptoms, he waved the shrinking little man back into my waiting-room. Simms seemed very unwilling to leave us. The Rector glanced toward the door into my waiting-room; he was wondering, as I realized afterwards, just how much a waiting patient could hear of what was said in my inner office.

"Perhaps Father Simms had better not wait, after all," he said, putting his hand on his curate's shoulder. Then, speaking to Simms, he added: "Go back to the Clergy House, my dear fellow, and lie down. Why, you're trembling like a leaf. I'll tell you later on what the doctor advises."

Just at this point, to Dr. Stevenson's evident displeasure, I took a hand in the game myself. "I should prefer to have him wait in the next room," I said. But I was not going to explain my real reasons for this request. So I went on: "If he feels nervously exhausted, he had better not walk through the streets alone. Let him go into my laboratory beyond the waiting-room. My nurse is there. She will keep an eye on him."

Simms gave me a sort of despairing look. He hesitated, as though he wanted to say something; but Dr. Stevenson waved him away again, with an authoritative motion of his large, white hand; so he went out, and Dr. Stevenson went with him to the laboratory door and closed it carefully behind him. Then he came back to my desk, sat down, and spoke in a low tone for some five minutes.

With an air of mingled frankness and sorrow, he told me that Simms was "going insane." At least, he feared so; he greatly feared so. The situation was delicate. He could not have in the Clergy House a man who might, at any moment, become irresponsible, during a service in church, perhaps, and commit some "hideous sacrilege." He must protect the church, his congregation; he must even protect this unfortunate man from the results of his own insane actions. It was a matter of only secondary importance that some of Simms' most unpleasant fixed ideas had to do with himself, the Rector of the parish. But there had never been a scandal at St. Simon's. There never would be so long as he could help it.

I let him talk on. Finally, he came out flat with what he wanted. He wanted me to commit Simms, as insane, to some private sanitarium. He even gave me the name of one with which he was already in touch. He wanted to have everything done very quietly. Simms could be persuaded to take a drive, in the Rector's carriage; and he would be driven to the sanitarium. Would I, therefore, kindly sign the commitment? At once.

I pointed out that, in order to commit a patient, it was necessary to have certificates from two physicians.

"Oh, but I have the other certificate here in my pocket," he said.

Naturally I asked who had signed it. He told

me, not very eagerly. Dr. Blank—I won't write down his name—had signed it after having talked with Simms in the Rector's presence. Now, dear old Dr. Blank is over eighty. He knows no more about mental disease than a babe unborn—probably he knows less. And he is a member of St. Simon's vestry.

As you may imagine, this was not good enough for me. I told Dr. Stevenson flatly that I could not sign a commitment until I had personally examined Mr. Simms. Then, your Rector, realizing that he had come to the wrong shop, changed his attitude completely. Perhaps he had been too hasty, he said. It might be that he had exaggerated the importance of Mr. Simms' symptoms. If the curate took a long holiday, he might return quite cured. And so on, and so on. For so clever a man as he must be, it wasn't done well at all. I began to realize that he must be acting under the stress of some strong emotion that had clouded his judgment and forced him into ill-considered activity, the feverish activity of an uneasy mind.

But I was not going to let him off so easily. I wanted, I said, to be able to reassure him, by examining Mr. Simms myself, at once, and—alone. He hemmed and he hawed. Why submit the "unfortunate fellow" to the stress of a mental examination? However, I finally gave him plainly to understand that unless I was allowed an interview with Mr.

Simms, I might not be able to restrain certain suspicions—no doubt, quite unwarranted—suspicions that might take lasting root in my professional mind. Finally he yielded; he had to yield. But he was disturbed; frightened.

So he brought Simms into my office and left him alone with me. While I talked with Simms, I could just hear the Rector's footsteps as he paced to and fro, up and down the length of my waiting-room.

But if the Rector was frightened, poor little Simms was paralyzed with terror. He seemed quite unable to concentrate or to answer my questions clearly. Then, abruptly, he broke down and wept. Wringing his hands, he appealed to me not to "send him to an insane asylum." He admitted that he was "nervous," that he couldn't put his mind on his work, couldn't eat or sleep well. But he wasn't "insane."

"Don't shut me up with crazy people," he pleaded. "I'll resign. I'll leave the Clergy House. And I won't ever say anything more. I'll never open my mouth again."

I asked him to explain; but he refused, and became more and more tense and panicky. At last I got it through his confused mind that I had no intention of certifying him. When he understood this, he shut up like a clam.

I called the Rector in. He gave me one queer look out of the corner of his eyes, and squared his

shoulders as though getting ready to meet something unpleasant. I explained briefly that Mr. Simms, although in a highly emotional condition, showed no symptoms of any definite psychosis, and that I recommended not commitment but a long holiday.

So the two clergymen left me. But as Mr. Simms passed out into the waiting-room, your Rector did a thing that he will probably kick himself for later on. But the impulse was too strong for him. He stepped back into my office and leaned over my desk. "What," he said, in a voice that was just a little uncertain, "what did he tell you?"

Then I played him a mean trick. But he deserved it.

"The communications of a patient to his physician are privileged," said I. "What answer would you give if someone asked you the question you have just put to me about some other man who had just made his confession to you?"

Whatever else your Rector is, he is a conscientious theologian, and, I dare say, a useful priest, for he replied, "In order to protect the seal of the confessional, I should have to answer 'nothing.' "

"And that is my answer, too," said I.

He bowed and went out. I have never seen him or Mr. Simms since. And all this happened over a year ago.

Your letter brought back the whole affair to my mind; and I, a very busy man, have been sitting

here at my desk at home writing this preposterously long letter, with my own hand, not caring to intrust it even to my confidential stenographer.

You may draw your own conclusions from what I have told you about your colleague, Mr. Simms. To judge from your letter, he is no longer at your Clergy House.

I have written all this with a double purpose. First, in order to answer the questions in your letter. And, secondly, I may as well set down what is at the back of my mind—to warn you. Against what, I don't exactly know. But I can assure you that for a man of your temperament, living in your environment, it is better, far better, to feel depressed and inferior—to be so afraid of falling that you have to hang on to the wings of the lectern bird—than to bolster yourself up with "a little drink."

And I take the liberty of giving you this advice because I know what your personality and your work mean to the rough men, the bedraggled women, and the uncared-for children, who call you "Father." I have never thought much of or cared much for titles, medical or ecclesiastical, but the name that you bear among your people is the noblest that can be borne by any man; and you have a right to it, for you have earned it yourself. This dreary, painful old world of ours would be the poorer, I think, if anything should happen that would make it impossible for you to bear that name any longer.

Do come and see me at my office. It would be a pleasure to me to offer you any help that it may be in my power to give.

Faithfully yours,

J. Lake Ellicott

CHAPTER IV

APOLOGIA PRO VITA MEA

THE DIARY from which I have been quoting and the papers that are pinned between the blank leaves fail the historian completely at this point. The only light that I can throw on the next period of my friend's life comes from a chance experience of my own.

But before I touch upon this, I must interrupt my narrative in order to set down something about myself—my upbringing, my personality, my professional career. Without this *apologia pro vita mea,* I cannot make clear the important part that Michael Mann played in my own life, or how it came to pass that a great deal of my success as a practicing psychiatrist for at least five years was indirectly due to the influence and advice of this strange patient of mine.

My father was a bishop of the Episcopal Church. The *Protestant* Episcopal Church, he used to call it, with a strong accept on the word "Protestant." He was the head of one of the small, meager, New England dioceses; a diocese of little wooden churches scattered amid bleak farms in a bare, cold,

rocky country, and of a few larger brick churches in manufacturing towns. The wardens and vestrymen were all phlegmatic, money-loving, heavy, meat-eating men, who admired my father because he had been a "smart young business man" before he "had got his call to the ministry." My father was exactly like these people, except that he was pompous—he thought he was dignified—dominating, and hard. He had white mutton-chop side-whiskers, and—I hated him; hated him and all his works; and especially his *Protestant* Episcopal Church.

My mother I never knew. I have not even a portrait of her. My father had married her when he was still "a smart young business man"; and in bearing me, she died. My own memories begin with the tall, thin-lipped, efficient woman whom I called "mother," my father's second wife, the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer or mill-owner, an ambitious woman, who used my father's office as the stalking horse of her social ambitions, playing church politics with consummate skill. When I was seven years old, my father was rector of a stolid, well-to-do congregation in the capital of the state. The old bishop died—he had white side-whiskers too—and the Diocesan Convention, meeting to elect his successor, was hopelessly divided between two prominent candidates. After two days of constant balloting it was still far from a definite choice. It was then that the brother of my stepmother—a lay delegate to the Convention—choosing the psychological

moment, nominated my father. And he was elected bishop on the next ballot. I scarcely remember him as anything else. I was always "the Bishop's son."

I hated my father, and I was always ill at ease with his wife. There was nothing maternal about her. She never bore my father any children; she was like an old maid who had somehow got married by mistake. And for years I was not aware that she was not my own mother. Indeed, I believe that my father would never have told me at all. But she, in a moment of anger over my "irreligious ways" at college, once lost her usual complete self-control and gave thanks to God that "I was no son of hers." I went up and kissed her, I was so happy. At that moment I could have loved her, almost, for I knew then why I had never loved her in the past.

We three—the Bishop, the Bishop's wife, and the Bishop's son—lived in a little wooden house, distinguished by the name of Bishopshurst, in which all previous bishops of the diocese had lived. Their portraits—big burly men in black silk "magpies" and white lawn sleeves—were hung in a line in our narrow hallway.

Ours was not a cheerful house. And I was an imaginative boy, craving affection and starved for beauty and happiness. I spent my pent-up love on numerous pets. They were not allowed in the house, but occasionally I would sneak my dog up to my bedroom. My first love for anatomy began with my effort to learn the names of the bones in a cat's

leg so that I could set the broken femur of "Bishop Parkinson," my black tomcat—for I named my pets from the line of bishops in the hall. It gave me satisfaction, somehow.

I longed to go away to school. Indeed, there was one great Church School in a neighboring diocese in which, as a bishop's son, I could easily have secured a scholarship. I knew one or two boys from our city who went there. But Father did not approve of it; it was for "rich men's sons" and the headmaster was "high-church"—a something that my father could not abide. So he sent me to a wretched little boarding-school in his own diocese, where the buildings were old and uncomfortable, and the food inexpressibly bad. I realize now that the devoted men who taught there were doing their best in the face of immense odds. But as a boy I hated the place; I hated the farmers' and small tradesmen's sons who were my companions; I hated the long, dreary hours in the cold, bare chapel—there were three services every Sunday—at nine and eleven and three—with two long sermons. Worst of all were the occasions on which my father, "the Bishop," visited the school and confirmed a small group of awkward, shuffling boys, and preached—preached for nearly an hour. I was not proud of my father on these occasions, for he had become so stout that he could only just squeeze into the narrow school-pulpit. And once he got stuck, trying to get out after his long sermon, and the head-

master had to hurry up the pulpit stairs and drag him forth. The boys tittered, and I felt humiliated.

My father wanted me to go to a small church college. I refused. To this day I don't know where I got the strength to have that first open break with him. At my school there had been an old, discredited science master, ravaged by bad alcohol, and blessed with a devoted little wife who spent her life covering up his delinquencies. He had been a Harvard man. During my last year at school, I had a room in his house. When he had had an extra drink or two, he would talk to me of Cambridge. He gave me my first glimpse of biology. He had begun to study medicine after leaving Harvard, but in his second year he had married. There had been "difficulties" that put a sudden end to his medical studies, and he had slipped into teaching as a means of livelihood. It was thanks to his influence that, without my father's knowledge, I took my preliminary and final examinations for Harvard. And when the time came, I refused to follow my father's wishes and threatened to work my way through at Cambridge, even if I had to wash dishes and wait on the other students at Foxcroft Hall. My father yielded. But he warned me seriously and at great length against the "atheism" of the Harvard professors.

Only one thing in my undergraduate life is of importance here. I went through the usual intellectual process of "losing my faith." I was always

cursed with a sort of perverse rebelliousness. If the professor whose course in ethics I was taking believed and taught "Free Will," I became at once a fervent "Determinist" and devoured Schopenhauer. By the end of my Junior year I had reached a sort of "cultured agnosticism," a placid "ignorabimus," that pleased me exceedingly. I never went inside a church if I could help it, and when I was at home I was as stiff-necked in my agnosticism as my father was in his Episcopalian Protestantism. So we drifted farther and farther apart. The good people at home began to speak of me as "the poor Bishop's son," who had been "very wild" at college, and who was "such a bitter disappointment to his parents."

Then in Cambridge I met, for the second time in my life, a certain monk. I do not know what better name to call the man. I had forgotten that I had ever seen him before. But I had not been talking to him for more than a moment—in the rooms of one of my college friends whom he was visiting—when I remembered the first time that I had seen him.

It was during my childhood, and at my own father's dinner table, on a Sunday in Lent. We had come home after service at the pro-Cathedral. I had run on ahead, as my stepmother always waited for "the Bishop" and walked home at his side. I was taking a forbidden peep at a Sunday newspaper in the dining room, when I heard footsteps in our hall—where the bishops' portraits were

—and then the sound of a strange voice, unusually soft and musical. I peeped out from the dining room, saw my father usher someone into his study, and then, after closing the study door, draw my stepmother to the farther side of the hall.

"I will not," I heard my father say, "I will *not* have any man at my table who does not wear them!"

My stepmother held up her hand, warningly.

"Hush," she whispered. Her next words I could not catch. But then I heard, "I tell you, he does, Bishop. I looked." Then she added in a somewhat louder tone, "Besides, his uncle is the Lord Bishop of Durham."

My father nodded and said something about the Pan-Anglican Conference and London that I did not understand.

And so, some minutes later, I was all agape, a mystified boy of twelve, as my father introduced me to a very pleasant man in a long black cassock that was girded at the waist with a thick, black knotted cord. I had seen plenty of cassocks in church, but never in our dining room. But what—what in the name of heaven—was it that this strange person did or did not wear?

But he talked so fascinatingly about his work in the slums of London that I was soon absorbed in listening to him. And I hated to go away when, after dinner, the Bishop carried this strange guest off to his study and said to me: "Claude, you have

your Sunday-school lesson to learn. Come here and say goodby to Mister"—he hesitated a minute, then he swallowed hard, and said—"to Father Masterson."

So, without having learned whether he did wear "them" or not, I slunk off to my Bible lesson. And nearly ten years later, at Harvard, in a friend's room, I met this same man again.

In those later days he was a well-known figure in Boston, Father Masterson, a member of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, or, as they used to be known, the "Cowley Fathers," because they had their house or monastery at Cowley, near Oxford. A community of the Society had been established in Boston, and the Fathers had taken over the old church of St. John, in Bowdoin Street. It was this chance meeting, in the room of a fellow undergraduate, that started my friendship with Masterson. I went to hear him preach at St. John's; I went to the services there; and a whole new life seemed suddenly to open before me. Could this be the religion—the religion of my father—that I had so hated and despised? It did not seem possible.

Many young men of my temperament, I suppose, pass through an emotional period of this kind in connection with religion. Only with me, the curious thing was that this new "religion"—new to me, at least—was really the faith in which I had been reared and against which I had rebelled. I became a frequent visitor at the Clergy House; I learned

how to act as "server" at the early mass, as they called the service that I had been used to call by another longer name; I went to my first confession in the dim little confessional box at the end of the church. In fact, I had some thought of going to Cowley and becoming a monk myself.

I have forgotten exactly what happened to change my mind. As I remember it, I fell very violently in love with a charming girl in Boston, whose graciousness to me as a Senior at Harvard I misinterpreted into something much more permanent, so that, when the news of her engagement reached me, toward the end of my Senior year, I was, for a time, so I thought, "a broken and a disappointed man."

However, I have mentioned my experience with the Cowley Fathers because, had it not been for that experience, I could never have understood the man about whom I am writing. The rest of my life may be sketched in a few words.

I had always been fascinated by the purely scientific side of medicine. I had no desire to minister, as a practicing physician, to suffering humanity. But the mere sight of test-tubes, microtomes, and the paraphernalia of a laboratory delighted me. Even the "lab smells" were as incense to my nostrils. So I decided that I had had enough of the Harvard atmosphere and, instead of entering the Harvard Medical School, I came South, to another school not quite so famous, but one that had a reputation for "research."

But another thing drew me away from New England. I had forced from my father some slight knowledge of my dead mother. She was a Virginia girl, and my father had fallen in love with her while he was on a business visit to Richmond. Her parents were both dead. She had been living with an uncle, acting as a sort of governess to his children, and I suppose that my father's wooing—I can't possibly imagine him as a very stormy lover—offered her a means of escape from unhappy surroundings. I had never tried to get into touch with her people—my father had told me, with horror, that most of them had been "depraved Romanists." But since I had learned that she had been a "Cathcart of Virginia," I had felt a sort of emotional desire to get nearer to the country that had once been hers. I came South, from Massachusetts, to the medical school of which I have spoken, and to the kindly southern city in which it stands; came there as a medical student of twenty-two, and there I have lived ever since—have taken root there, and have been, on the whole, if not conspicuously successful, at least useful, and fairly happy.

But although I have lived all these years against the same material background, I have been somewhat of a wanderer in the broad fields of medicine. There is within me an uneasy something that craves every so often a change of mental activity. I have imitated the changeableness of the nautilus of Oliver Wendell Holmes. I have kept building new

mansions for my soul. But they have not been "stately." I have not gone from one room of life's activity to another, passing always from smaller to more noble and larger apartments. On the contrary, as I have gone on, the rooms have grown smaller and smaller, until now I sit here, as Curator of our Anatomical Museum, in the least spacious of the whole lot. But it is a comfortable little place, just big enough for an old man, and one with time to write and to think and to study.

Thank Heaven, there is no teaching for me now; no dissecting, no students, no lectures. And after long years of teaching, I say again, "Thank Heaven," because all my life I have dreaded indiscriminate contact with my fellow man. This, I think, is with some show of reason, inasmuch as I labor under three hateful handicaps. In the first place, my name is "Claude." How I have detested that name! Secondly, I stammer. Thirdly and fourthly and every time that I look in the glass, I am constrained to classify myself as the plainest, the most unattractive-looking male that I have ever seen. That is why, ever since my first year abroad, in Vienna, I have covered as much of my face as I could with a heavy beard. A full beard of a mouse-color brown, that would look so much more distinguished if it would only turn gray. Moreover, I am too tall, too dried up, too thin, and one shoulder is higher than the other, while I have stooped over a microscope for so many years that I

am almost hunchbacked, and more than a little blind.

This unattractive old body of mine I have dragged through a rather diversified medical life. After taking my doctor's degree, I was attached to the department of anatomy at the Medical School from which I had just graduated, demonstrating and doing some "research," as I called it then, of my own; growing more and more interested in the anatomy of the nervous system, until I was appointed lecturer in neurological anatomy. From that, it was but a short step to an interest, not in the dead nerves but in the living, acting ones; and I went across the street from our anatomical building to the neurological clinic. Four years there; four useful, interesting years. Then again the desire for change, and another move into the pathological department, to see what abnormal dead nerves looked like, hunting for the answer to the problems that I had found in the clinic. After that came a sudden realization that the nerves were only the mechanisms by which the mind, the personality, expressed itself. So off I went to our great mental clinic. A period of intense interest, this. I tried to go to the very heart of the matter, taking a position as interne, in spite of my advanced age, and working in the mental clinic for several years. It was there that I met the man the record of whose life I am trying to write. It was because of him that I did a thing that I should never have thought of doing had he

not urged me to it, helped me, and, in a sense, been largely responsible for the unexpected success that I achieved; the only outstanding worldly professional success of my career. For after leaving the mental clinic, I opened a private office as a consulting psychiatrist. But when the influence that had prompted and sustained this activity was withdrawn, the color and the light went out of my life again, and I drifted back to the department of anatomy, having, as it were, swung all the way around the medical circle. But I had become too old for the routine work of a teacher, too stiff in my mental joints for any important research; and so, when this great museum was built, on the top floor of our new anatomical building, my chief—I had taught him his first anatomy, years ago, when I was a demonstrator—installed me here as curator—with, I know, a sigh of relief.

I have written too much about my insignificant self. But I must make clear the outline of my own life if I am to describe the reactions set up within it by the influence of Michael Mann.

CHAPTER V

A CHANCE MEETING

And now to my chance meeting with Michael Mann. It made no very great impression on me at the time. And it was only many years later, after I had come to know Mann well, that the submerged memories of that one particular morning were, bit by bit, recovered from my subconsciousness.

It was in the spring of the year 1900. I had been teaching anatomy—one of the assistant instructors—for several years. During the Easter holidays I went North to make a round of visits and to see what some of my colleagues were doing in anatomy and pathology. I had two very diverse groups of friends, my medical or professional friends, and the friends of my family and of my own boyhood. Many of these latter were clergymen. That they were my friends was due not to any volition of my own, but to the fact that my father was a bishop. And one of the friends in this second group was a bishop himself; not the type that my father would have approved of, I fear. He did not put his episcopal miter on his note-paper; he put it on his head. (My father did have some sort of a miter that had

been given him by an old lady of wealth, who later "went over to Rome." My stepmother kept it carefully hidden on the top shelf of the linen closet.) To this bishop friend I went for a few days' visit, intending, at the same time, to look up a medical colleague who was doing very interesting work in legal medicine and who had persuaded the municipal authorities to build him a modern, tip-top morgue, of which he was inordinately proud.

One morning the Bishop was late for breakfast. While waiting for him, I read the daily paper. He came in hurriedly, and, before sitting down, almost snatched the paper from my hand. With a muttered apology, he ran his eyes down one column after another, and finally tossed the mussed sheets away with a sigh of relief.

I suspected, I am sorry to say, that he had taken a fling at the stock market and was looking for stock quotations. I made a little mild fun of his worldly attempts to increase his churchly income, but I got no reaction out of him.

"No, no, Claude," he said, pouring out his coffee so carelessly that he spattered it in black blotches over the tablecloth, "you're on the wrong track. Truth is, there's a rather nasty mix-up in one of my most important city congregations. And it's going to get into court, I'm afraid. The newspapers will simply eat it up, although so far we've had influence enough to keep it out of print."

Above all things else I hated the traditional

church squabble, and I said so. Had I not had them for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, as a boy, at my episcopal father's table? I reminded my friend of this fact, and turned to my eggs, which, for a wonder, were cooked exactly right.

"But this row isn't at all usual," the Bishop went on. "It has distinctly dramatic elements. I could have settled it myself, privately, if the idiots had only come to me. But now——" He made a hopeless gesture of resignation, and nearly upset the milk jug. For a man of his placid temperament, he seemed surprisingly disturbed. I began to take a mild interest in the matter.

"It's a very wealthy—very—what shall I say?—aristocratic church," he continued, as though stating the case carefully to himself, "with a great deal of influence in diocesan matters. The Rector is a powerful man—great executive ability—good preacher—able financier—and no slouch of a scholar, too—an unusual combination. He's unmarried, lives with his clerical staff—a large one. The church services have always been—well, elaborate; with all the beauty of form and color and music and ritual that our Church can give. But this Rector—like every big man—has the power of making very bitter enemies. And he has at least two on his own vestry—a sort of constantly grumbling minority that has been continually voted down into apparent submission by the majority that stands behind him. But a minority that is always waiting for a chance to

discredit the man it so dislikes is a constant menace. These two men have tried before to make trouble and have failed—failed preposterously, and have had their noses rubbed in the dirt; but they have refused to resign from the vestry, and this time it looks as though they did have something up their sleeves—something that may discredit their Rector —or at least force him to resign."

The Bishop had a vivid way of putting things that forced your interest, somehow. So I finished my eggs and waited to hear the end of the story.

"People say," he went on, "that the Rector works his curates too hard. At any rate, every now and then one of them breaks down and has to resign. But I'll say this for the Rector, he doesn't work his men any harder than he works himself. Well, it seems that there is a curate named Mann, who is the present storm center. He has been at the Clergy House for over four years, running a mission —very successfully, I hear, in the poor part of the parish. He and the Rector have had a misunderstanding about money—a gift from a wealthy parishioner to the expenses of the 'mission.' Mann says that he cashed the check—it was made out to his order—and gave the money to the Rector. The Rector says that he never received any money, and intimates that Mann kept it for his own use. One fellow's word against another's, you see. I could have patched it up in a few hours. But as luck would have it, Mann took the bit in his teeth and

went for advice—not to me—but to the only lawyer he knew on the church vestry. And this lawyer is one of the hostile minority of two. The other minority member is a big newspaper owner. It is he who is responsible for that sheet that lies beside your plate. Now, you see, how the tangle increases. These two men I am sure are using Mann as a mere pawn in their game. They've talked to Mann and made him think they were his friends. They've gone to the Rector, making great show of repentance for their past errors, and have actually persuaded him to charge Mann with larceny. It was all very quietly done. Not a whisper of it in the newspapers—the newspaper owner saw to that. Mann goes of his own accord to the police station, appears before the magistrate, is held for court, and is immediately bailed out, and goes back to the Clergy House. I know all this from two of my friends on the vestry, who are worried sick over the whole thing. For we can guess what the two minority members are after. One of my friends suspects that they want to get Mann on the witness-stand under oath, and then the vestryman, who is a lawyer and who has made all the arrangements for Mann's defense, will ask this unfortunate curate some intimate questions about his Rector, questions that he *must* answer. Do you get the diabolical cleverness of the whole thing? Suppose that Mann does know a few unpleasant things about his chief! You can't live in the same house with a man for

four years and not see the seamy side of his life, if such a side exists. Suppose this unhappy curate has picked up something! Why, he'll have to tell it on the witness stand. If he doesn't—well—— Oh, I can't see clearly all the inner workings of the situation, but every time I pick up a newspaper I'm in constant fear of finding the details of a scandal that will hurt my diocese spread over the whole front page. Being a bishop isn't as pleasant as most people suppose!"

The Bishop pushed back the thin brown hair from his forehead as though to wipe from his mind all memories of the story that he had just sketched for me. It had not interested me very greatly. After all, what did I care about rectors, and vestries, and curates?

"Where are you off to this morning?" said the Bishop as I got up from the breakfast table.

"To see Dr. Weld and his new morgue. I'm to meet him in the Court House. He has an office there, I believe." I pulled out of my pocket the card that Weld had sent me. "Yes—next door to the Criminal Court."

"I wished I dared go with you." The Bishop stood up abruptly. "Oh, I know you don't want me—and I'd be recognized—and that would do no good. Only, I've an idea that Mann's case is coming up either today or tomorrow. And I'd like to know—Claude, be a good fellow, and while you're at the Court House, divert your mind from your

pathological beastlinesses a little and keep an ear open for the Reverend Michael Mann and his doings."

I promised. But by the time I reached the Court House, I had forgotten all about the Bishop and his anxieties.

I found my friend Weld in a little office at the end of a long corridor. Halfway down this corridor was a door that opened directly into a court room. By standing in the doorway, you could look over the whole room. On your left was the judge on the high bench, with the clerks and bailiffs below him, while directly opposite you was the witness stand, so that you stared almost straight into the witness's face. Beyond the witness stand, and to your right, was the big table for the State's Attorney and the defense counsel, and back of that, again, a high bench for the accused, and rows of lower benches for witnesses and spectators.

Weld and I were soon busy talking shop. He used this little office in the Court House for records of important autopsies and of other examinations that might be needed in the Criminal Court; also for making such routine tests as were directly referred to him occasionally from the Bench or the State's Attorney's office. We had spent nearly an hour over some very interesting autopsy records of murder cases, and I had forgotten all about my friend the Bishop and his troubles, when someone knocked on the office door, and three men came in.

One of them, a big, jolly-looking, red-cheeked man, with a mean mouth, seemed to know Weld.

"You won't mind our sitting in here, will you, Dr. Weld," he asked, "until our case comes up? My client felt faint in the close air of the court room."

Weld nodded, motioned the three men to a couch in a far corner, told his secretary to mix a dose of aromatic spirits of ammonia, and then turned back to a description of mummification in the body of a murdered man, with which he had been entertaining me. Now, as he talked on, I could not help but catch an occasional word or two from the three men on the other side of the room.

"The State's Attorney will object to the question. But the Judge will allow it, I think. It must be allowed as showing motive. Then tell as much as you can before the State's Attorney gets in another objection. What's that you say? You ought never to have told me these things? Good God, you're not getting cold feet, are you? He can't do you any harm, I tell you. By the time you leave the witness stand, he'll be a back number, a dead one."

Then, as if in answer to renewed objections, I heard the same voice again, speaking in a lower tone, but with a nasty, snarling note.

"You do as I tell you, understand, or you'll be the dead one, and not that precious Rector of yours."

I knew later on that I had heard these words or something like them, but at the time my attention was more fixed on what Weld was saying, and

they did not register clearly on my consciousness. It seems strange, as I sit writing now, nearly thirty years after that morning, that I stood in Weld's office then with the man who was to exert so great an influence on my life sitting within ten feet of me—and I never even looked at him.

Weld had not finished his "mummification" remarks when the three men on the couch got up and, with a word or two of thanks, went out of the office. An hour later, after Weld had exhausted his post-mortem exhibits, he caught up his hat, pushed mine into my hand, and said, "And now—now you must come and see my new morgue."

Closing the door of his office behind him, he led me down the long, narrow corridor, stopping for an instant at the door in the left-hand wall that stood open on the crowded court room.

"Just a moment," he whispered. "I want to see if I'll be needed here during the next hour or two."

He left me waiting in the open doorway. My eyes wandered from the placid, benign face of the Judge, that stood out against the dark wainscoting like a Rembrandt portrait, and came to rest on a man who was standing on the little platform below the Bench and at the Judge's left, leaning forward on the railing that surrounded it. He was a most striking figure; a clergyman, evidently, but much more carefully dressed than most of his kind, in a well-cut black morning suit. I have always admired

good-looking men, probably because I am such an ugly, weak specimen of manhood myself. And this man, with his broad, powerful shoulders, his big, well-proportioned body, and his well-fitting clothes, caught and held my attention at once. From where I stood in the side door, I was looking across the court room, directly into his eyes. His handsome, clean-cut face, with its touches of healthy crimson on the smoothly shaven cheeks, was tense and twitching with some suppressed excitement. I heard him say, in reply to some question from the Judge:

"No, your Honor, I could scarcely make such a mistake. The money was never handed to me."

At that moment Weld reappeared at my side and tugged at my coat sleeve. I asked him, in a whisper, who the man on the witness-stand was.

"Dr. Stevenson, Rector of some big church here in town. Oh, do come along. I want you to see my laboratory at the morgue and the——"

But I had stopped abruptly, halfway down the corridor, and now, to his surprise, turned back. My mind, clouded previously with Weld's diverting discourse, had cleared. I remembered my friend, the Bishop; and, for the time being, to Weld's intense disgust, I forgot the morgue.

"I want to hear some of this case," I whispered.

"But it's not interesting," my friend pleaded. "Nothing pathological about the persons involved. Just some kind of a clerical squabble. Now at my morgue——"

However, I had already turned back, and I took my place once more at the door opening into the Court, while Weld twittered and fussed just behind me. But now, when I looked into the court room again, the actor whose appearance in the little drama had so fascinated me, had disappeared. In his place, on the witness stand, stood another cleric. In comparison, he looked sloppy. His black trousers were begged at the knees, and the black "bib" below his collar looked soiled and worn. Once again, it is, I say, a strange thing that as I looked at this man his face made no impression upon me whatever. I realized vaguely that this was the same person who, with his two friends, had sat in Weld's office, on the couch, during the early part of the morning. I glanced away from him, trying to find Dr. Stevenson's impressive figure. He was sitting on my right, at the State's Attorney's table, resting his head on his hand and staring at the other man on the witness stand.

When I began to pay attention, the witness was saying: "The check was made out to me. I should, perhaps, have indorsed it, and given it to the Rector. But I happened to be at the bank on other business, so I had the check cashed—and gave the money to Dr. Stevenson."

"When?" The question came like the crack of a whip from the State's Attorney.

The witness seemed a little confused.

"I am not quite sure," he replied. "I was very

busy. I put the money in my desk. But I gave it to the Rector eventually. I know I did."

The State's Attorney, a thick-set young man, shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say: "There, you see! He put it in his pocket, not in his desk."

Then the lawyers at the other end of the table—the lawyers for the defense—took a hand. It was the jolly-looking, red-faced man who did most of the questioning. I can't remember the details; but the climax came unexpectedly, in the midst of what seemed like harmless questions and answers between the witness and his lawyer. The lawyer stood up, and moved carelessly forward, until he stood close to the witness.

"Then, Mr. Mann," he said, "if you really gave Dr. Stevenson this money, he, in denying the receipt of it, must either be mistaken—or else"—he paused for a minute, and then shot out the rest of the sentence—"or else he is deliberately trying to discredit you and to get you into trouble. Isn't that so?"

"I object! I object!" came from the State's Attorney.

"Your Honor," the other lawyer said, very smoothly, "this is a very unusual case. In order to get at the bottom of it, it may be wise—if your Honor pleases—not to insist too stringently on the usual rules of evidence. We have here two clergymen, both well known in this community. One of them"—he could not quite keep the sneer out of

his voice—"one of them is very well known indeed. One says that he gave the other a certain sum of money; this other denies having ever received it. It may be that we can show that there was a motive —a powerful motive for this denial. And I humbly submit that any evidence which will show that such a motive existed is admissible here."

The kindly, clear-eyed old Judge looked distinctly uncomfortable. "Well, Mr. Andrews," he said, "your last question was open to objection. Suppose you frame your question in another way, and then I will rule on it."

While this discussion was going on, I had been watching the witness. He was being given time to think, and his eyes turned slowly toward where Dr. Stevenson was sitting. The older man dropped the hand that had been shielding his face, and, while the lawyers and the Judge were talking, the two men stared straight into one another's eyes. I was, I think, the only person who saw that look. Then Dr. Stevenson's eyes dropped, his head sank down on his breast. And when I turned my own eyes to watch the witness, his face was lifted upwards and away, as though the court room, the wrangling lawyers, and the silent spectators had all suddenly disappeared. Indeed, he seemed so deeply sunk in his own thoughts that his lawyer had to repeat his next question twice.

"Mr. Mann, do you know of any reason why Dr. Stevenson should desire to discredit you by

making a false accusation? Remember, you are under oath."

The State's Attorney objected again. There was more discussion. Finally, the Judge allowed the question to be answered.

"Yes." Mann's voice was so low that it could scarcely be heard.

Now there was tension all over tne court room. Even the dumbest vagrant who had slipped into one of the back seats in order to doze an hour away sat up and asked his neighbor what it was "all about, anyhow."

"Will you kindly state that reason, Mr. Mann?"

This time the reply came so quickly, so loudly, that the State's Attorney had no time to say "I object."

"No; I will not."

The jolly, red-cheeked lawyer who had asked the question turned on the witness with a kind of snarl. Then, with an effort, he restrained himself; but his hands were shaking, and he was gnawing his lower lip.

It was here that the Judge intervened. He stopped the proceedings and motioned all the lawyers and the two clerics to come up close to the Bench, where he could talk privately with them. My friend Weld kept tugging at my coat; but I shook him off.

"Oh, damn your old morgue," I muttered. "I want to hear the end of this."

Finally, after some ten minutes, the Judge sent lawyers and witnesses and the accused back to their seats. And then, as had apparently been arranged during the conference, Dr. Stevenson went on the witness-stand again. The Judge asked him a few questions. Might it not be possible that Mr. Mann had given him the money and that he had forgotten having received it? Dr. Stevenson admitted that he was a very busy man, often handling large sums of money, and perhaps not so accurate about his bookkeeping as he ought to be. He was quite, quite a different-looking person now from the tense, agonized man that I had listened to half an hour before.

So it all came to an abrupt end. There was more than a reasonable doubt, the Judge said; the whole thing was most unfortunate; it should never have been brought into court; and the verdict was "not guilty."

The tension in the court room relaxed. Everyone seemed contented. Dr. Stevenson picked up his glossy, black hat and disappeared. But the other clergyman, apparently in a sort of daze, came toward the side door in which I was standing, and lingered there for a minute, looking helplessly about for his hat that he had laid down on one of the seats in the jury box. As he stood there, not two feet from me, his lawyer, the jolly-looking, red-faced man came up to him. There was nothing

jolly-looking about him now, and his face was so red that it was nearly purple. I couldn't help hearing what he said.

"You dirty skunk," he snapped, "you'll pay for this." Then, his curiosity getting the better of his anger for a minute, he asked: "Why in hell did you play us such a rotten trick? Why wouldn't you talk?"

"I couldn't," the younger man answered. His voice was tired and discouraged. "He's a priest, you see. No matter what he's done—he's a priest—always. In trying to get even with the man, in trying to get my own little miserable revenge, I was outraging and disgracing the priest. Nothing could give me the right to do that. Besides, just before you asked me that last question—he—he looked at me!"

The lawyer's face set suddenly in a mold of bitter and cruel anger. A man to be afraid of, when he looked like that.

"I see," he said. And his voice was like a blast of cold wind. "You kept your mouth shut so as to curry favor with your boss. You think he'll be grateful; that you'll have a hold over him. Well, don't you fool yourself. He isn't that kind. I'll get him, though, some day. And as for yourself, you young welsher, I'll get you too—get you first—and you'll wish to God you'd opened your mouth and spoken your piece this morning. You think I

can't, eh?" He leaned forward and whispered something in the other's ear. The young clergyman's face went suddenly gray.

"That's not true," he stammered.

"Oh, isn't it?" the angry lawyer retorted. "Then I'll make it true. What do you suppose my friend White owns a dozen newspapers for? We'll get you —you and your 'priests'—and don't you forget it, either."

He went away in a towering rage, and I remember thinking that I shouldn't want him to "get after me." But by this time another case had been called, a jury case, and the bailiffs were shooing the people away from the jury box, close to which I had been standing. So I slipped out into the corridor, losing sight of the young priest, who left the court by another exit. I found poor Weld almost desperate with waiting for me. But I began asking him about his morgue, and he was soon happy again.

This was my first meeting with Michael Mann. It was nearly twelve years later that I saw him for the second time.

CHAPTER VI

"BUT . . . YET A GREAT WAY OFF"

For the period from 1900 to 1912 there is but little material available; two entries in the diary; and an envelope containing a letter and four or five scraps of paper covered with blurred, close writing in pencil. All that happened to my friend during what he used to call his "descent into hell," he never set down himself or told to anyone.

May, 1902. How deeply a man must hate to be able to go on hating day after day for two years! I couldn't hate anyone for a week. But he said he "would get me." And he has. But he isn't the only one. Everybody seems to have had some little stick to beat me with. Only yesterday I was shown a letter from Dr. Stevenson—yes, from him—in which he said that I would be better out of the ministry, although he himself had not enough evidence to warrant his asking my bishop to proceed against me before an ecclesiastical tribunal. Clever of him; intimating that he could tell a lot if he wanted to. Once upon a time it was I that might have done the telling. But I've never been sorry

that I kept my mouth shut. I at least kept my own respect.

I left St. Simon's Clergy House a year ago. I do think that the people there might have let me alone. If they had, I might have made a new start here in this little town in my old diocese. During the year of my diaconate, 1894-95, I preached at the one big church here, so that when I was at loose ends after leaving St. Simon's, the vestry remembered me and called me. But I hadn't got far enough away. I ought to have gone farther out West, where those men couldn't "get me" as they threatened to do. And now it is too late. But I never thought that things would end like this. I never expected that they would strip me clean of everything.

Yesterday a Canon of the Cathedral came to see me in the little boarding-house where I have been living—I rented the rectory, for I couldn't afford to live there since mother had to go to the hospital for her operation. I'm glad that she hasn't been here this past two weeks. How am I ever going to tell her what has happened! Well, the Canon came. And I really think that he intended to be my friend; he didn't realize that he was being "used" by others higher up. He stayed only half an hour and then dashed back to the city and the Cathedral and—the Bishop. He had come, he said, to ask me to put in writing my resignation of my Orders. There had been, as I knew, unpleasant stories about

—most of them probably ill-natured gossip—but there they were. And the Bishop felt that he ought to protect the Church. If I would write a letter to the Bishop, resigning my Orders, the Canon would place this letter in the Bishop's hands. No immediate use would be made of it, of course. But if, by any unhappy chance, the unpleasant stories and the ill-natured gossip got into the papers—if, in a word, there was ever any open scandal—why, then, acting on my letter, the Bishop could depose me in private and afterwards could let the public know—and the newspapers—that the offender had been already dealt with. This would stop any painful discussion in the press; this would—protect the Church.

I was a fool. I was harassed, unhappy. My nerves were frayed. I knew that the "unpleasant stories" were either downright lies or else manifest exaggerations that could not have stood for a moment before any civil or ecclesiastical court. I ought to have told the good Canon that, if the Bishop had anything serious against me, he ought to deal with me according to the procedure laid down in the Canon Law. But, as I say, I was a fool. And I was frightened. My own conscience wasn't clear. There had been times at St. Simon's when—— Yet I had tried—I had fought—God only knows how hard the fight had been—and I had hoped—— Only people don't forget. Why should they? All my own fault, I suppose. But

yesterday when the Canon came, it never entered my head for an instant that the ecclesiastical authorities—for the kind old Bishop hadn't worked this scheme out all by himself—were trying to get rid of me in the simplest possible way.

I wrote the letter that the Canon wanted; he put it in his pocket and took the next train back to the city, while I went on with my routine work. It so happened that on that same day I met a number of my most enthusiastic friends in the parish, men who had heard something of the "unpleasant stories" but who told me to pay no attention to them, assuring me that my people loved and respected me and that, if I were patient, I should win out in the end. I went to bed tremendously encouraged, and for the first time in weeks I slept the whole night through.

Next morning, beside my plate at breakfast, was a letter from the Bishop himself, posted late the night before. On receiving my letter from the Canon, he, my Bishop, had at once hurried to the Cathedral, and there, with the Canon and the old sexton as witnesses, there where I had sung as a choir boy, where for so many years I had carried the processional cross, where I had been confirmed and ordained—there he "deposed me from the Sacred Ministry," I having, in writing "renounced my Orders of my own accord."

He had—protected the Church.

But what had he, my own Bishop, done to me? With my Orders intact, I could have found work

in some distant diocese. Now what can I do? I cannot dig; and to beg I am ashamed.

I am a priest still. No Bishop can take from me what was given me at my ordination. But I cannot exercise my priesthood. An unfrocked—deposed—priest!

God help me. I simply cannot stay here and face my parish. How am I to tell them that tomorrow morning I cannot stand at the altar to offer for them, as their priest, the "sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving!" I can't face it!

A train leaves for the South, two hours from now. I'll pack up a few things and slip down to the station. I'm running away! But I can't help it—I can't help it!

Later. I've been packing my few things; tearing up old letters. But somehow I couldn't destroy this book. I'm taking it with me. And from the well-filled shelves of my library, from my books that have been so dear to me and that represent, in a way, my whole past life, from the *Treasury of Devotion* that the Precentor—he's dead, thank God—gave me when I was confirmed down to the shiny, new Teacher's Bible that my Women's Auxiliary gave me last Christmas—from all these crowded shelves I am carrying away only two volumes—my Greek text of Homer and my Greek New Testament.

I stood looking at the row of clerical collars in the top drawer of my bureau. I'll never wear them

any more. The one I have on—strangely enough, it's that old rubber or celluloid one that I've worn in hot weather for so many years—it would last a lifetime, the clerk said when he sold it to me. I'll throw it away as soon as I can buy a lay collar and some sort of a tie. I'm done with it all! I never want to see the inside of a church again! I'm glad to get away, at any price, from the mean, dishonest, petty-minded men who have surrounded me and choked me, and—and ruined me. I'd curse them, if I only knew how—and if my own heart wasn't so sore. Sore, not for myself, but for my poor, suffering, little mother, lying in the hospital, with the frightful wound that amputated her right breast just beginning to heal—and waiting for her son—her "priest" of whom she has been so proud. Because of what she must suffer, I cry back one curse at the pack that is snapping at my heels, and shake off the dust of their fellowship forever.

Between the next pages of the diary lies an old, soiled envelope. It contains several bits of paper, odds and ends, some of them once crumpled up and later smoothed out so as to make writing possible. The writing itself, done at different times, with an unsharpened pencil, is often almost illegible. This same envelope contains one letter.

1904. After Christmas. Pretended to be tying my shoe and picked up this bit of paper while we were

halted in the yard. The piece of pencil I've had hidden for a week. No writing allowed here, except the regulation monthly letter—and the Chaplain reads those. But I must express myself somehow. My body is being broken; my mind will break too if I can't find some outlet. Dangerous, though. If anyone saw me writing—and you don't dare trust anyone here—you can't tell who is spying on you—I'd be cuffed up again—or put in the strait-jacket. God! God! Why are men so cruel to one another!

Spring. Not sure of dates exactly. In here you go through three stages. First, you're rebellious, vindictive. You spend your time gloating over what you'll do to get even when you get out. Then they beat you and cuff you up and curse you, until there is nothing left in your heart except a dull, glowing hate against everything and everybody—against the world outside—against God. Finally, when you've been beaten up and strait-jacketed some more, you're too broken, too miserable, even to hate. When I was in the second stage, I used to lie awake at night and feel the dead weight of all the accumulated hate in the minds of the sleeping men in this big House of Pain. You felt as though it must explode somehow and destroy the whole cursed place. But they're clever here. Not all of our thousand men are in the stage of bitter hatred. If they were, these walls and everything inside them

would be pulled down brick by brick, and our masters torn limb from limb. I begin to understand what the French Revolution must have been like. But only a few of our thousand are hot with hate at the same time. The majority are either in the first stage of rebellion—and there's always an element of hope in that—hope born of what you'll do, some day, to get even—or else they've reached the final condition of broken, hopeless misery. Why are men so cruel to one another! What good does it do! What pleasure do they get out of it! My arms are torn and raw from the tight lacings of the strait-jacket. When they put you in, they love to tie the knots deep into one of the festering open places. How much more can I bear—how much!

I am learning my lesson, at last. When I see a big guard kick that poor, tuberculous, lame nigger —the nigger who works next to me in the pants shop—kick him on his lame hip, with hob-nailed boots, I don't yell out to him to stop—I don't grab him by the arm and tell him what I think of him. When I see things like this—and things infinitely worse—I still get that queer choking sensation in my throat, I still see red and feel the blood throbbing in my temples—but I don't interfere. The first time that I interfered, the big guard struck me in the mouth, and when I came out of my daze I was sitting on the floor, spitting out two of my front teeth, and the other men were staring at me, some

of them snickering, so that the guard wouldn't think that they had any sympathy for me. And that same afternoon the guard reported me, and I was cuffed up for the first time—hauled up toward the ceiling by my manacled wrists, with my toes just touching the floor, and the Warden—the Old Man—struck me on my still bleeding mouth with the back of his great hairy hand. "I'll teach you to interfere with an officer in the discharge of his duty. We can get along without your help." Then he called me a vile name, and glared at me as I hung there helpless and in agony. "A hell of a fine helper you are," he snarled, and passed on to gloat over the next man cuffed up beside me. That's how my nickname began, I think. Micky the Helper—that's what the men call me. Or if they want to be kind—and there is more kindness and big-heartedness here than you would ever suspect in such a crowd of cowed and broken men—then it's, "Hello, old Hell-of-a-Helper!"

But after I'd been cuffed up three times, and been in the strait-jacket as "recalcitrant" twice—and the jacket is the most damnable torment that mankind ever invented—I stopped my "helping." But I think I'd have kept on if that poor, tuberculous nigger hadn't whispered to me once, when we lay side by side in the "jacket-room" in the cellar, where the walls are thick, so that no yells or screams can be heard. "Say, Boss," he whispered, "you cut it out. I gets kicked twice as bad, and it doan do

you no good, I guess. But I takes it kindly, just the same." So now they can beat up and torment my fellows as much as they please. I swallow my rage. I pretend not to notice. For I came suddenly to understand that the big guard in the pants shop kicked the lame negro just to see whether I wouldn't interfere and so give him a chance to report me. He has given up trying now. If he'll only let me alone! That's all I want. I couldn't stand the jacket again. The mere thought of it makes me cower like a whipped dog.

The old, half-witted man in the cell next to mine they call Salvation Boggs. He has a sort of mild religious mania, and goes to every religious service that's held. Although he's a Methodist, he even tried to get permission to hear the mass that a Roman Catholic priest says for the Catholic inmates twice a month, on a little altar that is wheeled into the center of the huge bare room that is called the chapel. I've often wished that I could go to this mass also. But I'm listed as "Protestant," because I told the admission clerk that I wasn't a Roman Catholic. So every Sunday morning I have to go and sit on the hard, bare benches of our chapel, and listen to our "Chaplain," a superannuated Protestant preacher of some kind, who got "the job" here because he was useless in a parish. He knows no more about our lives, about our sufferings, about our longings, than if he had never passed the thresh-

old of our institution. And he only does pass it of a Sunday, and once a month of a week day, when he has to read through our monthly letters. But Salvation Boggs listens to him with rapt attention.

Once as we were leaving chapel I whispered to Boggs, "What does that old dodderer say that gets under your skin?"

"Oh," whispered back Salvation Boggs; "I don't come here to listen to *him*. I come here to find God."

"God?" I sneered, under my breath. "Here—in this hell?"

Salvation Boggs caught me eagerly by the arm. "Brother," he whispered, eagerly; "a prison is an earthly abiding place, like any other. I've been in a many of 'em. And I can tell you that I've come nearer to God in prison than anywhere else. Yes, sir. Nearer than in many a church. And I——"

"Silence!" roared one of the wardens, who was passing down the line. "You, Boggs, keep your face shut."

The old man protested meekly, "I was only just telling my brother here——" he began. But the guard cut him short. "Not another squeak out of you, you old nut. I'd have you cuffed up if you wasn't so dotty. And as for you——" He turned on me angrily, as though to make me bear the burden of his displeasure. I cringed. Fortunately, just then the line moved on, and the guard had to wait

to take his place at the end of it. Poor old Salvation Boggs! Is he right, I wonder!

"Save me, O God; for the waters are come in, even unto my soul. . . . I am weary of my crying; my throat is dry . . . shame hath covered my face. I am become a stranger unto my brethren. . . . Thou hast known my reproof, and my shame, and my dishonour. . . . And hide not thy face from thy servant. . . . They gave me gall to eat; and when I was thirsty they gave me vinegar to drink. . . . I looked for some to have pity on me, but there was no man. . . . Thy rebuke hath broken my heart."

Up from the depths of memory come these bits from one of the Psalms—from the Psalter that I used to read through every month, in saying my Daily Office.

It seems as though my mind had been hastening blindfold down some dark road that ended suddenly in a quicksand—as though my mind had suddenly cleared, and I were looking about me for the first time, and turning back—back—to face the long, dark road behind me and to stare at the tiny gleam of light that seems to lie at the crossroads—way, way back—the crossroads where I took the wrong turning. Is there a way back—for me?

In the old envelope, together with these five scraps of paper, is the following letter:

GRIMES LANDING, LONG RIVER
March 5, 1905

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—

Your mother died yesterday. The Lord was very merciful to her at the last, and she had little pain. During the past year that she has been living with me, here on the old farm where she was born, she insisted on helping your aunt with the housework, and she concealed from us all the return of her old trouble. It was on the other side from where the doctor did the first operation. I guess she must have suffered a lot; but she comes of an uncomplaining stock—your aunt is just like her—and she kept up and around until two weeks ago. Even then she fought my having the doctor. But when I made her see him, he just threw up his hands and said that there was nothing he could do except make her as comfortable as possible. He tried to hearten her up, but she laughed at him. She knew she was going to die. And she went about dying just as simply and quietly as she used to go about milking the cows when she was a girl on the farm and I was courting her sister.

I urged her to use the ministrations of our local minister. And she let him come and pray with her. But most of the time she read in the Prayer Book that you Episcopals use. I can't say that I hold with printed prayers myself. But they seemed to comfort her.

Since she has been with us, she has often spoken about you. Not the way you'd expect, either. She'd talk of you just as if you was in some foreign country—a good ways off—but coming home, after a while. Not at all as if you was where you be. And she wouldn't hear a word against you from anyone; not a word.

Day before yesterday, she'd been sort of dozing most of the day—the doctor had given her some powders. But yesterday morning when I went in to see her, after doing the early morning chores, I noticed right off that she—was going—and soon. We didn't have time enough to get the minister there. So your aunt and I set with her. Then she asked for her Bible, and she told me to read her the piece about the Prodigal Son. So I read it, she saying some of the words after me.

When I'd finished the chapter, she said in that clear, soft voice of hers, "But when he was yet a great way off——" Then she seemed to fall into a quiet sleep. And fifteen minutes later she was gone.

You needn't bother yourself none about the funeral. She'll be buried here, in the graveyard round the old, white church on the hill, where her father and mother lie, and where your aunt and I hope to lie ourselves.

If you ever think of coming here to see us, better let us know before you come. Your aunt and I will be glad to see you; but people in the village do talk, and I wouldn't like you to have anything disagreeable done or said to you.

I am, my dear nephew, your affectionate uncle,

Samuel Willoughby

CHAPTER VII

MEMORIES OF A PRISON GUARD

BEFORE I take up my own part in this history, from the time of my first real meeting with Michael Mann, in 1912, I must copy out here a letter, written a few days ago, at my request, by the only person now living whom I know and who knew Michael Mann at the period that is so imperfectly covered by the five scraps of paper, the contents of which have been given above.

Letter from Mr. J—— K——

No date or place

Sure, Doctor, I don't mind setting down what I remember. But I'm not much of a writer, you know. Nowadays I've got a real stenog to look after my letters. But it wouldn't ever do to dictate this one to her. Not that I'm ashamed of having once had a State job as a guard in "Stir." But them wasn't exactly pleasant days, and I'm not over-anxious to tell anyone about them, except you.

Sure, Doctor, I knew Micky Mann—Micky, the Hell-of-a-Helper, they used to call him. And the

place that he and I was in was as fine a little red tin hell as any you'll find anywhere.

These days you hear and read an awful lot about the way that prisoners are coddled and made much of and given five-o'clock tea and Variety Shows every evening. Well, maybe they are. I don't know. But I do know this. It will take a mighty lot of coddling and of the too-good treatment to make up for the rotten, too-bad way them fellers used to be treated. I'm told, too, that the place where I once worked has a fine new Warden now, that the men don't wear stripes any more, and that there ain't any cuffing-up or strait-jacketing allowed. I hope it's true. I ain't never been back there to see. But in my time—well, Doc—even now I remember some of the things that happened, remember them at night—and then I don't sleep so good as I'd ought to.

The Old Man was a brute. There's no denying that. Why, the way he looked at a prisoner was an insult. And when he opened those stumpy teeth of his, all yellow with chewing tobaccer, and called a man a few of his choice names—why, you wanted to murder—no, you wanted to stamp on his fat belly and tear out his dirty tongue. And if a man did flare out at him and answer back—that was just what he wanted. That man would be cuffed up or strait-jacketed until he'd learned "to keep a civil tongue in his head." A civil tongue! To that blaspheming, insulting old devil!

But he was a good warden in a way. He kept up discipline; and he held down in the dirt the noses of the really bad, tough, dangerous men. Only, there aren't such an awful lot of these in any prison. But our Old Man treated every prisoner alike; and so the decent, quiet fellows—the majority—got hell!

In the morning the Old Man wasn't so bad. But by afternoon, after he'd got a bunch of stiff drinks inside him, you could never tell what he'd do. He might sit there in his office, in the front hall, and swap lies with the reporters, or fall asleep. But he was dangerous, just the same. Like some big, sleepy beast—all quiet if you stroked him the right way; but if you rubbed him on the raw—well, you'd better get out and beyond his reach as soon as you could. If he got really mad when the booze was in him—my God, Doc—I ain't going to even think of some of the things he used to do.

He never liked me. He'd have given me the gate any minute if he could have. But you can't remove a guard without bringing him before the Prison Commission—a bunch of old fat-heads and political job-holders they were in my day—and proving something serious against him. Besides, I had a big pull in my ward; and the Old Man was great on what he called "loyalty to the party."

But as for poor Micky, the Old Man simply hated him. Said he was a highbrow, and stuck up—rotten, and no good. You see, the Old Man got on fine with thugs and hold-up men, with anything

that was rough and tough like himself. But if a man had any education, or talked good English, like you and me, the Old Man was always sure that the other guy was laughing at him, making fun of him at the back of his mind, and that drove him wild. Besides, he didn't like short-sentence men anyhow. He knew they'd be getting out pretty soon; he didn't dare go the whole hog with them. But though Micky was doing only a short stretch—I've even forgotten what he was in for—we had over a thousand prisoners, remember—the Old Man hated him so that he just couldn't keep his tongue and his hands off him.

Well, around the time I'm trying to tell you about, we'd had a lot of excitement in one of the big towns in the State, the town that was nearest to our institution—about twenty miles off. There'd been a nasty hold-up there—robbery of a bank. And the Daisy Kid—you know, the one they used to call the Boy Bandit—lost his nerve when he was trying to get the money away from the cashier and went and shot the poor fish. Well, you remember—or I guess you don't, because all this happened way off from this present burg of ours—how, as the papers said, the "public was aroused." They caught the Daisy Kid, tried him, convicted him, and sentenced him to hang. All the hanging in that State was done in our prison, and on the morning that I'm telling about, the Daisy Kid was sitting in our Death House. His last appeal, to the highest court at the

Capital, had been turned down only a few days before. So he was headed straight for the drop.

You see, Doc, it was a mighty important case. The "public" was interested in everything that the Daisy Kid said or had for breakfast, and the Old Man's front office was chuck-full of reporters most of the time. And they was specially interested because the Daisy Kid, who had been hard-boiled all his life, had suddenly got religion. A Catholic he was—or pretended to be—and for the past week he'd had the priest who looked after our Catholic prisoners visiting him in his cell in the Death House every afternoon.

Well, this particular day, a little earlier than the priest usually arrived, another priest came in his place, bringing the Old Man a letter from the regular priest, telling about his being sick and asking the Old Man to let this other one visit the Daisy Kid. It was about three o'clock, and as I came on duty in the front hall, this other parson was sitting on a chair in the hall, waiting for the special guard that the Old Man had sent for to take him inside the prison to the Kid's cell. The Kid, you see, was under double guard; the entrances to the Death House were guarded too, for he'd made one try at escaping, had knocked the man who was taking him across the prison yard on the head, and had come mighty near getting away. So we weren't taking any chances.

Our entrance hall, where the offices were, was

oblong. At one end was the big grated gate where visitors were let in from the street outside; and at the other was another grated gate, only smaller, that led down into the cell-block, and beyond that into the main yard. Both gates were always kept locked. My job was to open them. Whenever any visitor wanted to come in from outside, I'd open the front gate; or whenever any prisoner was sent for from the shops and came up to see the Warden or his visitor, I'd open the other gate, that led into the prison itself. Both gates were never unlocked at the same time.

Well, Doc, I don't know how it happened. Perhaps it was just luck. Maybe it was something else. Anyhow, I hadn't been on duty in the front hall for more than a few minutes that afternoon when the bell from the prison gate rang. I went back there and saw Micky looking through the bars. I was surprised to see him, he had no business there. But one of the guards who sat at a desk down inside the cell-block yelled up to me and told me to take Micky to the Chaplain's office—it was next the Warden's, in the front hall—to get the letters that had come that morning for the prisoners and that the Chaplain had opened and read and left on his desk. The regular trusty who had this job usually—a long-term man—was sick or was wanted somewhere else or something like that. So I unlocked the gate and walked beside Micky down the hall to the Chaplain's office. There's only a glass parti-

tion between it and the Warden's office; and, besides, the Warden's door was open. The Old Man was standing there with a couple of reporters. As Micky and I came down the long hall, the Daisy Kid's priest, who seemed to have got tired of waiting, got out of his chair and crossed the hall to the Old Man. So when Micky and I came up, we couldn't help hearing what was being said, as we turned into the Chaplain's office. The priest was asking the Old Man if he wouldn't allow him to see the Daisy Kid out here in the front hall. He was in a great hurry; had already waited some time; and he could see the Kid just as well here in the Chaplain's office as in his cell. The reporters were urging the Old Man to allow it. They wanted to take a picture of "The Condemned Man in Conference with His Spiritual Consoler"—or some rot like that. Now the Old Man had already had several tall drinks from the bottle in the lower drawer of his big desk, the reporters had been giving him a lot of soft soap about his "efficient prison management," and, as Micky and I came up, he was, I guess, just ready to say "yes" to the reporters and to the Kid's priest.

But just then he caught sight of Micky. I told you how he hated him. "What the—blank—blank—blank are you doing here?"

Micky didn't say a word. I was surprised, because it wasn't healthy not to answer the Old Man's questions. So I started to do the answering. And then I noticed that Micky was staring hard at the priest.

Staring as if he was trying to find the answer to something that he couldn't just remember.

"Get the letters, then, and get out," snarled the Old Man.

But Micky didn't move. Then I give a surprised grunt myself when I see him go straight up to the Old Man and whisper something in his big, furry, red ear. I guess if the reporters hadn't been there and the priest, the Old Man would have given him a clout on the side of the jaw and told him to get the hell out of there. But the Warden was always afraid of the newspapers. So he motioned the priest to wait a moment outside and beckoned Micky into his office. Of course the reporters hung around, rubbering. And I stood behind Micky. I was responsible for him so long as he was in the front hall.

Well, Doc, Micky says to the Old Man in a low voice, "Mr. Warden," he says, "as I came up, I happened to hear that priest ask to see James Wainright"—Wainright was the Daisy Kid's real name—"and I want to warn you. There's something wrong with that man out there." He nodded toward where the priest was walking up and down in the hall, sort of restless, like a man that's been kept waiting too long. "I don't believe he's a priest at all."

The Old Man glared at Micky as if he thought he'd gone nutty. He was so surprised that he forgot to be mad.

"Not a priest, eh?" he growled. "And how the

hell do you know? What do you know about priests?"

I saw Micky turn red under the gills. He swallowed a couple of times, then he says, "I know—because—because I was a priest myself."

The Old Man opened his mouth and showed all the stumps of his yellow teeth in a nasty laugh. "You, a priest!" He had a mean, sneering way of talking. "A hell of a fine priest you must have been, you——"

And then he called Micky a name that you won't find in no dictionary, and that hadn't ought to be on any decent man's tongue, not even if he's joking it oughtn't. It was one of the Old Man's favorite names. I guess he'd called Micky by it many a time before. But this time it must have hit Micky in some sore spot. The red all died out of his face; he got fish-belly white. And as the Old Man stopped laughing, Micky rolled off some gibberish that didn't make any sense to me at all.

"What's that?" snapped the Old Man, his laugh all gone.

"That," says Micky, so far as I can remember his words, "that was written by a man called Homer somebody." I don't recollect Homer's other name. "And freely translated it means that you lie in your dirty teeth."

Well, Doc, by God, I nearly passed out. To give the Old Man the lie—and to call attention to his teeth—he was sensitive about them—why, it was—

it was just crazy. The Old Man didn't blow up, as I thought he would. That made it all the worse. He just went up to Micky and took him by the arms and shook him sort of softly, like a cat playing with a mouse. And he says, so low that the reporters couldn't hear: "You wait! I lie, do I? You wait! I'll jacket you so tight that your guts'll be squeezed down into your boots. I'll priest you! Now get out!"

So we got out, Micky and me. And outside the Warden's door, Micky went all to pieces. "I can't stand it, Joe," he whispers. He was shaking so that I had to hold him up. "I've been in the jacket twice. Why didn't I keep my mouth shut! He'll kill me! And I can't stand any more. I'd rather hang myself to the bars with my handkerchief—the way the man did last week, in the cell next to mine. I must—I must——"

"Then why in hell," says I, "did you give the Old Man such a lot of your lip?"

"I couldn't help it," he sort of sobbed. Then he pulled himself together a little—we were passing through the long hall—for just then we crossed the tracks of the Daisy Kid's priest, the cause of all the trouble. He was still walking restless up and down. Micky gave him another once-over. Then, before I could stop him, he left my side, went up to the priest and touched him on the elbow. The man jumped. I saw that. He seemed uneasy, surprised. Micky was saying something to him, but he shook

his head, turned away, and went and sat down in a chair. I grabbed Micky by the arm.

"What's got into you this morning?" I said.

"Joe," said he, his voice pretty steady again, "that man's not a priest, I tell you. I spoke to him in Latin. Any priest would have understood what I said. He didn't. There's something wrong. If the Warden won't listen to you, take this priest into your little room over there and tell him it's customary for everyone entering the prison to be searched. Tell him it's just a form, but it has to be done. If he's all right, he won't mind, he'll let you search him. If he isn't——"

By this time we'd got to the gate into the prison. On the prison side of it a guard was waiting—waiting for me to open the gate.

"Where the hell have you been?" says he. "I've been ringing the bell for five minutes. Where's the priest that's to be taken to the Kid's cell? The Old Man will eat me for keeping him waiting."

I unlocked the door, let the guard out, and pushed Micky inside. Micky gave me one look, and after I'd locked the gate, stood there for a minute staring at me through the bars, to see what I was going to do.

Well, Doc, why I did it, I don't know to this day. It was taking an awful long chance. But just as the guard that I had let into the front hall went up to where the priest was sitting, I took a squint over my shoulder through the glass partitions of the

Warden's office. Somebody had called the Old Man on the phone. I could see the back of his head as he leaned over the instrument. So I had a minute or two before he could look my way again. It was a close thing. I touched the priest on the shoulder.

"Father," says I, in my politest manner, "here is the guard who is to take you into Wainwright's cell. So if you'll just step into my little office for a minute, you can sign the visitor's book."

There wasn't no visitor's book. But he came. And the guard, with his mouth open, came with him. When we were inside, I shuts the door. I guess my voice was shaking a bit; but I tried to hold it steady.

"Before you sign the book, Father," said I, "there is one little formality that has to be gone through."

Well, Doc, that's when things began to happen. No good my telling them all. I'm sending you a clipping from the paper that everybody was reading next morning.

Edward Brooks, alias Wenrick, was captured in the front hall of the State Penitentiary yesterday afternoon, dressed as shown in the photograph above, when he attempted, by posing as a priest, to secure entrance to the cell of his pal, Wainright, the Daisy Kid, whose execution has been set by the Governor for next Monday. A plot to free Wainright was thus frustrated at the last moment. This plot was one of the most spectacular "one man" jobs that has ever been planned. Brooks came to the penitentiary yesterday afternoon with a forged letter from Father O'Connor, the priest who has been visiting Wainright, saying that he, O'Connor, was ill but that the bearer, "Father Funk," would see Wainright in his place. "Father Funk," when searched, was found

to be armed with two heavy caliber revolvers, and he had enough nitroglycerin in his possession to blow up a big section of the penitentiary. Had his plans succeeded, there must have been an appalling destruction of life and of State property. The unmasking of the false priest and the prevention of a great disaster were due entirely to two men; one a prisoner, and the other, Joseph Kirkpatrick, a prison guard. A representative of this paper happened to be present in the office of the Warden yesterday afternoon when this same prisoner openly warned the Warden that "the priest," who was waiting in the hall to see the Daisy Kid, was not a priest at all and should be investigated. The Warden, whose administration has, of late, often been criticized in this paper, saw fit to disregard this warning entirely. Fortunately for the penitentiary and for its inmates, as well as for the cause of justice in general, the guard, Kirkpatrick, to whom this same prisoner repeated his warning, was less careless of his duty. He lured the false priest into a small side room and insisted on searching him. The man's sudden efforts to escape, his dash for the gate, and the gun fight in the front hall—a struggle with a man whose pockets were full of nitroglycerin—were all described in our Extra edition of last evening. We hear that the guard, Kirkpatrick, is to be suitably rewarded; and that the Parole Board, after investigating the prisoner's case, may recommend him to the Governor for immediate parole. We suggest that our Board of Prison Control investigate the share of the Warden in this outrageous attempt to free a man whose life has been declared forfeit by the highest tribunals in our State.

Well, Doc, that about finishes what you wanted me to write. Of course, after all that stuff in the papers, the Old Man never dared lay a finger on Micky. Why, for the next week, he had to produce him every five minutes to let reporters interview him; and he had to produce him without any bruises or scratches, too. It was the end of the Old Man.

I don't know what Micky told, after he was pardoned—that's what he got, a free pardon from the Governor, not just a measly parole—but anyway, pieces about the penitentiary, about cuffing up and strait-jacketing, started coming out in the papers. Then the Governor appointed an investigating committee. They did their best to hush things up—the things that they found out—but the Old Man had to go. And a while afterwards I went, too. You see, I got a cash bonus of a thousand dollars. And I opened up that nice little saloon. Of course, I haven't got it any more. But I'm sending you my card in this letter, Doc. And if you ever need any really good, sound Scotch, I can let you have it at $7 a bottle. My regular price is $8. And I've got some fine Gordon Gin. Wines, too—and fizz—only I can't recommend them the way I can the Scotch. My phone number's on my card. Call me up any time. You'll always find someone at the other end of the wire to take your order.

Yours respectfully,

Joseph Kirkpatrick

CHAPTER VIII

THE LAST DATED ENTRY

January, 1906 (from the diary). The New Year and my New Life begin together. Yesterday good old Joe Kirkpatrick unlocked the front gate in the hall and let me out into the street—to go where I pleased. It is strange, but what I looked forward to most was lying in bed in the morning and getting up only when I got good and ready. I won't hear that harsh bell clang any more at half-past five, and stand shivering at the door of my cell, listening to the crash-crash of the locks as the guard goes down the corridor, unlocking our doors. Now I can turn over in bed and sleep and sleep, as long as I like. But I won't do it, I know. I'll be thinking of all the men—some of them friends of mine—who are inside, while I am out—men who'll hear that bell and have to get up in the gray dawn or in pitchy darkness, morning after morning, day after day. I think of them all the time—I'll never forget them, I hope. Surely there must be something that I can do for them.

But first I've got to put bread into my own mouth. Only I want a little rest first—time to grow enough

self-confidence to make me able to look people square in the eye once more. I think that I will write to my Uncle Sam and ask him to let me come to him on the old farm. It's a long, long way from here; half way across the continent, or nearly that. I've no money for the journey. Perhaps he will send it to me. I'll pay him back.

There isn't much packing to be done. I don't know what has become of the things I had when —when that knock came at my door—so many, many years ago it seems—and those two big men in plain clothes came in and asked me if I—if I were I.

All I have is the clothes I stand up in, the few dollars that I made by working "over-time" in the pants shop—and this sore, broken body of mine. And—and—a relic or two—things that no one wanted or could sell. For when I went back, this morning, to the house where I was living when those two plain-clothes men knocked at my door—so long ago—my old landlady was gone, but a soft-voiced little woman who has the house now made me come in, and when she heard who I was, asked me to sit down a minute, as she thought that she had something that belonged to me. She soon came back with a small package in her hands; my name was written on the outside.

"When I took over the house after Mrs. Ely's death," she said, "I found all sorts of odds and ends left by different lodgers. All the things that had

a name on, I kept, thinking that the owners might turn up some day."

I went out into the Public Garden and opened the package—all that was left of my old belongings—the things that no one could use or sell—my old Homer, my Greek New Testament, this old diary—and one other thing, so incongruous, so hopelessly useless that I should have laughed, had I not been crying—an old celluloid, or rubber, clerical collar, and the stained black stock attached to it, with my name printed on it in blotched ink. I started to toss them into the bushes. But I didn't. I don't know why.

So with these bits of flotsam, and with the tarnished old crucifix that the lame, tuberculous Negro in the pants shop gave me just before he died, I start out again. Whither, I wonder! And how far!

PART TWO

Vision

CHAPTER IX

MY MYSTERIOUS PATIENT

THUS far, I have done my best from the materials at my disposal to reconstruct, at least partially, the outlines of Michael Mann's early life. There has been little that I could contribute from my own observation and experience. But at this point I, myself, enter upon the scene, not only as the historian, but as one of the actors in the story itself.

In 1912, six years after the last entry in the diary, I had transferred my interests from neurology to psychiatry. Having been deeply interested in the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the nervous system, I was turning to a study of the mind, or the personality that lies behind the mind. I was, of course, as I have always been, a member of our anatomical department, and did some teaching there in neurological anatomy. But during a part of each day I was at work in our psychiatric clinic, taking cases in the dispensary, making ward-rounds with the psychiatric staff, and doing odd clinical jobs for any of the men who had more than he could accomplish. Moreover, I was allowed to pick out any

case on the wards that particularly interested me, and to study it in detail.

One autumn afternoon, dreary and chill, with all the trees in our hospital grounds bare of leaves and creaking their stiff branches in a biting wind, I hurried up the steps of the mental clinic, somewhat undecided in mind as to how I should spend the next few hours. A case of schizophrenia, in which I had been especially interested, had just been committed to a State Hospital, and I was, for the moment, at loose ends, without another case to work on. So I decided to walk through the wards, just to see what there was of interest.

Now I will admit that, generally speaking, I was more at my ease with women patients than with men. Somehow, it was simpler for me to get *en rapport* with the women; I didn't mind asking them all sorts of intimate questions which I could never put to the men patients without a certain amount of distaste and embarrassment. So most of the mental cases which I had studied in detail during the past months had been on the women's wards, or on what we called "the south side." But on this particular afternoon, I walked through all four of the south wards without finding a single case that interested me in the least. Rather regretfully, I turned toward the north side—the four wards of male patients.

In the two lower wards—the "disturbed wards" —there was nothing for me. When the mind is

actually "disturbed," when the personality is so diseased or disintegrated that my own mind cannot communicate freely with it, I am always a little frightened, and usually quite helpless. But on the third ward, where the milder cases were—simple depressions or excitements, psychoneuroses, psychasthenias, and all that—there I felt more at home.

I walked, with the nurse, through the two rows of beds, while she pointed out and explained her cases like a gardener displaying the glories of his greenhouses. Now, on this ward, besides the two rows of beds, each in its separate alcove, there are two rooms for patients who either dislike the intimate contacts of ward-life or who need to be protected from them. I had been listening to the nurse's enthusiastic description of a case of psychogenic mutism, without much interest, I fear, when we passed the partially open door of one of the two little separate rooms. Inside, a voice, a tired, unhappy voice, was talking—talking—talking. The very first words that I heard startled me. I put up my hand to warn the nurse to keep quiet. I don't know whether, after all these years, I can exactly reproduce what I heard. But the first words caught my attention, because they were not English, but Latin—the Latin of the Psalter—and, as it chanced, of a Psalm that I knew—or had once known—by heart.

"'*Introibo ad altare Dei—ad altare Dei*—to the altar of God—I will go to the altar of God.' And

then the response—*'Ad Deum—Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam.'* I've got that—yes, I'll say it again—then I can go on—go on."

The voice sank to a low murmur. Then, abruptly, it was raised again, and there was in it an undertone of intense longing, like the cry of an exiled spirit.

" 'Why art thou so heavy, O my soul—and why—are thou so disquieted within me?—Why—Why——' I can't remember! 'O put—O put——' I can't get it! And if I don't, I can't go on! The church is full—I hear people rustling in the front seats—and I can't go on! *'Introibo ad altare Dei——'* That's right, at any rate. *'Ad Deum qui laetificat—qui laetificat——'* Oh, now I've forgotten that too! 'Why art thou so heavy, O my soul: and why art thou so disquieted within me?—O put—O put——' "

I could stand it no longer. Memories of my own boyhood and youth flashed across my mind—one picture after another. The strange, tall man in the black cassock—at my father's, the Bishop's table—the man who did or who did not wear "them." And that same man, Father Masterson, of the Cowley Fathers—older, more bent—all in white—the white vestments of Easter Day; Father Masterson—who loved to say the priest's private part of the Communion Service in Latin—who would have liked, the other "Fathers" said, to say his whole mass in Latin if the Bishop would let him; and I—an under-

graduate, who had pulled myself out of my warm bed and had walked two miles into town from Cambridge so that I might "serve" Father Masterson at the early Celebration, because I could say the responses in the Latin tongue that he loved—I, kneeling at his side, as he stood on the lowest step of the sanctuary, before the altar.

These pictures had slipped in and out of my mind during the few minutes that I stood listening at the door of the little room on Men's Ward Number Three. And then, as I have said, I simply could stand it no longer. Before the astonished nurse had time to utter some warning, I had shaken her hand from my arm, I had entered the darkened room and was standing at the bedside. I had taken the two hands that were moving restlessly above the sheet in mine, and had joined my voice to the tortured, weary voice that came from the shadows below me. Scarcely knowing what I was doing and why, I—"carried on."

" 'O put thy trust in God: for I will yet give him thanks, which is the help of my countenance, and my God.' "

The hands stopped their restless motion. The voice repeated the words that I had just spoken, as though they had come from the man's own mind. He did not seem to know that I was there.

"Now," said the voice, a little less tense, a little less tormented, "I'll begin again." And it began the "Approach to the Altar," the responses and the

Psalm that for ages innumerable have been said by every priest of Western Christendom as he stands at the foot of the altar, vested, and ready to begin the Offering of the Holy Sacrifice.

"*'Introibo ad altare Dei,'*" the voice began.

And I, as though I had been the acolyte that served him, answered, "*'Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam.'*"

And then, the Psalm, the *Judica me,* "Give sentence with me, O God,"—verse for verse, we repeated it together, antiphonally. And the Confiteor—the Confession—all of it. How I remembered it, I don't know. It welled up somehow out of the depths of my subconsciousness. And surely, the "Approach to the Altar" was never repeated under stranger circumstances, by stranger acolyte or stranger priest. But as we came to the end of the Absolution, the voice from the bed grew softer and fainter. And at last, it said, with a sigh of content, "Amen. And now—now I can go on—at last."

Silence settled down amid the shadows of the little room. But I stood there at the bedside until I heard the soft, regular breathing of relaxed sleep. The nurse was waiting for me in the corridor outside. She was older than most of our nurses; older, and much plainer, a sort of exception to the generally accepted rule that nurses always marry doctors, or ought to marry at least one of them; a woman of poise and experience. I liked and I trusted her.

"You've turned the trick, Doctor," she said.

"How, I don't know. But we've been trying to quiet that patient ever since he was admitted two days ago, and we've failed completely." Then, answering my unspoken question, she went on: "He was on the surgical wards, under observation—gastric hemorrhages—ulcer or carcinoma. They'd decided that it was ulcer, and not to operate, when he went into a sort of mild, confused excitement; so he was transferred to us. The ward beds were full, and I put him in this room."

A few minutes later I was sitting in the office of the ward physician, with the charts and the case history of this patient before me. But there was surprisingly little information in them. On the surgical side we don't go into all the details of a patient's family and personal history that are so important in mental work. And this particular patient had not been in a condition to give any account of himself since his transfer to our psychiatric service. His name, I learned, was Michael Mann; his age about forty-three; his occupation, law clerk and teacher; his address, a street that I knew to be infested with middle-class boarding-houses. What in the world had all this to do with the priest's prayers at the foot of the altar before mass? It was enough to intrigue anyone. Moreover, his name sounded slightly familiar. When had I heard it before? And where? But I have a notoriously bad memory for names, and I put the matter out of my mind entirely.

That night I broke all my usual rules, and after my customary lonely dinner at the Club I went back, all the way across town, to the hospital and the psychiatric clinic. The night nurse, whom I did not know at all, seemed not very pleased to see me at so late an hour; but I told her that I wanted to talk with Mr. Mann, and made her take me to his door and announce me by name. Then I held the door open so that she had to go out.

As I came toward the foot of the bed, I saw that the patient was sitting propped up on his pillows, holding in his hand a worn book that he made no attempt to read. When I spoke to him, he did not apparently recognize my voice. He seemed to think that I was taking the place of the regular ward physician, who usually made his night round about this time.

"Hello, Doctor," he said. His voice was a little rough and grating, like a man slightly hoarse with too much talking. "The nurse tells me that I'm not on the surgical ward any more. But—but I'm still in a kind of mental fog. I feel as though I'd been trying to walk up a mountain, miles high, in the darkness—as though I'd lost my way and had just come out into a perfectly new, strange place. The fog hasn't all cleared yet. I can't even make sense out of this book. What's been happening to me, anyhow?"

Technically speaking, I had no right whatever to "butt in" on this case without the permission

of my astute young colleague, Dr. Haussman, the ward physician—a clever, black-eyed Jew, whom I had once instructed in the mazes of anatomy. But I was too interested to care about such details. I told the patient as much as I knew about his transfer to us; and then I tried, with my careful technique, on which I prided myself not a little, to draw him out and to get some information about his past life. We talked for nearly an hour. Dr. Haussman came in on his rounds, saw me, apologized, and went out again. The night nurse came in also to remind me that she would get into trouble with the Night Superintendent if there were visitors on the wards after nine o'clock. And I myself knew that I was doing a possibly dangerous thing in talking so long with a patient that had just come out of a state of excitement and confusion. But, as I have said, the man intrigued me. He did more than this, however; he baffled me utterly. With an air of apparent candor, he told me a lot of perfectly insignificant details about his life without ever letting me even peek around the corner into the really significant domains of his personality. No matter what road or bypath I took in my questionings, I always came up abruptly against a blank wall.

He was willing enough to talk about his daily life; his work in the Federal Court as a sort of filing clerk and stenographer, his teaching, at night, in the Americanization courses provided by the School Board for prospective American citizens who

spoke every language under heaven fluently except the English that was so necessary for their examination in citizenship before the Judge, who would ask so many unexpected questions about Congress or the powers of the Vice-President. Apparently he worked all day in the Clerk's office of the Federal Court and taught Poles, Roumanians, Germans, and Swedes in the evening until nine or ten o'clock. He had one small room in a "very decent boarding-house." And he had two free nights each week—Saturdays, when he went to a cheap movie, and Sundays, when he stayed at home, went to bed early, and read there until he fell asleep. To these Sunday evenings he looked forward all through each weary week of dull routine. He told me amusing tales about judges and district attorneys, about his strange pupils, and about the other people who lived in the boarding-house with him. But—nothing—nothing intimate or illuminating about himself; nothing that would explain the Latin words that he was muttering when I first stood listening outside his door. I was tempted to tell him brutally about this incident and to demand of him some explanation, but somehow I hesitated. To use something that had been wrung from him in the tormented confusion of his mind seemed unfair. Dr. Haussman would have laughed at me as a senseless emotionalist. He wouldn't have hesitated to use any information, no matter how obtained, if it would help him to "analyze his case" under the microscope of his keen,

relentless mind. So that night I left the ward unenlightened and still very much puzzled.

In the days that followed, I visited Mann very often. He seemed to look forward to seeing me, and we talked about everything under heaven except the one thing that interested me, the patient himself. He was making steady progress. Under treatment, his gastric ulcer had healed, the blood that he had lost had been re-made in his strengthened body; and his mind was now perfectly clear, his emotional balance restored. As soon as he was able to see people, he had the strangest procession of visitors that our clinic had ever seen. A dried-up old clerk from the Court would rub elbows with some rough Slavonic laborer. There were elderly Polish matrons, bright-eyed young Frenchmen, two pretty Greek girls. And, occasionally, there was a slouching, rather shy, middle-aged man, behind whose eyes was an elusive, but unforgettable something, and a younger fellow with the same look in his eyes, both of whom always stood near the door of the visitors' room, as though they feared that the door might suddenly shut upon them. Although Mann would talk and jest with me freely about his other visitors, he never mentioned these uneasy, uncomfortable men—except once. I had come into his room on the ward just as a visitor of this type was leaving, and as the door closed behind him, Mann said: "Do you know anyone who wants a chauffeur? That fellow's a good one. And he needs

a job. He's just come out of prison." He spoke the words "come out of prison" as though it were nothing more unusual than coming from Florida, or from the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Perhaps, just here, I ought to try to describe Michael Mann as he looked to me in those days before our lives became so closely entangled. Yet, well as I knew him, and clearly as I can still see him, I find the description intensely difficult, for there was nothing very remarkable about him. He was shorter than I, but then, I am over six feet tall. His clothes always seemed to hang loosely on him, and perhaps that made him look thinner than he was. He was strong, though; he could undergo for hours physical strain that knocked me out in fifteen minutes. His feet were small, so were his hands. His hands would have been rather fine, I think, if they had been properly kept; but they were always stained with ink, or cut and roughened with cold, and, I admit, they were not always clean. As for his face, it was topped by a thick mat of dark brown hair, that was never properly cut, and that sometimes dropped down over his eyes—eyes that were brown, with funny criss-crossing lights in them. His rather heavy eyelids sometimes made him look sleepy and dull, when he was only relaxed and at ease. At times it seemed almost as though he had learned to hide his eyes, either by his drooping lids, or by putting all the light out of them, making them empty and expressionless, hiding what

lay behind them as though there was something there that might betray him—something secret that he treasured and that he wanted to keep unprofaned. His forehead was high; and he had one of those long, straight, slender noses, with wide nostrils, that gave him a look of refinement—a poor, misused word, I know—but I can find no other to express my meaning. His mouth was hidden under a rather ragged brown moustache. (Only during the last days of his life, did I see his mouth. And on his lips was written all the bitterness, all the patient dogged suffering, that he had met and fought against as best he could. They had left their marks there for anyone to read. And when I read them for the first time, I knew why the straggling brown moustache was allowed to cover them up.) His one beauty—if one can use that word of so commonplace a face—was his chin, or, rather, his throat and lower face. For his head was well set, and his neck rose powerful and unwrinkled, symmetrical and strong, its firm lines spreading out into the delicate molding of the lower jaw. There was determination in the chin; but the red of the lower lip was too broad, it turned down just a little, and there was a tell-tale cleft indentation below it.

And now all these things—these details of the fleshly body—are gone—disintegrated—have disappeared. But there lay behind them once a power—a mental trait—a habit of reaction—call it what you will, that influenced the lives of others, and

that through them still influences men and women who have never even heard the name of Michael Mann. I am at a loss to describe it. All that I can say is that this man gave those who knew him an intense sense of "reality." An assurance of something firm and sure and lasting behind and beneath the constantly shifting, changing banalities of our everyday life. Something that you could build on, rest on. Plato would have said that to Michael Mann had been given a clear vision of the Eternal Ideas—of the ultimate realities—and that the knowledge of this vision lent to everything he said and did a sort of objective reality of its own, although he himself might be wholly unconscious of it. Of course, "reality" is a vague term, and the sense in which it is used varies with the mental attitude toward life of every philosopher who uses it or abuses it. But I am a Platonist—however humble a disciple—and I know that the Master would have understood what I mean. He had seen the same thing, and had tried to describe it, in the face of Socrates.

A far cry from Socrates to Michael Mann; and heaven knows there was no likeness between them —and less sympathy. For Mann was, temperamentally, a peripatetic, an Aristotelian scholastic, to whom St. Thomas Aquinas meant a thousand times more than Plato.

CHAPTER X

OUR FIRST CASE

But I should never have known what Michael Mann was, what he had been or might become, if it had not been for a very serious and dangerous situation that faced me suddenly in the psychiatric clinic while Mann was still a patient there.

He was quite well again. Our psychiatrist-in-chief had seen him and had told Dr. Haussman that he might be discharged as "cured." This was in the morning, during "rounds." But Mann, like so many convalescents, lacked his full self-confidence, dreaded having to face the outside world again, and asked if he might not remain on the ward at least for one night more. The night came; and I shall never forget it, in this world or the next.

My young colleague, Dr. Haussman, was at this time Assistant Resident; and on this particular evening he was in charge of the entire clinic, as the Resident himself was out. In a well-ordered clinic like ours, nothing ever happens of an evening between eight and eleven—at least, nothing that the ward physicians, who live in the building, cannot attend to. Haussman wanted to go out. And

I, who had come all the way across town from the Club to pay a last visit to Mann before his discharge, met Haussman in the lower hall. Having once been my pupil, he looked up to me with a respect for my medical knowledge that I did not deserve. So he said:

"Someone has just sent me a ticket for the Philadelphia Orchestra concert. I can't bear to miss it. Would you mind hanging round here till I get back? If you get through on the ward, you can sit in my suite on the top floor."

Of course I said I'd do it. He hurried off, but returned in a moment. "While you're on the men's ward, with Mann," he said, "take a look at young Bentley. Mann knows him. A depressed case. But he's so much better that I have put him on house-parole in the evening, and he's allowed to go up to the pool-room on the top floor. Nothing to be worried about. But since old Dr. Islain's case, I've been jumpy."

"But that wasn't your fault," I protested. "You begged his family not to take him away. If they did so against your advice, and if the old man shot himself on the lawn in front of his country house a week afterwards, I don't see how that can reflect on you."

"I don't either," Haussman said; "but he and Bentley were on the same ward. And—well, you know how a man feels about these things."

Surely I did know, I thought, as I watched him

hurry off to his concert. You can't work, as I was working, in a mental clinic without catching some sight of the one ghost, the one Fear, that so constantly pursues every physician in it. The fear lest one of the depressed or demented patients committed to his trust should somehow, through some fault or neglect of the system, slip past nurses and orderlies into freedom, get away from the clinic, and, with the aid of a revolver or a rope, get away from this world also.

However, with our elaborate system of constant supervision, there was little or no danger of such a disaster, although it is more frequent than one cares to think of in under-staffed and inadequately supported hospitals and sanatoria. For when a depressed or desperate man has determined to find relief from intolerable suffering, once and for all, he will succeed sooner or later, no matter what difficulties are placed in his way. But at least in our clinic, no one had ever succeeded.

After Haussman had left me, I walked through all our eight wards, keeping for the last the ward on which Michael Mann was to sleep that night for the last time. Everything was quiet. The nurse on Mann's ward told me that Mr. Bentley, the unstable, depressed youth of eighteen, was upstairs in the pool-room. I suggested that she had better send an orderly for him at once; I wanted to see him safely inside the ward door before I left.

Mann, who was standing at the door of his little

room, heard what I said. During the past weeks he and I had become rather good friends, although he had never given me his confidence, while I had never referred to my first strange experience with him, realizing that if he remembered it at all, it was only as part of the hazy, distressing recollections of his mild delirium.

"I don't want to interfere," he said, as the nurse went down the long corridor to find an orderly, "but I've come to know Bentley rather well since he's been here with us. He was better a while ago. But something has gone wrong lately. This afternoon I found him sitting on his bed, crying. I never saw such a tormented face. He'd heard about old Dr. Islain. Somebody told him, or he got hold of a paper somehow. The old doctor was kind to him —the boy missed him when he was discharged— and then——"

"Aren't you letting your imagination run riot?" I protested. For I had not yet learned to trust Mann's judgment.

We stood, talking, at Mann's door, waiting to hear the turn of the key in the door of the ward and the step of the orderly who had gone to bring Bentley back from the pool-room upstairs. We had lowered our voices; everything around us was peacefully quiet.

Suddenly, in the stillness, I heard the shrill, insistent sound of the little gong concealed in the wall of the nurse's office. I had never heard it ring

before; but even before the nurse came running out, I knew what it was. The alarm bell!

I followed her out of the ward. Outside, in the main corridor, I found our Night Superintendent, a powerful, severe, gray-headed woman, talking with the ward nurse and a badly frightened orderly.

"I tell you, he isn't there," stammered the orderly. "I asked one of the other patients, who was playing pool, and he said that Mr. Bentley had left the pool-room at half-past eight, and had gone down to the ward. Or that's what he thought. But—I knew—he—wasn't on the ward."

The ward nurse was almost in tears, making inarticulate excuses.

"You are not to blame, Miss Garrison," snapped the Night Superintendent. In her excitement she reverted, unconsciously, to the average nurse's attitude of antagonism to the physician. "If people will put a suicidal patient on parole——" Then she turned to me, and with a slight movement of her arms seemed to shift the entire responsibility to my shoulders. "The boy must be found at once. He is doubtless somewhere in the house, still."

By this time three of the internes had come up, panting, and there began a sort of nightmare hunt through the whole, big, complex building. Upper floor and basement were the most likely hiding places. On the upper floor were the big, shadowy recreation room, the roof-garden, and the suites, or apartments, for the resident staff. If Bentley were

anywhere, he must be there, for the ward doors on the other stories were always locked, the corridors bare of any possible hiding place, while on the entrance floor, kept lighted all night, stood the hall desk of the chief night orderly, that commanded both stairways and the front door as well. And the night orderly had just informed us, over the telephone, that no patient had passed his desk during the last hour.

"He must be up here," said I. With every moment, my panic and anxiety were increasing. My position was appalling. I, who had really no actual position on the psychiatric staff and who had no business at all to be taking the duty of the Assistant Resident, Dr. Haussman, had become suddenly responsible for the escape of a patient, something that had never happened in our clinic before. Our hospital, as I've said, prides itself on making very few mistakes. If one is made, the man who makes it never has an opportunity of making another. As a member of the teaching staff in the anatomical department, nothing much could happen to me; but Haussman, my clever young friend—it would simply be the end of him.

"Oh, dear," sighed the ward nurse, at my elbow. "I hate this big recreation room. Can't we turn on the light?"

But at night the doors of the main switch boxes were locked; each light had to be turned on separately. We groped through the darkness.

"There are so many cornices and things that stick out from the wall," the nurse went on. "So many chandeliers. I—I keep remembering how I—how I just happened to surprise Mr. Bentley once—weeks ago, when he was so depressed. He'd slipped into the bathroom—was standing on the rim of the tub—and feeling round the wall with his hand—trying to find a—a good place."

One by one a few lights flashed out, throwing long, black shadows. We looked everywhere—behind the pipes of the organ, even behind the scenery on the little stage. We did not speak. We did not seem to hasten. It was as though we felt that by this time if anything had happened, we could no longer prevent it; as though already we were too late.

"Not here," I said at last. Then I turned to the Night Superintendent. "As a matter of routine, will you search the lower floors? I shall join you at the desk in the front hall."

Only one place on the upper floor had not been searched—only one suite of rooms that had not been occupied during the entire evening. It flashed through my mind that young Bentley knew Haussman's rooms. In fact, Haussman had told me that the boy had visited him there, occasionally, of an evening, when he was feeling less depressed than usual. Suppose he had gone there tonight—looking for Haussman—looking for help—and—had found no one. He might be there now. There was a low

chandelier in the middle of the small study; he might be——

Both rooms were in utter darkness. To reach the electric switch, I should have to pass through Haussman's little hallway, and then cross the entire width of the study.

I am not a very brave man; for a moment my nerve failed me. The one interne who had not gone downstairs with the Night Superintendent had disappeared through the door leading into the poolroom. I stiffened my back, and stepped forward, as bravely as I could, into the darkness. My heart was beginning to pound in my ears. My imagination began to function with unpleasing vividness. Suppose that Bentley had passed suddenly into one of his excited phases that so frequently followed his depressive episodes, and was crouching somewhere in the shadows, waiting to leap upon the first intruder. Or perhaps he had used that—that chandelier. I stood breathless on the threshold of the study; I should have to cross it now, to pass directly under the chandelier. As I did so, perhaps I should bump suddenly into—something—something that would swing slightly, as I pushed against it.

But I couldn't stand there, waiting. I had to do something. I started forward across the floor, fell over some obstacle, gave a little gasp of fright—and reached the switch at last.

The room was empty. I had fallen over Hauss-

man's golf bag that was leaning against a chair. And nothing—nothing dangled from the chandelier.

But my nerve had been badly shaken. Perhaps that is why the memories of what happened afterwards are, in some particulars, so clear-cut, in others, so hazy. I was so wrought up that external stimuli registered very sharply on my consciousness, while over everything there was a sort of hazy veil of terror and apprehension.

I hurried downstairs to meet the Night Superintendent. On my way I had to pass the door of the psychoneurotic ward, the men's ward, where I had so often visited Michael Mann. If on that hideous evening I had passed that door, it seems to me that my whole life would have been different. Only once afterwards, in my relations with Michael Mann, did I have that same sensation of acting under an impulse not my own, of finding myself unexpectedly at a crossroad and being hurried down a path that I had not clearly chosen by any act of my own volition. Instead of passing the door, instead of hurrying on, at a time when seconds seemed of importance in our hopeless search, I stopped, opened the ward-door with my pass-key, and went in. Mann was standing on the threshold of his room.

I went straight up to him, as though I had come on the ward with the sole purpose of seeing him. Perhaps I had. But I had not been conscious of it.

"He's not in the building," I gasped.

Mann looked quietly at my shaking hands, at my

unsteady lips. "Of course he isn't," he said. And his assurance seemed to quiet me a little. "But I think I know where he is. Or at least where he's going." Then he added under his breath, "If he only hasn't got there yet!"

I clutched eagerly at this chance of possible help. Had I been a member of the regular staff, I suppose that I should have acted with more professional reserve. I should not have consulted one patient in connection with the case of another. But after all, in a way I was an outsider—an outsider with a sudden responsibility thrust upon me that had made me oblivious to all the rules and ethical regulations in the medical world.

"Come along with me, then," I said. "Only, hurry."

After all, I thought, as we dashed down the stairs to the hall desk, at the front door, Mr. Mann is technically a patient no longer; he has been discharged as cured. I'm not doing him any harm by accepting from him any help that he can give.

What egocentric, selfish brutes the best of us are! I had no hesitation in accepting any help that he could give; but I never thought for an instant of what the giving of that help might cost him. And during the years of our intimacy, I did the same selfish thing over and over again.

At the hall desk the Night Superintendent, together with the three excited internes, was waiting for us. Her eyebrows went up as she saw Mann at

my side, and she was just about to protest, when a door in the wall, just opposite the desk, slid noiselessly back, and a harassed and puzzled orderly stepped out of a brilliantly lighted elevator. Mann touched me on the shoulder.

"That was probably the way he got out," he said. "Your elevators are self-operating. He could slip in on the top floor—the elevator door is only a step from the pool-room. And you can bring the elevator up to you from any floor you like by just pressing a button. He could go straight down to the basement. And there might be no orderly down there at this time of night. And isn't there a small door there, that connects the passages beneath this clinic with the rest of the hospital?" He made a little gesture of apology with his hands, as the Night Superintendent glared at him. "You see, I've often amused myself while I've been here with imagining ways of getting out. Not that I wanted to go. It's just a sort of habit of mine. I used to do it in—in other places."

The Night Superintendent's superior air of domination deserted her. With a rustling crinkle of white linen, she sat down and gasped. "And that door," she said, half to herself, "down there in the basement, stays open till eleven. The doctors come from the front of the hospital that way when it's bad weather."

I caught up the telephone and called the front entrance of the hospital.

"Well?" demanded the Night Superintendent limply, as I hung up.

"They say," I answered, wetting my dry lips, "they say that, at about half-past eight, a young man, without a hat, passed through and went out of the front door. But they thought nothing of it. They don't know all our patients by sight. It was visitor's evening, besides. They supposed he was a visitor who had overstayed his time and was in such a hurry that he'd forgotten his hat. He's gone! He has got away! Good God, what shall we do! What shall we say to—to his mother!"

I was about at the end of my endurance. This wasn't my job; I wasn't used to it. And under the unfamiliar weight of it, I nearly broke down. The three internes were all very young; they looked as helpless as I felt.

Then Michael Mann touched me again on the shoulder. His eyes were half closed; he spoke in quiet, but decisive tones. "I know just exactly where he has gone," he said.

"Better tell us, then," interposed the Night Superintendent, with a slight sneer in her voice, "if—if you know so much."

"You'll think I'm queer and confused again, I suppose," said Mann to me, as though he had not heard her at all, "but sometimes I seem to see inside another person's mind. It's unscientific, I know. You scientific men see your patient's thoughts from the outside, like a strange animal or microbe under

a microscope. But I—it's as though I were on the inside—inside the mind-machine, watching the wheels go round."

"But Bentley," I interposed. "You said——"

"I said that I was sure where he'd gone. His mother has a place—a little house in the country. The railroad doesn't run very near it, but you can get there by automobile in an hour. It's the only place in the world where the poor boy has felt perfectly happy. He told me all about it once. And now, in his great need, I believe that he has gone there. He's on his way there now. It's almost as though I could see him."

The Night Superintendent had regained her cold composure. "I'm not much of a believer in intuition," she said, "but in this case I think you may be right. If you are, we need not be anxious, for his mother was going out there this week, and he'll probably find her there when he arrives. I'll telephone her and warn her of his coming. He can't have got there yet."

She took up the telephone while I hunted up the number. The little group of nurses and internes sat down in a darkened corner of the hall. No one spoke. A sense of disaster still weighed on us all. There was no sound except the Night Superintendent's impatient voice at the telephone. After a few minutes she turned to me with a gesture of annoyance. "I can't get Mrs. Bentley's country house," she said. "They don't answer."

One of the internes, a young man whose social gifts were exceeded only by his perfect knowledge of all things, spoke up. "Why don't you call up Mrs. Bentley's town house? Her number is Vernon 9378—I've often dined there."

The Night Superintendent turned to the instrument again. This time the call went through. She began to speak with someone. Then, abruptly, she hung up the telephone, and turned to us a drawn, white face.

"Mrs. Bentley is in town—but she has gone to the theater. She decided only this morning to come in from the country, and brought her two servants with her. The maid that I spoke to says that there isn't a soul at the house in the country."

There was a moment's tense silence. Then Mann said, "Poor boy! He'll find the stage all set—for the last act. And nobody there! Nobody to stop him from climbing in a window and from getting—getting what he wants."

"Getting what?" demanded the Night Superintendent.

"Why, the revolver, of course," Mann answered simply. "That's what he has been thinking about—that's what he has been seeing—seeing just where it lies in the top drawer of his grandfather's dressing-table. And he's been seeing it every single minute since he heard about old Doctor Islain."

The Night Superintendent stood up with a frightened rustle of her stiff uniform. "You mean that

patient of ours who was taken away against our advice, and who——" She hesitated for a moment; then she turned on me. "You ought not to allow this," she snapped. "We are working ourselves into an idiotic state of senseless apprehension. If Mr. Bentley has gone to his country house with any idea of—of"—she spat out the word in an effort at self-control—"of suicide—why, you must get there before he does, that's all. I must stay here —but you can go. Take one of the internes and —and Mr. Mann—since he knows so much about it already. Only go quickly. You've no time to lose."

Then a new idea seemed to occur to her; her tension relaxed.

"We're all fools," she said. "Our patients are never allowed to have much money in their possession. Mr. Bentley couldn't pay for a taxi, or borrow a car. He may have enough for railroad fare."

She glanced inquiringly at the ward nurse, sitting in a far corner.

"His mother was here two days ago," said the nurse uneasily. "She has no business to give him money, but he's always been a spoiled child. And —anyway, she couldn't have given him much."

There followed a hurried searching of time-tables. The young interne who had dined at Mrs. Bentley's town house knew her country place also, or at least the railway station where you got off in order to reach it. There was a train, we found, that left

the city station in half an hour. I glanced down the lines of the time-table and gave a sudden gasp of relief. Before this train there had been no other for the past two hours.

"Why, it's absurdly simple," I burst out. "The train that leaves in half an hour is the only one he could take. We'll find him on it. Besides, he may possibly go to his mother's house here in town. I'd telephone her at once, only I don't want to disturb her unnecessarily. But we'll try the station first. Someone call me a taxi, please."

I jumped up, to dash off for my hat and coat. But the Night Superintendent laid a heavy hand on my arm.

"Before you go," she said, icily, "inasmuch as you are the senior physician here and technically in charge"—she underlined the "technically" with a most uncomplimentary intonation—"you must report to the Superintendent of the Hospital that one of our patients has escaped."

I gasped. This was more than I had bargained for. I knew our General Superintendent. He was as impersonally hard as he was efficient—and I had always been afraid of him anyway. It would go badly with any man in the hospital, of the perfection of which he was so justly proud, who had to confess some serious error that might get into the papers and send reporters into our sacred precincts. But the Night Superintendent was glaring at me. She pushed the telephone toward me.

Luckily, just then the house telephone rang, in another part of the hall. She went to it.

I picked up the receiver of the main telephone, but with my free hand I kept the hook pressed down, and in a loud, official voice, that the Night Superintendent could clearly hear, I went through the motions of calling the Superintendent's office, and of reporting the fact that one of our patients, Mr. Bentley, had escaped from the clinic, but that we hoped to find him within the next hour or two. Then I hung up, ostentatiously.

"What did he say?" demanded the Night Superintendent.

But I was too clever for her. "Knowing him as you do," I answered, "you can imagine, yourself, just exactly what he would say." And with that, I left her. The taxi was waiting.

On our way to the city station, Mann, who was sitting beside me, while the rather bored and aloof young interne crouched on the little folding-seat in front, asked me a question that had decisive results.

"What do you know about young Bentley's family life? There's a reason for my asking."

I told him what little I knew, and that little was common knowledge, for the Bentleys were prominent people. The boy's father had died when he was a child. His mother had petted and spoiled him, and the only person who had ever been able to manage him was his paternal grandfather.

"The grandfather," I said, "was a distinguished officer in the Civil War, on the Northern side; very proud of the fact that, in a State of pronounced Southern sympathies, he himself, as he used to say, had 'remained loyal.' He was a member of my own Club, and I used to see him often enough tottering around the library. Very proud, also, of his Loyal Legion button that he always wore in the lapel of his coat. It's a hereditary decoration, you know. Now that the old man's gone—he died last year—the decoration passes to his grandson, who probably doesn't care a rap about it. But the old man's influence was the only thing that young Bentley ever respected, and since his death the boy has been a worse mess than ever."

Our cab swung up to the door of the station. My feeling of impending disaster had lifted a little. We hurried into the waiting-room, with five minutes to spare before the train left. There were few people about; but nowhere could I catch a glimpse of the stocky, boyish figure, with the bent shoulders and tousled yellow hair, dressed in the dark-blue suit in which I had seen the boy so often pacing up and down the ward.

"Perhaps he'll come at the last minute," I said to Mann. "Let's stand at the wicket. He'll have to pass us there."

No one appeared. Luckily, I knew the ticket inspector at the gate. He let me through to the train, and I walked through it twice, from end to

end. So sure was I of finding Bentley there that I was almost carried off, and had to jump from the train as it pulled out of the station. Dazed and disappointed, I made my way back to where Mann and the interne were waiting.

"What in the world are we to do now?" I asked helplessly. "Go home and go to bed, I suppose. Perhaps the boy has gone to his mother's town house after all. He may be there by this time."

Mann did not seem to hear me. With a quick shake of his shoulders, he lifted his head and looked at me with that curious intense expression that had already puzzled me once or twice that same evening.

"He has gone to the country," he said slowly. "Gone some other way. I know it just as surely as I'm standing here."

He motioned us to follow him, and went to the Information Desk. I heard him ask a question of a white-faced, weary-looking youth behind the counter, weary with the endless questionings of fussy travelers and the burden of having to carry in his head the time-tables of an entire railroad system.

"No," I heard this man say; "no other train goes out tonight. At least, not on this line. But I think there is another train on the other road—leaves from the downtown station. Only the name of the place where you'll have to get off isn't the same as the name of the station on our line. And you've

got to walk nearly a mile to reach the place you want to go to. Wait; I'll look it up."

My heart had given a sudden jump. What an idiot I had been. I had lived in this city for years, and yet I had completely forgotten the small local railway line that left from a little station on the other side of town. If we could catch this other train, we might be in time after all.

The information clerk looked up from the thick book of time-tables before him, and shook his head.

"Sorry," he said. "I was wrong—or partly so. There was a train—the one I was thinking of—but it left the downtown station half an hour ago."

My former feeling of hopeless panic invaded my mind once more. Whichever way we turned, something unforeseen appeared to block our road. I looked at Mann; he seemed perfectly quiet—as though everything were happening just as he expected it to happen. And from this moment, he seemed to take charge of things. He gave the orders; we followed.

"We shall have to drive out to the Bentley's country place in our taxi," he said. "The boy must have gone out by this last train from the downtown station. That station is much nearer the clinic than this one. I ought to have thought of it. But I only saw him—on a train—saw him in my mind, I mean. I hope you've got some money. I've only sixty cents. We may have some difficulty in finding our way. But your young colleague here knows at least

the general lay of the land. Come on. Bentley has had nearly an hour's start of us already. But you heard what the information clerk said. It's a long walk to his house from the station where he'll leave the train. And we may—we may get there in time—yet."

I heard Mann's quiet voice talking to the chauffeur of our waiting taxi, then the cab door slammed, the engine began to chug, and the lights of the city streets slipped quickly by. It was a wonderfully clear and still night. I leaned far back in my seat, at Mann's side. My mind seemed to have stopped functioning.

Soon the street lights grew dim—farther and farther apart. The car began to jolt a little on the rougher country roads. Darkness and shadow settled down around us. And there was no sound except the steady beat of the motor.

At last Mann leaned forward. "I'd like to tell you," he began, "why I am so sure that we are on the right track. I dare say you'll think it fanciful." He drew a deep breath, as though forcing himself to a difficult task. "The idea of—of suicide, in order to have any dangerous compelling power, usually comes to a man when he is in some highly sensitized mental condition, either through misfortune or because of some mental disturbance. And very often it enters his consciousness all at once—like an entity that has a life of its own, an organism, that draws other thoughts to itself, like a kind of

mental magnet. For a long time it may have been hovering below the threshold of the mind, but you don't notice it much until, suddenly, something gives it life—and power. Something that you have seen or heard or read about. Perhaps the suicide of some other man. Take young Bentley. We know that in his earlier periods of depression the thought of death has been often in his mind—not the desire for death—but the fear of it. And it is the thing we fear that has so often an overpowering fascination. Until a few days ago it wasn't a compelling thing to Bentley.

"Then he heard about old Dr. Islain. Here was a man whom he had known on the ward, with whom he had talked, and of whom he had been fond, in his shy, boyish way. I don't believe that Islain ever spoke to the boy about suicide. That's what made him dangerous. If he'd talked of it openly, Bentley would have been repelled. But he didn't. And Bentley, when he heard of the old man's death, began to reconstruct a past situation. He thought, 'There was Dr. Islain, here on our ward, walking quietly up and down—just as I am walking now; and all the time he had in his mind the plan that he carried out, later on—the plan that occurred to him here, while he was walking up and down this ward—this ward—our ward—just like me.'

"That 'just like me' is the keynote of an endless symphony of fear that plays itself over and over and over in your mind. It's the kind of horror that

we inherit from our anthropoid ancestors, from those endlessly repeated emotions of the higher but weaker animals, standing helpless in front of the great reptile that was about to devour them, seeing it coming nearer and nearer, and realizing that their fathers and grandfathers had felt the same terror and had met hideous destruction in exactly the same way. Just like me! And the example, once set before you, takes on a new, compelling power. Bentley had heard how Dr. Islain had left the clinic—he couldn't know that he had been removed by his people against your judgment—how he had gone quietly to his house in the country—in the country, mind you—had found an old rifle or revolver—and had shot himself—at midnight—on the lawn in front of his house. I pray God that in front of Bentley's house there may be no lawn."

He paused for a moment, as though he really were praying. My own skeptical scientific mind began to rebel.

"But this is all pure imagination," I protested. Mann shook his head. "Then," I demanded, "how do you know so much about the psychopathology of suicide?"

"Well," said the voice at my side, in the darkness of the cab, with a quick intake of the breath; "well, I don't know anything about psychology, of course. But I've been near it myself—not near psychology—but near—near the other thing, you know. I—I had it all planned. I just couldn't go on any longer.

And if a certain man had gone straight down a long hall and through a grated door, I'd have done it. Only—he turned—and went into a little room. That turning meant life to me. He *was* turned, I believe, by Something or Somebody that meant me to go on—in spite of everything—to go on with my life—such as it is."

This was the most personal, the most intimate statement that Mann had ever made to me. Yet at the time, I felt uneasy, embarrassed, as though my companion had said something not quite in good taste. I glanced at the shadowy outline of the young interne, opposite me; but he was smoking a cigarette, leaning back, half asleep.

"So that's your analysis of Bentley's mental reactions?" said I.

"Oh, I'm not trying to make an analysis," Mann answered. "I know nothing of your modern scientific methods. I was just trying to tell you what the boy thought and the way he felt."

At the moment, it did not strike me that a knowledge of what a patient felt and thought was the supreme test of an analyst's technique. To me, at that time, a psychoanalysis meant a certain method of procedure and examination, rigidly defined; a clean-cut set of tools to be used in only one way, applied at certain times "according to the indications of the case," just as a surgeon under certain conditions uses a cautery instead of a knife.

Meanwhile, Mann's quiet voice went on, as the

cab jolted over the rough road. "You might divide them into two stages—Bentley's thoughts, I mean. First, there was the time when the idea of suicide became, not a distant, vague fear, but something intimate, personal, something that kept coming nearer and nearer, and that was suddenly clothed with appalling powers of attraction, of imitation, by the chance mental picture of Dr. Islain's death. In that stage, you fight against the idea. You're afraid of it. You wake up at night, shaking, in a sweat of terror, because the thing is getting nearer and nearer, becoming stronger and stronger. That's the time when you suffer; when you need help. Good God, how you do need help. But you're so afraid; your mind is so blocked by fear, that you're unable even to ask for help. The help has got to be *thrust* upon you from the outside. There's where the value of a psychiatrist comes in, who can read patients' minds like an open book; a man of long experience." He paused for a second; then, turning toward me in the darkness, he added, "A man like yourself."

I moved away, uncomfortable, ashamed. Yesterday, when I had seen young Bentley on the ward, I had not read his mind like an open book.

"The second stage is when you begin to realize, far at the back of your mind, that you will *have* to give in to the idea; that the Thing is stronger than you are. And this feeling grows. Curiously enough, it isn't a horrible feeling, like the first revolt

of fear. There's an element of rest in it; a sort of possible solution of all your troubles. You think, 'Oh, how easy everything would be if I did give in.' And then—all at once—you realize that you have given in, given up fighting, and that the thing is settled. I suppose it's like the monkey when he knows that the snake is going to eat him and that he needn't break his heart trying to run away. A sense of relief comes over you. The decision has been made. It has only to be carried out. And there, in front of you, like a long, straight road, lies the chain of actions—first the doing of this and then the doing of that—the chain that will lead you on, step by step, to the bottle marked with the skull, to the rope, to the knife—or to the drawer where the revolver lies—and so to the end."

I had another moment of revolt.

"That can't be right," I protested. "The sense of self-preservation—our innate desire to hold fast to life—that must count for something against the strongest obsession."

"You misunderstand. I don't mean to say that, in this second stage of surrender to the idea, you are sure that you are going to die. Indeed and indeed, you hope very strongly that you are not. Hope is there yet. You've taken, you see, the first step on a long road of connected actions that has death at the end of it; but you hope—oh, you pray that something may happen, something interfere, that some hand will be stretched out as you

pass along the long, straight road, to hold you back, even at the very last step. That's what makes the whole thing so inexpressibly tragic. A real Way of the Cross."

Mann bent forward, his shoulders hunched, his hands clasped between his knees. Now and then, as we passed an electric light, I had a glimpse of his tense face. And the things of which he spoke he seemed to be living, to be experiencing, himself.

"I can't help seeing it all. Imagining it, you'd say. This evening after supper, Bentley must have slipped away from the others in the pool-room, and gone to the elevator. But he knew that you kept close supervision on your patients. Someone must see him and ask him where he was going. But no one did. Just by chance tonight there happened to be no one in the hall. The elevator happened —by chance again—to be on the top floor. He slipped into it, pushed the button, and down it went —as far as it could go—to the basement. He peered out. Usually, in that lower corridor, you'd meet an orderly or a nurse or two coming through to the clinic from the front of the hospital. He must have known that. But the long passage was empty. He went down it. He *had* to go on, you see, unless help came, unless he was stopped. Now he had to pass through the main hall of the hospital. Surely he'd be recognized there; somebody would halt him, turn him back—for he wanted to be turned back—back to the quiet ward, where there were light and

people, people who knew him and understood him, too. But in the main hall no one recognized him. He went out through the revolving-door into the night, as though he were a doomed man, passing to the scaffold.

"And now he was out in the street; his feet were set on the long road with death at the end of it. Now, as his tension relaxed, he began to feel horribly afraid. Was it possible, after all, that he would have to walk that long road to the very end? But after a while, his heart stopped hammering. So much might happen yet. There might be no train. He wouldn't go to the city station; there would surely be a train there. He'd try the little local line. But—but there was a train. He just caught it."

The dim figure at my side rocked to and fro as though in torment. "Oh, I can see him coming into the car, and looking eagerly around. There might be hope here—and help. He looked the other passengers over. He saw—at least, I think he saw—a young priest in one of the seats. He went and sat down at this man's side. 'Surely,' he thought, 'here's help at last. He's a priest; he knows how to read men's faces. He'll see that something's wrong with me. He'll ask me what it is, and then—perhaps—I can tell him. And he'll let me stay with him until—until I'm better.' The young priest was saying his Office, and he kept his eyes fixed on his book. And there at his side was a soul, calling, calling to him. And he didn't hear. He was too busy reading

—reading, I dare say, a lesson from the Gospels. The poor boy stared at him; but he didn't look up. Then, I think—the conductor came through. Bentley must often have traveled by this line before. Perhaps the conductor would recognize him, would ask him a question. He only wants one simple question. Just someone to say, 'Why, what's the matter, son?' To give him a chance to answer—to tell them what he is going to do—to ask them to stop him—now—before it is too late. But no one in the car, not even the old conductor, recognizes him. And all the time the train is getting closer and closer to the station, where he has to get off. Do you understand? Where he *has* to get off. Now it is swinging around the last curve—now it has stopped—and now he is standing just beyond the tiny deserted box of a station—alone on the road.

"As he waits there, he may see something familiar. Perhaps the outline of a clump of trees against the clear, starry sky—chestnut trees—a place where he used to go hunting chestnuts with his grandfather when he was a little boy, and stand with his grandfather's arm about his shoulders, looking down into the railway-cut to see the trains go by. And when they got back to the house, he would tell his mother all they had done. His mother! His thoughts may slip back to the present—back to her. Had she not told him when she came to see him at the clinic a few days ago that she was going to spend this week-end in the country? How foolish of him

to have forgotten that. Why, she will be there, at the very house to which he is on his way now—the house at the end of the long, straight road—the house with the room on the ground floor, his grandfather's old room with his high, old-fashioned shaving table near the window—and in its upper drawer —that—that revolver. He will never have to reach the end of that road, after all—for he will find a light burning on the front porch—and another light in his mother's room. He will call to her—very softly—so as not to startle her. 'Mother! Mother! It's I—George!' She'll come down to the door—he'll feel her arms about him—and then—then—at last—he'll wake from this horrible dream."

Mann's voice ceased abruptly. After a silence that seemed almost endless to me, he muttered, as though he were half afraid to put his own thoughts into words:

"But he won't find what he expects; not a thing. No lights in the house. No mother to answer his call. Just loneliness—silence—and the room on the ground floor, that he told me about, with its old shaving-table, and the—and the rest. He will go in. He will have to go in. He will have to go on to the end of the road. There is not much that can stop him now. And perhaps, there *is* a moon-lit lawn in front of the house."

For the first time in my life I was beginning to understand the tormenting power of a vivid imagi-

nation. Every now and then I would summon up my stupefied intelligence, try to shake it free of the spell that Mann had cast over it and to discount his emotional suggestions. But all the time my mind was following that boyish figure in the dark-blue suit, with its bowed shoulders and tousled yellow hair, moving forward on a long, straight road—on and on with the resistlessness of some impelling fate.

Once or twice the driver of our cab turned around to ask a question, and I had to rouse the sleepy young interne to answer him. Once we had to get out and ask the way. The minutes seemed to lengthen into hours; but the driver could go no faster. My impatience gradually gave place to a sense of fatality. I could fight against circumstances no longer. I could only wait; and try not to think.

At last the driver turned around again, and pointed ahead.

"That must be the house," he said, "up there on top of that hill. There's an entrance gate down here. Shall I turn in?"

Mann bent quickly forward. The overtones of emotion had gone from his voice. He spoke incisively, compellingly.

"No, no," he said. "Shut off your motor. Wait for us here. We'll call for you if we need you." Then he turned to me and held the door open. "Come along," he whispered. "O Lord, this is the hardest part of all; here at the foot of the Cross."

The sky was cloudless, and there was moonlight enough to make the road clear before us. Far away, on our left, danced the lights of the city. We started up the road, keeping very close together. Up a small hill, then through a cluster of trees. At last we saw the house. It stood out, a mass of shadow, against the clear sky. Then Mann gripped my arm, and pointed. A light, a moving light, had flashed for an instant from one of the lower windows. But we heard no sound. It was all still—deathly still.

Mann, at my side, took a long, deep breath, and then, very softly at first, he—began to whistle. He whistled "John Brown's Body." And yet that wasn't what he whistled at all. For as I listened, surprised, shocked, I realized that the familiar words of "John Brown's Body" somehow didn't go with the tune that he was whistling. It meant something else.

"For God's sake——" I whispered, as the whistling stopped for a moment. But Mann cut me short.

"Our last chance," he panted. "If he isn't—isn't on the lawn—yet, he may hear—hear what I'm trying to tell him. And it may stop him. If it only stops him for five minutes more!"

He began whistling again. Now the notes were fuller, clearer—full of life—of power—of something that I did not understand. A sudden sense of admiration, almost of awe, stole over me.

We were nearer to the house now. The light blinked again on the lower floor. One of the lower windows was thrown open.

Abruptly, Mann's whistling ceased, and his voice —a low, rather rough, but vibrating, baritone, took up the old melody. But this time the words—the words that my own mind had been groping for, came also.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

Glory, Glory halleluiah, Glory, glory . . .

A revolver shot rang out. We stopped in our tracks. My heart leaped into my throat. Then another shot—and another—a whole fusillade.

Mann gave a little choking cry, and ran forward, toward the open window. But I, like an idiot, had not understood that series of rapid shots. I had to force my feet onward, so that when I reached the open window at last, Mann was standing beside a white-faced boy, with tousled yellow hair, who still held in his hand the revolver from which he had just fired every single shot—into the air.

In a sort of a mental haze, I heard the boy explaining. "I—I had it—ready—in my hand—and then some man down there, walking home in the dark—began to whistle. Did you hear him? Then you know what he whistled. He sang it, too. That

—that song I told you about—the song my grandfather used to sing for me when I was a kid. It meant a lot to me then. I—I wanted to be a soldier when I grew up. And tonight when I—I heard it—whistled out there in the dark—I thought of—of how when I was a boy—grandfather would thump out the song on our piano while I marched around the room with my tin sword and my—my little pistol—with those percussion caps. And when he—grandfather—got to the 'Glory, glory' part—I'd get so excited that I'd fire off my pistol. So—I—tonight—well, I must have thought I was a kid again!"

We drove back to town, all four of us crowded in the cab together, the boy sitting on the back seat between Mann and me. I was out of it. Young Bentley scarcely spoke to me. He was talking—talking in a low voice and with evident relief—to Mann, giving him a description of all that had happened to him that evening. It was like seeing a motion picture turned backwards. For with a few exceptions, the story that he told fitted in, piece by piece, with the imaginary description that Mann had given me as we drove out side by side in the jolting cab, in constant fear lest our drive must end at a splotch of motionless shadow on a moonlit lawn, with something that glistened lying at its side.

CHAPTER XI

IMPERFECT READJUSTMENTS

As I look back today at the beginnings of my friendship with Michael Mann, I realize that the keynote of it all was struck on that panicky night of apprehension and distress when we eventually found young Bentley safe and brought him back to the clinic. To expect failure, and to find a mysterious success; to look for death, and to find life; that was the experience that I was to pass through over and over again during the years that Mann and I worked together. No one ever guessed the part that he played in my life. Indeed, until he was gone, I had not fully comprehended it myself.

The medical school and hospital with which I have been associated for so many years has always been, in a quiet way, very proud of its reputation. We have not the great equipment of Harvard, or the scientific renown of Johns Hopkins; but we are an old foundation, as such things go in America, and we have our traditions. Like the Cunard Line, that has never lost a passenger, we have never lost a patient through neglect or carelessness. And dur-

ing the one evening that I, through mere chance, happened to be responsible for one of our more important clinics, this clean record had very nearly been lost. Moreover, I had offended against another tradition, according to which no ward physician or interne is supposed to make friends or to "become intimate or familiar" with any patient under his care.

The tale of Bentley's escape and recapture had, of course, been reported, next day, to the hospital authorities, and although I was complimented on "having brought a difficult situation to a satisfactory conclusion," I noticed that these compliments were expressed in a rather cool and reproving tone of voice. So I decided to withdraw from my activities in the psychiatric clinic and content myself with my routine teaching in the department of anatomy. I had a very pleasant interview with our psychiatrist-in-chief, one of the kindest, most learned men I have ever known, who pretended to be surprised at my sudden withdrawal, but whose keen eyes twinkled with understanding.

Yet, the very next day he sent for me. "Your former patient, Mr. Mann," he said, "has had a bad relapse. Something has stirred up in his consciousness emotional material that had been satisfactorily repressed hitherto. In plain words, his readjustments have broken down. Dr. Haussman feels quite unable to get at the patient's difficulties. And I have heard from the nurse that at one time

you exerted a quieting influence. Since your official withdrawal from the clinic, I can't ask you to take over the case. But if you would visit Mr. Mann from time to time and give us what help you can, we should be grateful. You see," he added, with an understanding twinkle in his gray eyes, "you see, Doctor, we feel that in this case we are—under a certain obligation—to the patient."

I went to see Mann that same afternoon. My visit seemed to please him. But he was listless, uninterested. I came away feeling that I had done him no good at all.

"It's discouraging," Dr. Haussman said to me, as I met him at the door of the ward. "Before that little jaunt with you into the country, he was like a man who had repaired his broken-down defenses and was ready to go on with his life again. But now, something has pulled them down once more; and he hasn't the courage to do any more repairing. If he'd only tell us what the trouble is, we might help him. But he puts up a stone wall of resistance that I, for one, can't get through. So far, not one of us here on our service has found the right points of contact—except perhaps yourself. And now I'm losing faith in you."

I held, however, one thing in reserve, although I hesitated to use it. With it, I might be able to force Mann's confidence. But forcing confidences is not a task to my taste at all. I confess, however, that I was curious, intrigued. After our experience

with Bentley, Mann attracted me, interested me, more than ever.

The next afternoon I planned a carefully veiled attack. When I went to see him, I took with me a daily paper that was full of a poisoning case that at the time of its occurrence made a great deal of stir. A clergyman had poisoned his wife, in order to make room at his bed and board for a girl with whom he was infatuated.

After talking with Mann for a few moments, I referred casually to this case. But my patient did not seem much interested. At length, I said, "Before the Reformation such a thing as this could not have happened. St. Paul said that it was 'better to marry than to burn,' but since Martin Luther made it possible for the clergy to marry, many of them have done both."

"Do you believe, then," Mann answered with a slight eagerness in his voice, "in the celibacy of the clergy?"

"Indeed I do! Every time that I look in the glass. The strongest argument for clerical celibacy that I know is—is myself. You see, my father was a bishop."

"A bishop!" my patient repeated, straightening himself in his chair. "What—what kind of a bishop? Bishop of what?"

I told him my father's full name and the name of the Northern diocese over which his episcopal sway had extended.

"Of course," said Mann, bending forward to stare at my face. "I remember him perfectly. His eyes were like yours. But—you wear a full beard—and he——"

"Had white whiskers—mutton-chops," I interposed. Mann nodded. He was smiling now—off his guard.

"And he walked with a sort of satisfied strut," he said, "like a very contented little cock-sparrow. Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't mean——"

"No harm done," I made haste to say. "I hated him."

"Oh, but you couldn't do that—hate your own father—and a bishop. I didn't intend to criticize him. But when you mentioned his name, I had a mental picture of him, coming up the aisle, sniffing a little, as though the odor of sanctity in our cathedral displeased his episcopal nostrils. He didn't approve of me at all. I *heard* him sniff as he watched me march out in front of the choir. I carried the—the——"

He came to such an abrupt stop that the words seemed bitten off just behind his teeth—a stop so sudden and sharp that it left him breathless.

"What cathedral was that?" I asked.

But Mann's lips were tightly shut.

"Oh, come," I said; "why not tell me about it. I can understand things that the other physicians here don't grasp at all. I've an idea that you and I were brought up in the same atmosphere, with

the same traditions. Remember, in my father's house I met all kinds and types of our clergy. The Highs and the Lows and the Broads; the Protestants and the Catholics."

Mann looked at me for a moment. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "All kinds and types, eh?" he said, and there was a hard, grating tone in his voice that I did not like. "Well, I'll wager that there was one kind of priest that you never met at your father's house. And that"—he forced the words out, one by one—"that was—my kind."

Then, suddenly, all the bitterness went out of his voice. He turned to me, put his hand on mine, and his voice, when he spoke, was shaky, pitiful—like the voice of a child that has been brutally hurt and that is trying to hold back the tears for fear it may be hurt again.

"Doctor," he said, "you've been kind to me. I like you. And I don't want to seem rude or ungrateful. But there is a part of my past life that I must forget in order to keep on living at all. This isn't what you'd call remorse. It isn't that I'm sorry for having done something wrong, and that I want to forget what I did. Oh, I have done wrong things—idiotic, crazy things, rather than downright evil things—and God knows how sorry I am for them, and how deep my repentance has been. But that isn't it. I'm like some sort of an organism that has been developed and trained to perform certain acts and to live a definite type of life—to function in one

particular way and in one way only, and that then, by its own action, has made such functioning an impossibility. I have cut myself off forever from the ability to perform the acts and to live the very life for which I am temperamentally fitted and for which I was developed and trained—the only life that means anything to me at all. And yet this life that I want to live—this one thing—the only thing that I long to do—I can never live—can never do. Between it and me there lies an impassable barrier—and I built that barrier with my own hands."

I sat motionless, with sense enough to ask no questions—yet.

"Let me tell you something," he went on, drawing his chair still closer to mine. "One of the saints—I forget who it was—said of some notorious sinner that he could see on that sinner's face the reflection of the fires of hell. I've seen this on men's faces too. But not alone on the faces of those whom the world calls wicked or depraved. Not at all. It flickers sometimes on the faces of men who, by some foolish mistake, have, in their youth, thrown away, as of no value, the only thing that was of any value to them at all, and who spend the rest of their lives seeking—seeking vainly for the precious possession that was once theirs and that they themselves threw away, and so have lost forever. If there is a purgatory after death, these men ought to be let off. They have had their purgatory in this world."

Mann's words came with a rush. At last I was

getting what I had sought for so long; some intimate knowledge of his past life. But even then I got this knowledge only in an indirect way.

"I've got a friend downtown," Mann went on, "whose face looks as though it had been scorched by the fires of hell. I—I know that look. I—I can see it every morning when I shave. And I'd shave without a looking-glass if I could. This friend of mine was a lawyer once; he is, in a sense, a lawyer still. But he can't function as a lawyer any longer; he has been disbarred. His parents were poor Polish emigrants, never naturalized, illiterate, dull. But in this son of theirs was determination, patience, and power—true power, both physical and mental. Up from the slums and the gutter he came, step by step. He had one compelling ambition—to be a lawyer. From earliest boyhood all his efforts were directed to this one supreme end. And he achieved it—slaving all day in an office as a clerk, going to the law school at five o'clock, and then studying till midnight. And he became not merely an ordinary lawyer; he won real, undoubted success. And he made money, lots of it. He was the cleverest criminal lawyer I have ever heard. And that stratum of society from which we withdraw the hem of our garments and call the "underworld" trusted him, admired him, turned to him in all its difficulties for help and advice. He never failed his clients. And he loved his life as he lived it—loved the sharp duel of wits in the court room—the 'mak-

ing of the worse seem the better reason'; and above all, he loved to talk, to address a jury, to make them see with his eyes and think with his mind.

"Well, the thing that he loved best—this life of his—he threw away. You see, he got too used to being a big lawyer. The thing that had been the goal of his early ambitions and that he had achieved at the cost of countless sacrifices became—became common by repetition. There was no longer any glamour, any excitement, in securing an unexpected acquittal by a brilliant address to the jury. Why, he did that almost every day? And so he grew careless, like some man who has been for years devoted to some very beautiful woman, some woman who represents to him the whole world, and whom, by his faithful, unselfish devotion, he has finally won, has married, and at whose side he has settled down to a contented, happy life; but because she is his—*his* wife—her beauty, her loveliness, becomes an accepted thing, and he takes—takes liberties and allows himself little licenses and neglects, until one day—he loses her—loses her love—and with it, himself. So it was with this friend of mine. He took big chances, did questionable things; but he was always successful. Judges whispered, lawyers fumed. But there was nothing that could actually be proved against him. Until one day he—he went too far. I saw him an hour after he had been disbarred. 'What the hell do I care!' he said. 'I've got money! There are a thousand interesting things

for me to do!' But I knew that he was lying. Nowadays I see him occasionally. He hangs around the courts, as though he couldn't keep away from the close, musty smell of the court room. And of all the 'thousand interesting things' that he was going to do, he hasn't done a single one—for there is only one thing in life that he really wants—he wants to get back—to be a member of the bar again—not the distinguished member that he once was, but just a member—a lawyer—any kind of a lawyer. He wants to be able to conduct a case, and to address a jury—just once more. And he can't. The prejudices, the hatreds, the professional jealousies against him are too strong. And the worst part of it is, you see, that although he cannot function as a lawyer, cannot be a lawyer, yet he is a lawyer, just the same, by temperament, by experience, by training. And he'll be a lawyer till he dies—with all the things that he loves and longs to do shut up inside of him. Is it any wonder that his face looks seared with the fires of the hell in which he lives—the hell that he has made for himself?"

He came to an abrupt stop, bit his lip, and turned away from me. But I saw that his eyes were full of tears. Not another word would he say. He seemed to regret having spoken at all. And after a few awkward attempts on my part to start him talking again, I went away.

However, I did not go back to my room in the anatomy building. I took a trolley car across town,

and went to see an efficient, cheerful little woman who had once been a stenographer in our department. She had a better job now. I often teased her about it, for although she was as materialistic and as unbelieving a little body as I have ever known, she was now private secrtary to another of my hereditary clerical friends, the Archdeacon of our diocese, a squarely built, squarely minded ecclesiastic, who had been my father's chaplain during the years that I was at the University. I found my little friend. I did not find the Archdeacon because I did not look for him. And she got for me what I wanted, a fat, black-covered book, entitled *A Digest of the Canons of the Episcopal Church.* Fortunately, it had an index, and under the word "Deposition" I found what I was seeking.

Perhaps it would have been better if I had never found it. If it had not been for me and my meddling—although I dignified my actions by a pleasanter name—the treatment of a mentally depressed patient—no doubt Mann would have rebuilt his defenses and made his adjustments in such a way as to remain a useful clerk in the Federal Court and a good teacher of Americanization classes. He might even have married; might have found some little happiness in a home of his own. And yet—I don't know. My own life would have been the poorer. For it was not the law clerk or the Americanization teacher who gave me new insight into the lives of many unhappy men and women, and

who brought me, incidentally, a reputation that I did not deserve; it was Michael Mann, the deposed priest. A deposed priest who was kept alive by hope—hope of a restoration to his priesthood; a hope that I, foolishly or not, put into his mind in my desire to help him. Indirectly, I suppose, I killed him.

From the Archdeacon's library, through the kindness of his secretary, I borrowed the book on Canon Law. And next day when I went to see Mann, I took it with me.

That afternoon Mann was more uncommunicative than ever. He had been in great pain all night, for the gastric ulcer that we had thought healed had been active again. But I had determined on my course of action.

First of all, I told him frankly of my first experience with him, during his confused period.

"Remember," said I, doing violence to my own skepticism, "that I, being, as I told you, the son of a bishop, was probably the only man in this clinic who could have understood you or been able to help your mind to reach the words that it was groping after. Was that mere chance? Don't you think that I was 'meant' to come? That perhaps I was 'sent'? And if that be true, surely I was sent, not to hinder or to pry, but to understand and to help. I don't want to know the details of your past life—I know enough already. That you were once a priest, and——"

He stopped me with uplifted hand.

"I am a priest," he said. "'*Tu es sacerdos in aeternum.* Thou art a priest forever'—you remember the text."

"I don't care," I hurried on, ignoring the interruption, "what you have been. I'm interested in what you may be in the future. Nor do I ask the reasons for your—your being what you are now—I mean, what you did, and why your bishop——"

Once again he stopped me, with a gesture so imperative that I could not ignore it.

"One moment," he said. "As to what I did, you'll hear all that soon enough, I dare say, if you will write to my old diocese. Oh, they've probably kept my memory green there. Only, I'll tell you this at the start. No matter what you hear, I'm not going to explain or deny anything. That's part of my penance. There were all sorts of exaggerations. Lots that was said was untrue. But—but the truth was bad enough, God knows. And because of that truth, I've never explained or denied. I've just accepted the worst that anyone could say about me."

Then I played my trump card—I produced my book. I read to him Canon after Canon.

Then I asked: "During all these years, haven't you ever tried to get back? It can't be so difficult. The Canons say that a priest, deposed, may be restored by the bishop who deposed him with the consent of the Standing Committee of the Diocese

in which he was deposed and of four out of five of the nearest bishops."

"Get back?" he stammered. For an instant his face lighted up, his cheeks flushed. Then the color died down again. "Why think of it?" he said. "You don't know—how—how—people feel—or where I've been—or—— And yet—good Lord! If I could! If I only could!"

"Look at this other Canon," I interposed. "When a young man presents himself as a candidate for Holy Orders, he has to produce, among other things, a document signed by reputable witnesses, which certifies that, to the personal knowledge of these witnesses the applicant has led a 'sober, honest, and godly life' during the past three years. You're not allowed to ask what kind of a life he lived four years, or six years, before his application. Three years of a so-called 'godly life' is all that is required. And you can do as much. You've been living here in this town for how long? Five years. And there are plenty of people, aren't there, who can certify the type of life you've been leading? Or let's suppose that you haven't been living soberly, honestly, or in a godly way. Well, you can begin to live so now. And in three years' time—what are three years after all?—you'll be able to produce your witnesses and your certificate."

Mann still shook his head. But at the back of his eyes there was a new interest—as though he were looking at something hideous and familiar from

a new angle that made it seem a little strange and a little less unattractive.

"You have to have influence," he muttered. "Lots of it. And I—I never had any. Why," he added, with sneering bitterness, "my mother kept a boarding-house! They never forgot that. And now they'll never forgive me—never."

"They're Christians, aren't they?" I interposed. "And this isn't a question of forgiving; it's a question of Canon Law. Besides, I've got some little influence. I used to know a lot of your kind of people. I'll help you. Let me try."

I spoke in rather a patronizing way, I, being the son of a bishop, even though that bishop had had white mutton-chop whiskers and had strutted like a puffed-up sparrow. I didn't realize what I was getting myself into.

Mann stood up abruptly, as though to end our interview. "Before you do anything, or even think of it," he said, "you must promise me one thing. I'll give you the name of a priest—the bitterest of all my enemies—although I never knew why. You write to him. Ask him all about me. And when you get his answer, then come and see me again."

He scribbled a name and an address on a bit of paper and thrust it into my hands.

After leaving Mann that afternoon, I had three hours of teaching, and it was not until evening, when I was sitting in my bedroom, that I smoothed out the paper he had given me. I knew the man

whose name was written there, at least by reputation. And I had seen him several times. Then, in a flash of memory, came the picture of a crowded court room in a far-distant city—the picture of this same clergyman—what a handsome, distinguished man he had been then?—sitting on one of the benches, leaning forward, and staring—staring tensely at another man—a clergyman also—who was on the witness stand. Slowly, bit by bit, the scene reconstructed itself in my mind. Had that—that uneasy, tormented figure on the witness stand been Michael Mann—my Michael Mann?

I tore up the paper he had given me. I did not write any letter. Somehow, I did not care to hear anything about my patient from this particular source. I did not want to know what he had really done. If I knew, it would hamper me. And yet, I was curious. I shall be curious now, always.

I saw Mann every day after this, but there was a tension between us that kept us apart. After about a week, when I came into his room as usual, I said: "I did as you asked me. The letter that I received I have burned. I hope that you are satisfied now."

"But—but——" he stammered, "then you don't —then you still want——"

I held out my hand.

That was the beginning of our real intimacy. And it was based on a lie. I told the lie. I'd tell

it over again ten thousand times under the same circumstances.

It had only one disadvantage. It made Mann suppose that I knew every nasty thing about him that his worst enemy could say, while, as a matter of fact, I knew nothing at all. Occasionally the devil of curiosity would tempt me to imagine some of the unhappy details of my friend's early life. He sometimes tempts me still.

My lie, however, had many compensatory advantages. From that day onward, Mann began to get better, his will to live came back to him. For I—I dare say foolishly—had given him the one thing that made life possible. I had given him hope.

CHAPTER XII

"REFUGE"

MANN was discharged from the hospital and went back to his little room in the boarding-house—back to his duties at the Court and with his classes in Americanization. At the same time I severed all connection with the mental clinic and devoted myself entirely to anatomy. But we saw one another at least twice a week. I never went to see him; he always came to me, usually to my office in our anatomy building. It was from there that we directed our first efforts for his "restoration," as Mann called it.

Our points of view in this matter were so divergent that often enough we did not seem to understand one another at all. To Mann, the possibility of his restoration to his priestly functions was a matter of life and death. Yet he had no desire to become a parochial clergyman again, to take up a parson's routine labors, even if he could have found a parish anywhere. All he wanted was to have the canonical ban removed that prevented him from exercising his priesthood. Over and over he said to me:

"If I could only know that the name of Michael Mann stood no longer on the records of the diocese as a 'deposed priest'; if I could only feel myself a priest again—if I could stand once more at the altar and say mass—once a month—even once a year—I should be content. I—I—can't bear to face the next world as—an unfrocked—a renegade priest."

And because he took the matter so seriously, the long series of unexpected disappointments that he was destined to meet with wounded him cruelly. I used to dread telling him of each failure in my efforts to help him. I hated to show him the brusque, official letters, so often unnecessarily bitter and unkind. And every time a fresh disappointment came, he would reel, like a man reeling under a heavy blow. I would feel him cower, and shrink; then pull himself together and square his shoulders, as though summoning all his courage to take his punishment and go on with the fight. For days he would be depressed, mentally blocked, useless to me and to himself, until some case turned up—how I welcomed its coming at such critical times!—some case that needed his help and his understanding. And I, determined to keep him living, kept him hoping. I counseled patience, I suggested new methods of approach. I perjured myself to give him something that I knew he needed, something that to myself seemed so valueless that I could not conceive of any man desiring it, let alone suffering

the agonies of the damned because he could not attain it. For I knew, from my youthful experience, that little group of men of which Mann had once been a member and to which he so longed to be restored. I knew these bishops, priests, and deacons of the Anglican communion—knew them only too well. That any sensible man should desire to become one of them had always been a matter of mild surprise to me. And if a man had been a priest, or a bishop, and had not liked the life or had shown himself too big, too individual to fit into its conventionalities and restraints—why, the best thing that could happen to him was to get out, even to be kicked out. He ought, I thought, to rejoice, and to go on to something wider, and finer, and—and saner. Yet here was my patient—my friend, as he had come to be—eating his heart out because he could not "get back."

But because he seemed to want to "get back" so intensely—because he seemed to need at least the hope of getting back in order to keep him sane and well—I helped him and humored him just as one might help a boy to get something—a bicycle, a tool chest—on which he had set his heart, because the possession of the thing that seemed insignificant to older people would not only make him happy, but would put him into a better frame of mind for his real work at school.

"This emotional state that you call your 'vocation,'" I used to tell Mann, over and over again, "is not the objective entity that you imagine. It

is simply the result of your early trends and training. As a boy, you looked up to and idealized the lives of a certain group of men. Then, for long years, you trained yourself to think as they did, to fulfill certain preliminary conditions, paper conditions laid down in print like the rules and regulations of any club or corporation; trained yourself to fulfill these in order that some day you might be able, not only to think as these men thought, but to do the things that they did. This is a free country, or it is still supposed to be free. At any time in your young life you could have dressed up in the vestments of those same men, you could have done the things, performed the actions, that they performed. But the habits of thought that you had acquired made this impossible until these same men had, by a public act, delegated to you an imaginary power to do as they did, a power that they possessed only because you thought that they possessed it. Then, by another act, they revoked what they had given; or, rather, they forbade your using the powers they had once conferred. Yet in reality, you are still free to do the things you want to do, to wear certain vestments, to say certain words, even though you may not wear them or say them in the few buildings in this world that these men call their churches. But you won't exercise this freedom until these same people say that you may. Let's rent a room somewhere, fix up an altar there, and you can say mass, as you call it, as much as you like."

"Oh, that would be sacrilege!" Mann would

exclaim. "I know I haven't done right always, but what you propose would damn me forever. It would be the sin against the Holy Ghost."

Of course, I tried to understand his attitude, even though I had not much sympathy with it. And I did my best to get him the one thing that he wanted.

It seems unnecessary to go into the details of all the futile attempts I made, and of those Mann himself made, with the ecclesiastical authorities. In the process, I learned many things—few of them pleasant.

First of all, to accomplish his end, Mann had to become a "communicant in good standing" in some definite parish. When I first knew him, he had not set his feet inside a church for years. He had avoided the services of his own communion because the familiar sights and sounds tormented him with memories of the past. To definitely Protestant churches he would not go. "For," he said, "I am no Protestant." And he found no comfort in Roman Catholic ceremonies, because by taking part in them he felt disloyal to his own communion. In other words, so far as religious matters went, he was a very prejudiced, a very narrow man. He would walk along one path and only one. If he could not walk there, he would not walk at all. However, once some hope of regaining his lost Orders was held out to him, he was ready to do almost anything.

How I took him to another of my clerical friends

—the rector of one of our city churches—how I sat beside him during service in that church, watching his face quiver and his eyes fill at the sound of the familiar hymns, how I dug up long-forgotten acquaintances of my youth, former priests of my father's diocese, laymen who had once known him and who happened to be living in the city that for so many years I had called home, how I pulled, patiently, or violently, every wire, exerted every small influence I possessed—all that would make too long and too dull a story. The only fact of importance is that I did it all in vain. The Bishop of the diocese in which Mann had been deposed, the successor of the Bishop who had actually deposed him, refused flatly at first to move in the matter at all. It would, he wrote to my friend, the Archdeacon, stir up all sorts of painful stories that were just beginning to be forgotten and the revival of which might "do harm to the church." He was—so the Archdeacon explained to me—having a hard enough time of it as it was, in a diocese that had run to seed under a long succession of weak, unbusinesslike bishops, and he was not taking any chances of making it any harder.

One thing we did achieve, however, a thing that had an important bearing on Mann's life.

Neither the Archdeacon nor my other friend, the rector of the city parish in which Mann was enrolled, liked Mann personally. Certainly he was never very presentable. He was slouchy, careless about his

dress, and sometimes his hands were not over-clean. Besides, in the presence of others except myself, especially if these others were clergymen, he was embarrassed, and perfectly dumb. He, who could, if he would, discourse so fascinatingly of men and things, was as dull, as silent, as a clod. He seemed to sense the feeling of distrust and inevitable dislike that arises in the mind of a Levite, impeccably correct, when confronted with one of his own class who is an outcast, neither correct nor impeccable, from whose contaminating presence he cannot help gently withdrawing the hem of his garment. Nevertheless, if Mann could have been reinstated or restored in the diocese in which he had been deposed, the Archdeacon would have advised his Bishop to accept him as a priest of his jurisdiction, while the Rector would have given him a "status" in his parish and an altar for his masses. This and one other thing I count to them for righteousness. For after we had, all three of us, bombarded the Bishop of Mann's former diocese in vain, the Archdeacon suggested to his Bishop that until the former prelate should see a light, he—our Bishop—might appoint Mann a "lay-reader," which would be a sort of expression of confidence and would associate Mann with our diocesan clergy, even if it did not make him one of them. This our Bishop did.

Mann was not at all impressed. "What good does that do me?" he queried. "A licensed lay-

reader can read Morning and Evening Prayer, except the Absolution, and that's all he can do. I am a priest. I—I want to say mass."

"Well," said I, rather disappointed at the way he was taking it, "you can't, so you'd better say what you're allowed to say, while you're able to say it at all."

We had been walking back to the hospital from the office of the Archdeacon, and Mann had in his pocket his license as a lay-reader, signed and sealed. While I was trying to cheer him up, at the same time feeling rather cross with him for not taking the Bishop's kindness in a more grateful spirit, we passed up one of the side streets that led from our poor district, from our slums, to the high hill and the wide park, in the midst of which stands our medical school and hospital. Toward that large square of green with its masses of great buildings, the outer tendrils of poverty, neglect, and dirt seemed to reach up out of the slums and the evil places below. But the hospital, whenever it had the money, would cut off these outstretched tendrils and push the organism that sent them out farther and farther down the hill. In other words, whenever we could, we bought up the houses on the dingy square that surrounded our park; we bought our way, little by little, down some of the worst of the streets that led up to this square from the neglected district at the foot of the hill. Sometimes we put these houses in order and rented them.

Other bits of building—old shops, or saloons—for which we could find no use, we left for the present, standing as they were, waiting for the time when we should be able to tear down at least one whole side of the square and build there our new dispensary and our new nurses' home.

As Mann and I came up this hill by one of our "mean streets," I noticed a little building only a few steps from our square, part of a block of real estate that had lately come into the possession of the hospital. The frontage was not more than fifteen feet, just room for some steps and a door with a little gable over it. It looked as though it had been built for some kind of chapel or hall. I had passed it a thousand times before. But on this particular afternoon, some half-formed thought at the back of my mind made me stop and look it over. Mann seemed surprised, and not particularly interested, but he followed me as I went up the rickety steps and tried the front door. It was fastened. However, I gave it a kick and a push, and it swung open. We found ourselves in a small rectangular room that contained a few rows of moldering benches and that boasted a raised platform at the farther end. Beside the platform, on the level of the floor, was a door, swinging on one hinge, that led into a square room, about twenty feet wide. And this bare room had another door, opening on a tiny path that ran along the building to the street in front. It was about as desolate, as dirty, and as

depressing a place as I have ever seen. But it belonged to the hospital; no one wanted it at the present moment. I could, I knew, get permission to do with it anything within reason that I wanted —and would pay for. I turned to Mann, who was kicking his heels impatiently at my side, for it was a Saturday afternoon—his one free afternoon, when there was no work at the Court—which he always spent, as I learned afterwards, in our penitentiary. He was fuming—anxious to leave me.

"*Si ecclesiam quaeris,*" said I, for I loved to appeal to the scholarship that was all but dead within him, "*circumspice.*"

"Church?" he retorted roughly. It rubbed him on the raw in those days to be reminded that he understood Latin. "A hell of a church this is."

"But," I argued meekly, for some sort of a general plan was already forming in my mind, "it might be turned into something better. If not exactly a heaven of a church, at least into some sort of an 'intermediate state'—a purgatory of a church—perhaps a paradise." Then, as he stared at me, making not even an attempt to understand, I leaned toward him and tapped the inner pocket of his coat. "In there," I went on, "you have your ecclesiastical license to hold certain services. The Daily Office, Matins and Evensong—or the greater part of them. Well—here"—I made an imposing gesture to the bare walls around us—"here is—or may be—a place to hold them in. As you know, there is not a single

one of our churches anywhere near the hospital. The Archdeacon would not object—and we could fix up this place a little—put in some benches—whitewash the walls. I've got a lot of my father's old pictures stored away somewhere—religious pictures. We could hang them up here—and upon that platform——"

"We could build an altar!"

Mann's voice broke in with such eagerness that I turned to look at him. His impatient desire to be gone had disappeared; his face was alight. Evidently I had conjured up in his mind some fascinating picture, the glory of which had transfigured him.

"An altar?" I queried. This was going farther than I had intended. Altars are costly things. "But what would be the use? You know you can't—at least not yet—you couldn't use it. Not unless you've been converted to my way of thinking, that this is a free country and that there is really no one to stop you building an altar and doing what you call 'saying mass' there, if you really want to say it."

"If I want to!" Mann repeated the words in a tone of such intense longing, with a quaver of such intense emotion, that I felt slightly embarrassed. Then he squared his shoulders and shook his head. "Will you never understand, Doctor? Of course I want to—with every fiber of my being. But I can't—and I won't—until I may—until I can stand at the altar as I used to stand—restored to the exercise of my office as a priest of God. But that's no reason

why we should not have an altar here. It would mean so much to me! Every time I came in here—as a lay-reader"—he hated the expression, "lay-reader," and always pronounced it with a certain distaste as though he were ashamed of it—"I should see that altar, and think of the day when I'll be able to stand at the foot of it and say, 'I will go unto the altar of God.' "

Then we plunged into a discussion of ways and means. He had forgotten his visit to the penitentiary. Suddenly, he stopped short, in the midst of a sentence.

"I must leave you," he stammered hastily. "I'm late as it is. I'm going to see some friends of mine, to whom a visit, even from me, is a big, bright spot in a very dull and dreary week. I'll tell them about this—this church. They'll come—a lot of them—as soon as they can."

He hurried away. And this was the beginning of Michael Mann's strange ministry in that tumbledown hall, just a few steps from the square that surrounded our hospital. From my own office in the anatomical building I could look across our broad lawns and down the narrow street, down the steep hill to the jutting gable of the narrow little door into which I have seen the hurrying figure of Michael Mann disappear so many, many times. And I have seen, too, his strange visitors, some of whom would huddle in the shadow across the street and then make a dash for the opposite pavement

and slip into the narrow path that ran along the side of the building to the door of the tiny square room at the back.

After the death of my right reverend father, my stepmother—who soon married a banker *en secondes noces*—had sent me bales and boxes of pictures, books, and furnishings—everything that she did not want—the ecclesiastical odds and ends that had accumulated during a long clerical life. She even sent me the miter—that had never rested on my father's head, but on the top shelf of the linen closet. And there were ornaments from his private chapel—simple, very "Anglican" ornaments—for my father hated what he called "fuss and feathers." So I spent many afternoons with Mann, who became more and more enthusiastic, in the lofts of the great storage company where the bulk of my paternal inheritance had been reposing for many years. I was glad to reduce my storage bills so pleasantly.

Little by little that bare rectangular room—Mann's church—took on color and a certain amount of cleanness, though Mann never was very particular about keeping either himself or his church clean. "Dirt," he used to say, "is one of the marks of the Catholic Church." On the freshly whitewashed walls were hung "religious" engravings from my father's study. His study carpet, too worn for my stepmother to covet, but of a deep, restful blue, was fastened up on the wall back of the platform, as a reredos for the altar.

But the altar itself was all of Mann's own devising. It was built out of the cheapest pine; but the pine slabs that formed the front were stained a deep blue to match the reredos. There were three slabs—Mann brought them to me, one by one—and they had been rudely but rather well carved with conventional religious symbols by some mysterious friend of his, a Tyrolese carpenter, who was a member of one of his Americanization classes. On the re-table—those steps that stand at the back of the altar and on which the cross and candlesticks are placed—against the same dark-blue background, were carved the first two lines of the old Latin hymn:

O Salutaris Hostia!
Quae cœli pandis ostium.

Above these words, on top of the re-table, was the little brass cross from my father's chapel and the two candlesticks that some admirer had given him. He had never lighted the candles; he did not believe in "mass lights."

And in this little room, Mann, clad in a cassock and surplice that I had begged from my friend the Archdeacon, read Morning Prayer on Sundays at eleven, and Evensong at five. But once he was started, this was not enough. After a little time, every morning, winter or summer, he would leave his boarding-house room at half-past six, walk across town to his "church," light the two candles

on the altar—which, he told me, was not strictly correct—and then read Morning Prayer—to himself, and occasionally to a stray cat. This last, however, was only at the beginning of things, for later on he had more in his congregation than the cat. Prayers over, Mann would dash away, get a lonely breakfast at some greasy restaurant, and be at his desk in the clerk's office of the Court by half-past eight. And every afternoon, as soon as he could finish his court work, I would see, from my office in the anatomical building, his hurrying figure slip in at the narrow door, and I would know that he was reading Evensong, before the empty benches.

The Archdeacon, who had charge of all missionary and extra-parochial work in the diocese, was more than satisfied. He felt that he had "established an outpost" of his church in an enemy's district. Yet he still distrusted Mann. He was always expecting him to "do something that would have unfortunate results." Well, Mann did "do something." He did a lot. How fortunate or unfortunate the results were, I must leave to a higher tribunal than that of the Archdeacon.

During the first six months of all this, it became gradually known throughout the hospital that there was a "funny little church just off the square" where there was "service" on Sunday morning. Now and then, a nurse, off duty on Sunday for a few hours but not for long enough to go all the way into town to church, would drop in and listen to Mann read

the Psalms and the lessons and the prayers. Little by little, the harsh, grating tones disappeared from his voice, and he read very clearly and very well. I shall never forget the way he read the lessons, especially the Old Testament ones. There was nothing theatrical about it. But somehow he made you see and live in the thing he was reading about. Every year I used to look forward to hearing him read the story of Naaman, and the description of King David waiting for news of his son Absalom. So after a while, of a Sunday, he would have four or five people in his congregation.

But the extra strain was beginning to tell on him. In finding him first a "license" to read, and then a place to read in, I thought that I had been doing a very clever thing; that I was putting the last touch to the convalescence of this patient of mine. But I soon realized that I had done too much of a good thing. And I couldn't stop him. In ordinary matters he would listen to me with the greatest respect; but in matters ecclesiastical, even though I was the son of a bishop, I was still a "layman," who "did not understand."

So I took, unconsciously, another step along the path that was to lead me to a sphere of activity into which, at the time, I had not the slightest intention of entering.

"See here," I said to Mann, one Sunday afternoon, after he had finished reading Evensong to me and two nurses and three wandering, dirty, colored chil-

dren of the neighborhood, "you're not getting enough sleep. Either you ought to give up your seven-o'clock services on week days, or else you ought to take a room nearer to the hospital." Then I had another bright idea. "Why not use that room here, back of the—the church? You don't need it for a—for a sacristy. There's nothing to keep there except your cassock and surplice. Suppose I put a bed in there—and some furniture? There's a lot of stuff left at the storage company yet."

Mann jumped at the idea. And by the next week the little square room at the back of the church was furnished, and furnished strangely enough. In one corner stood the Spartan-like iron bed on which my father had "brought the flesh under subjection" during the last ten years of his life. Some of the book-shelves from his study covered the bare walls. In the center I put the only table that I had—my stepmother, apparently, had taken our big dining-room table and my father's desk—a stained, hacked, kitchen table, covered with torn linoleum, to the top of which I had often reached my childish, naughty hand to steal a hot cookie when the cook was not watching. To these were added a few old chairs of all sorts, and a great black cross, a cross with a smaller cross of some white wood let into it. This used to hang over the fireplace in my father's study—a gloomy thing, that I had feared in my early childhood and that had enraged me during my rebellious adolescence, for when my father scolded

or patronized me he always stood in front of the fireplace, with this black cross towering above his head. I hated it. I don't think I should have minded a crucifix so much, there would have been something human about that; but this thing! Well, Mann found it among my father's belongings, and hung it up on the wall of the little room in which he was to live during the rest of his life.

As I have said, this back room was most conveniently placed. It had two doors. One led directly into the church, at the foot of the platform on which the altar, Mann's altar, stood, so that you could get to Mann's living-room by passing through the church; or you could avoid entering the church altogether and walk along the outside of it, up the tiny path that led to Mann's outer door from the street beyond. If you didn't want to attract much notice, this latter was the best way. If the place had been build according to plan, it could not have been more satisfactorily arranged for the type of work that was done there during the most interesting years of my professional career.

I wish I could say that Mann settled down quietly to the routine work of his life, helped by the emotional outlets that I had so carefully planned for him. He worked—God knows how hard—but he never settled down. He was always looking forward, always hoping for one thing; for the day when he should be able to put on eucharistic vestments, go up the steps of his little altar, and—be a priest

again. Until that was achieved, everything that he did was a temporary matter, a makeshift, a marking-time. After it had been achieved, he believed that then, at last, he would find his right niche, settle down, and do the work that "God intended him to do in this world."

And yet, as things turned out, the work that God evidently intended him to do was the work that he regarded as a makeshift, a matter of no importance, useful only in filling the time until his "real work" should begin—the work that he never began at all. Many of us must be like that, I think. We look forward to some important activity that is to be the real achievement of our lives; and all the time, the truly important things are those that we are doing, day in, day out, in preparation for something else that, in God's sight, may not be important at all.

Mann, therefore, gave up his boarding-house room, and moved his few belongings to the somewhat incongruous surroundings that I had prepared for him. I bought him a small gas stove, and gradually he came to take his meals there, cooking for himself, and occasionally for his guests. And a curious lot these were; some of them animals. There was not a stray cat, a homeless dog, a wandering pigeon, that did not seem to know that he would find a welcome, warmth, and food if he crept or ran or flew up that narrow path that led from the street to the outer door of Mann's quarters. Animals—and children. There was always a child or two about,

playing on the tiny path, or huddled in one of Mann's chairs, or helping him set the table for supper. Sometimes a group of children who had been for a day in the country on some charity outing would stand on Mann's threshold with their arms filled with faded wild flowers and grass which they had brought "for the altar." There were slatternly, shambling women; and sulking men. Many a man, so drunk that he could hardly walk, have I seen at Mann's supper table. But Mann paid no attention to his condition; the fellow was his guest. And there were other men, who waited across the street, in the doorways, until the policeman on the beat had passed by; men just out of prison; some who were trying to go straight; some who had given up trying long ago. Occasionally there would be a patient from the hospital. Later on, still less frequently, a young doctor or two. And finally, always, there was I.

Of course, people at the hospital talked, and gossiped, and wondered what I was doing there so often. And I explained that Mann had once been a patient of mine; that I was doing "follow-up" work on his case. And this satisfied them—at least, those who did not know my friend, Michael Mann.

And now I come to a period in my history when I can fall back once more on carefully kept written records.

CHAPTER XIII

PHYSICIAN AND PRIEST

I HAVE my old "case book" still, a broken-backed ledger in a red leather binding, bought during a transient period of economy, when I had determined to find out why I was so poor by keeping an account of my expenditures. But only the first two pages were ever used for accounts. The others became a record of those cases of mine that had some close connection with Michael Mann.

Mann had been living in the little room behind his "church" for about six months, when I had one of my usual spring depressions. They are never very deep; but they make me utterly unfit for everything. And while they are on me, I hate my work, despise myself, anger or confuse my anatomy students, and make a mess generally of my existence. In past years I had fought my way back to a fair emotional balance as best I could; but this time, thanks to Mann, I found a new remedy—one that sufficed me for a long time.

I had been bemoaning to him my hard lot as a teacher, having to go over the accursed human body, muscle by muscle, bone by bone, organ by organ,

year after year, until my mind was blunted by routine, and I had lost all interest in what little research I still had the ambition to do.

"Why don't you take an office somewhere in town," Mann said, "and practice? You could arrange your office hours to suit yourself."

The idea, I told him, was preposterous. But he persisted.

"I know from my experience and from what you did while I was on the ward of the psychiatric clinic," he said, "how clever you are in dealing with mental cases. You could do a lot of good. You might not make any money, but you might make a few people saner and happier and wiser. Then you wouldn't get depressed. You'd be too interested; interested not in dead bodies but in living people."

Well, the end of it was that I went to see our psychiatrist-in-chief, who had always been kind to me. His clear, twinkling gray eyes are sunk under bushy eyebrows, and above them rise a broad forehead and the towering skull that shelters the powerful brain that has made him so famous. To my surprise, he heartily approved of Mann's idea, which I, of course, set before him as something of my own.

"Excellent," he said, blinking at me benignly. "I'll help you. I know the chairman of the Board of Medical Examiners. He'll see that you are given what they call a "special examination," and then you'll get your license to practice. Once you've got that, we can send you work from the clinic here—

cases that we have discharged but that need further supervision and mental care."

And so I, who had never practiced any kind of medicine in my life, found a simply furnished two-room office, not too far from my Club in town, and had my name engraved on a brass plate that was displayed at the side of the front door.

Our city is not a very large one, and new ideas do not reach us very rapidly. But at the time when I started to practice as a psychiatrist, people had begun to talk about "psychoanalysis" and "mental hygiene" and to take an interest in their own "subconscious minds." We had very few qualified physicians at the time who could, in any real sense, be called psychiatrists at all. So, during the next few years, I had as much work as I could attend to during the hours when I was not teaching at the medical school.

At the very beginning of my practice I formed the habit of talking over some of my cases with Michael Mann. Having started me on the road, he was naturally interested in my progress. And little by little I came to keep rough notes of those cases in which his advice had been of importance. Because years have passed since I wrote up the first of these cases, it is sometimes hard to fill in the gaps between my brief notes and descriptions. But in order to produce some objective record of Mann's influence, I can do nothing better than select from this old book of mine the histories of some of those patients, who, but for Mann's help to me and to them, would

never have found the mental poise, or the physical happiness, which they were vainly seeking when they wandered or were sent to my consulting office, during my temporary career as a practicing psychiatrist.

In this same case book I find a general note or two that may throw some light on Mann's methods and powers. In a sense, of course, he had no "method," no technique. He functioned almost automatically, intuitively, instinctively. His abilities were a sort of by-product, the results of bitter, unhappy experiences reacting upon a very sensitive, emotional personality. Of course, some of the conventional habit-formations that go to make the soft outer gloss that we call "culture" had been ruined, or lost, in the process. But that which remained was, to my mind, intensely valuable. And the tragedy of his life lay just here—in the inability or the unwillingness of the social group to which he had once belonged to make use of these valuable by-products and to recognize and accept the producer. In the Middle Ages the Church recognized the importance of these abilities, as I understand them, and kept the men and women who produced them close within her borders. She had a place for them; or if she had not one ready at the moment, she made a place or let them make it themselves. And to some of these same places the world still makes devout pilgrimage.

But in our day the Church has lost the power to assimilate the Unusual. As a result, she is losing also her power to help and to heal the modern

world, which, God knows, needs help and healing badly enough. Today the priest, the minister, must be "respectable"; that is, he must conform to an accepted type, he must not offend conventional standards, he must not be unusual, peculiar, distinctive. If he is, he is cast out, sooner or later. For these characteristics not only offend the respectable; they also tend to disturb the placid slumber of ecclesiastical routine. The Christian Church forgets what the Greeks knew so well, that Sleep is the twin brother of Death.

Here, under my hand, I find a note on Mann's clear vision in dealing with mental reactions. As I noted in a previous chapter, the secret of this was an uncanny power to put himself in the other man's place; to get inside his tormented mind; to think his confused thoughts. And this power Mann had attained, as he had attained all others, partly through his own natural intuitiveness, and partly, or largely, through the bitter intensity of his own mental experiences. He would sit quietly beside a patient, asking, now and then, a question that seemed of no great importance, gradually "tuning-up his receiving-set" as he called it, and listening, patiently, hour after hour, to the most maddening repetitions and complaints of the most boresome "habitual invalid." He would mull over the case for a day or two, and then come to me with some definite suggestion that cut down, like a surgeon's knife, through the diseased mental tissue to the

healthy, livable elements underneath. And he never knew what he was doing; never realized that he was giving me invaluable help. And for fear lest he might become self-conscious and inhibit his intuitive reactions, I never told him. I planned always to tell him some day, to make him understand what he had done for me, but this was not to be until he had, at last, attained a complete emotional stability, through the restoration of his priesthood. This once attained, he and I would be able to work together—I, the physician; he, the priest. We should in a sense at least restore the old ideal of the Middle Ages, when there were priest-physicians and physician-priests; when a famous oculist could ascend the throne of St. Peter, and a learned doctor of medicine become a Canon of St. Paul's.

When I first knew Michael Mann, I was not "religious" at all; but I felt that religion of a certain kind promised protection and strength to many people in mental and physical illness, and I knew that Mann could give to a patient struggling against fears and inhibitions something that I did not possess myself and that, even had I possessed it, I should not have known how to impart.

Such were my plans—blind guide that I was. For I have come to see that Mann's power, or whatever you choose to call it, came from what he was at the time; that it might and probably would have disappeared, had he attained the thing that he longed for. Having set his feet once more on firm ecclesias-

tical ground, I should no doubt have found that my "Michael the Helper," with all his intuitive powers, had turned into "the Reverend Michael Mann," an estimable, conscientious, respectable, and ordinary clergyman of the Episcopal Church in these United States of America. Thank God, I was at least saved that disillusioning!

Here is a note on Mann's power over physical pain. I do not mean that he was a "healer," that he laid his hands on your forehead and stopped your headache, or that he claimed to possess some God-given ability to check or cure disease. Not at all. What he did was, as it were, to inhibit pain; to turn the mind of a sufferer so completely away from his suffering that, for a time, at least, the nerves no longer carried their pain-messages to the brain. He filled the consciousness of the patient so completely with the influence of his own personality that there was no room there for anything else. If you wrote down what he said to a patient, it sounded commonplace enough; and yet the effect of those commonplace words upon the patient had been extraordinary. I never understood the mechanics of it clearly, but one old woman, who used to sit for hours on one of the benches in Mann's little church—a very decrepit female, who had been torn and battered in an unsuccessful struggle with poverty and disease—once said to me:

"Sure, Doctor, you and the other doctors up to the big hospital, you're all just lovely. Twice a week I

goes up to the 'spensary to get my rotten body helped. You takes away the pain, for a while; only you don't lift the big heft that presses on me here." She laid her gnarled, blue-veined hand on her withered bosom. "But on my way back from the 'spensary, I sit here and talk with Father Mike. He brings me a drop of tea—and we talks—and then the heft don't bear down on me no more. I just feel—sort of—sort of—free-like inside."

"Father Mike!" How the name began, I don't know. But it came, in time, to be the one name by which Mann was known—just as the little church became "Refuge." Once, at the beginning of things, in a spirit of jest, and because of Mann's strange visitors, I had called the place *"refugium peccatorum."* The name appealed to Mann, and "The Refuge of Sinners" soon became shortened into "Refuge."

"If you're down and out," Slick McGee, a famous "dip," just out of "stir," would say to his friend, Doc Muzzy, as famous in his own line of false pretenses, "you'd better go down to Refuge and see Father Mike. He'll give you a leg up."

And I have a third and last note, on Mann's mercifulness.

He was the most long-suffering, the most merciful human being I have ever known. With his last dollar he would help a man just out of prison who wanted to "go straight"; and the man would, without delay, go instantly crooked, be arrested, serve a

year, and then come to Mann with the same old story. And Mann would help him again, only to be disappointed once more, and in the same old way. I used to remonstrate. His answer was always the same, "Not 'until seven times; but until seventy times seven.' "

"You see," he said once, in this connection, "it isn't fair to say 'you've had your chance,' and that's the last chance you'll get. You've got to go on and on giving a man a chance. You never can tell. Perhaps by the sixth or seventh time he'll really decide that he *is* going straight. And even after he has decided, it isn't always so easy, you know."

"My friend," I would protest, "you are too easy-going, too merciful."

I protested once too often. For he turned away to the window and spoke over his shoulder.

"Too merciful!" he said, and his voice shook a little. "Well, it may be a mistake. But it is a trait that you will find in men who, in their own bitter need, have asked for mercy and have not found it."

CHAPTER XIV

THE FLOATING PHILOSOPHER

It is difficult to select from my old book just those cases that will best illustrate the different aspects of Mann's influence. Perhaps the "Case of the Floating Philosopher," as I call it, had better come first, because this man was the first patient sent to me by my understanding old friend, our psychiatrist-in-chief.

The patient's name was Smith—John James Smith. One could scarcely imagine a more commonplace name tacked on to a more unusual person. And yet his unusualness did not appear on the surface. Mann helped me to dig it up. The two took rather a fancy to one another, and eventually Smith became a regular frequenter of Refuge. But he never suspected what Mann had done for him. Often he would take supper with Mann, and then the two would sit until late into the night, enveloped in bad tobacco smoke, discussing the philosopher's latest utopian theories of "practical homoculture."

When he first came to me, Smith was mentally a mess. There is no other word for it. He was a clerk in some bank, living an absolutely routine life,

and he had been living it ever since he had left high school, entered the bank, and, at the same time, taken a wife. The wife was like the bank; both lived by exact, undeviating routine, without imagination, without emotion, without change. She had borne Smith one daughter, who, during adolescence, became disobedient, impossible to manage, a danger to herself, and a source of possible scandal and disgrace to her parents. Then there were financial worries. Smith's salary had not increased much during the past ten years, and his daughter, now a girl of eighteen, was not only disobedient but expensive also. There was little hope of any increase in salary, for Smith was one of those absolutely dependable minor bank clerks whose routine work can be done equally well by a much younger man, but who holds on to his position because he "has always been there." In the bank, strangely enough, he never showed a spark of originality or intelligence that might have interested his superiors and suggested his promotion.

Twenty years of the bank with two weeks' holiday each year, twenty years of his wife and eighteen of his daughter without any holiday at all, were, finally, too much for Smith. He developed a typical depression, based on a panicky fear that his health was failing, that he wasn't up to his work at the bank, that he might be discharged any day and would then have to go to the poorhouse. He made a weak-kneed attempt at suicide. And the bank,

anxious to avoid any newspaper gossip, had sent him to our psychiatric clinic and paid his hospital expenses until he was discharged. Then he was sent to me; for our keen old psychiatrist-in-chief knew very well that Smith had been patched up, but not cured.

And I was faced with a very difficult problem. Here, apparently, was an utterly commonplace man, who, outside his bank, had no interests, no hobbies, and who had broken down under the strain of his work—to which he was now obliged to return. It was my job to see that he did not break down a second time. He came to my office three or four times after he had started working in the bank again; and then he refused to come any more because he could not pay me and because he was "an honest man who had always paid his debts." During our interviews I got nowhere with him. He was "all right," he said. I knew perfectly well that he wasn't right at all. Moreover, inasmuch as he was the first patient sent to me from our own mental clinic, I was keen on making a success of the case. And I was making a mess of it—more of a mess than my patient was himself—for I realized that there had been no real readjustment of his difficulties. He was living the same life, in the same way, and in the same surroundings, with the same blocked emotional outlets that had broken him down once already—and that would, in time, probably do the same thing again. Only the next time, the mess

would be worse than ever. Perhaps a mess that could never be un-messed at all.

After our last interview, when he refused to come to my office again because he "couldn't afford it," I happened to stop in at Refuge on my way across town to the medical school, where I had a late afternoon session with my first-year dissecting class. Mann was alone, just back from his work at the court, sitting at his one tiny window, and reading in his tattered Greek New Testament. He sensed my discouragement at once. In a few minutes, after my pipe was going decently, I was telling him all about John James Smith. Mann asked only one question—the name of Smith's bank. Then he changed the subject abruptly, flattered me by asking my opinion as to the translation of a Greek word, and sent me on my way feeling much better.

"Don't fret about this man Smith," he said, as I bade him goodby. "He'll come back to you, I'm sure."

He did come back; but not at all in the way I had expected.

About three days later, as I was leaving the anatomical building in the late afternoon, a very dirty negro boy sidled up to me and thrust into my hand a bit of paper. A note from Mann, asking me to take supper with him that evening. He had never asked me before. So I went.

To my surprise, as I opened the little door leading from the narrow path beside the church into Mann's living-room, I saw, sitting at the table, opposite to

Mann, my own patient, John James Smith. Mann introduced us.

"This," he said, pointing to me, after mentioning my name, "is the doctor who took care of me, Mr. Smith, when I was at the clinic. If I'm a well man today, it is due to him. His coming in tonight is opportune. I was just about to suggest that you consult him yourself."

Smith began to stutter something, but Mann pretended not to hear, and busied himself for some minutes with his gas stove in the corner.

"I—I—didn't realize that you knew my friend, here," I said, feeling my way.

"Oh, is he a friend of yours?" Mr. Smith said, eagerly, lowering his voice a little, so that Mann might not hear. "I wish I had realized that when I—I came to your office. Only, of course, I didn't know him then. He met me only a few days ago—he came into our bank—had some business there—and he knew one of our junior clerks. I don't know how, but he got talking to me. Then he looked at me—and at the big ledger in front of me—sort of looked through it—and through me, to—to something beyond. Then he said, 'My God, man, how you do hate it all, don't you?' And you know, doctor, I'm a—a—church member—not a profane man—but no one ever spoke to me like that before—no one who understood how I—I felt. Well, I—you'll excuse the expression—I just burst out, and I said, 'Hate it? I hate it like hell! I've been hating it for twenty years!' I was so surprised at myself, I

was terrified. Suppose someone had overheard! But Mr. Mann didn't seem surprised at all. He just said, 'Of course you do—a man with your imagination.' How did he know I had imagination? I'd never told a soul of the—the things—I dream about. He asked would I take a walk with him, after my work was over—he'd meet me at the door. He went away; and I got frightened. What had I done? Who was this strange person, anyhow? Perhaps some kind of a hold-up man, trying to get inside information about the bank. I—I wasn't going to take any walk with *him*. But when, two hours later, I slipped out of the back door, hoping to avoid him, there he stood, waiting for me. Seemed to know that I'd come out by the back door. And he put his arm through mine, and turned into a side street, where there wasn't much traffic, and we walked along together—way out into the suburbs. I forgot that my wife was waiting with supper—because he—he—you see, he talked about things that I've always wanted to talk about—and couldn't. They were shut up inside of me somehow, and I couldn't get them out."

He paused, breathless.

"And what?" said I maliciously, "did your wife say?" I was feeling just a little sore. Here was I, who had labored for hours to get under the skin of this man's mind, and without success; while Mann, with apparent ease, finds the key to the shut door, puts it into the lock, and opens everything wide.

"My wife?" Mr. Smith repeated, with a sly little chuckle, as though enjoying some unwonted pleasure in rejoicing in his own iniquity. "Why, when she began to fuss and fume because I was late, I—I used —that same—rather profane word again—I told her——"

"Not really?" I gasped—for I had met Mrs. Smith. Little Mr. Smith nodded, and rubbed his hands together.

"Yes," he gurgled, "I did. I told her to—go to hell."

At that moment Mann came towards us, bearing our supper on a large tin tray. We had a very jolly supper. Mr. Smith talked and talked and talked. I went home with his shrill little voice still ringing in my ears, and with his assured promise that he would come next day to my office and "tell me all about it."

Before he came, however, as he had promised, I found at the Club, when I went there for luncheon, an envelope addressed to me in Mann's handwriting. Inside, on some ragged half-sheets of cheap notepaper, Mann had scrawled the following "prescription."

J. J. Smith—his way out:

J. J. is in prison—as bad a prison as a man can build with his own hands. Been in it for twenty years; longer, perhaps. I suggest this plan for his "breaking jail."

Work. He hates what he is doing. Hate is poisonous. The man who hates his work, gets toxic. He infects other people. Finally, he breaks down. Or else, he absorbs so much poison

that he kills the best part of himself. The only part that still functions gets used to the poison, as an addict to his drug, and can't exist, or thinks that it can't exist, without it. The poison that killed the finer elements has become the food on which the baser ones live.

J. J. has got to get away from his poison. If he has the courage to face immediate withdrawal, advise him to resign his bank job at once. He won't starve. I can get him work that will feed him. But he may have to work with his hands, instead of with his poisoned mind. The type of work that he needs is the kind that doesn't tie him down to any regular hours—work that he can do at any time of the day or night. A salesman, for instance, makes his own hours. I know one man who tunes pianos, another who repairs typewriters. That's the kind of work I mean. J. J. may have a hard time getting started; but once started, he'll be happy.

Wife. She'll have to go into the discard, I'm afraid. Just a chance, perhaps, that she'll stick to J. J.; but I don't think she will. I don't believe in divorce. I do advise separation, temporary or permanent. J. J. needs a rest and change, not only from his work at the bank, but from his wife at home also. She's a capable woman. J. J. has supported her all these years. She can choose between going home to her people, or doing a little supporting herself. She isn't the kind that would sue a husband for non-support; she'd rather die than have her domestic troubles aired in a court room. If J. J. resigns his bank job and takes up the kind of work I suggest, he won't be, for a while, at least, "respectable." His wife couldn't live with that kind of man; she'll go, and so eliminate herself. Later on she can come back if she wants to. But I doubt her wanting to. J. J., if he's content, won't want her kind of respectability again.

Daughter. I have hopes of the daughter. J. J. is devoted to her, and doesn't really share his wife's disapproval of the girl's unconventional ways. Like J. J., the daughter has been stifled at home. I've an idea that the type of life I want J. J. to lead will appeal to her. I'm betting that she will either

go with him or else come to him, once she sees what he's after. And J. J. will need her. It would be dangerous to cut him adrift from his old life, and absolutely alone. Nature abhors a vacuum. And the things that rush in to fill it, by an inviolable physical law, aren't always the things that go best in a decent vacuum, or that the vacuum itself really wants inside it.

Domicile. J. J. can't go on living where he is now, in that dreary, repressed, suburban community. He and his wife own their little house. Let him sell it—or turn it over to his wife. She might take "paying guests," since there are no "boarders" in her respectable neighborhood. And he won't need much of the furniture. He'd better keep his old Ford. And make him keep his typewriter. Besides that, he'll want just enough general household stuff to make comfortable a place that I have in my mind for him. J. J.—you may not know it—is crazy about water—the ocean, for choice—but if the ocean is not available, a river, or even a brook, so long as it is water, and moves—and gives him that funny feeling of excitement inside him that he gets from nothing else. For twenty odd years his one idea of absolute happiness has been to spend his two weeks' holiday in a cheap hotel at Atlantic City, looking at the ocean. I suppose that, although you've lived here for many years, you don't know our river-front. It's not a "residential section," I admit. But there's one peaceful little inlet, just below where Silver's Rapids pour into the main stream, and people have house-boats there in the summer. These are perfectly comfortable. I know a couple of men who live in theirs all the year round. J. J. could move right into one of these boats. In fact, I've picked out the one already. The owner died two years ago, and his heirs have never been near the river. They'd be only too glad to let J. J. live there; all the gladder if he could pay a little rent. And it's just the place for J. J. The river runs swirling right before the door. And my two friends would help him get settled. When he was with me at supper the other night, I told him about the house-boats. You'll find his mind prepared to welcome the idea of living in one.

Outlets. That's why I wanted J. J. to take his typewriter with him. I want him to write—to express himself that way. You'd never guess it, but he's a sort of repressed philosopher. For years, when he was especially unhappy, he has withdrawn into his shell, like a turtle, and has amused himself by speculating on all sorts of metaphysical subjects: on what he, J. J. Smith, really is; on the old question of personal identity; on whether he is really free to choose to go down to the bank by Main Street, or by Langworthy Road, or whether he is "fated" to take one road instead of the other. Free Will and Determinism, you see. He's philosophizing, only he doesn't know it. And his special mental hobby has been to work out all sorts of utopian schemes for the "betterment of mankind." All this has been unexpressed. Now, what you want to do, is to give him an outlet. Urge him to write down these ideas of his—to put them on paper—and see what they really look like. I don't suppose that they would ever amount to anything of real value. But they might. And even if they didn't, expressing them would be of inestimable help.

This is my prescription for J. J. It may not meet with your approval. Perhaps I ought not to have butted in. But the little man interests me. I've been "shut up" myself. And I can't help wanting to show other shut-up people a way out.

I must admit that this "prescription" surprised me. It staggered me, also. It sounded too revolutionary. But as far as Mr. Smith was concerned I was at the end of my rope. So, during my luncheon at the Club, I memorized what Mann had written as well as I could, and then went to my consulting office, where I found J. J. Smith waiting for me. But it was a somewhat different "J. J." He was less blocked—more get-at-able and receptive. After he had babbled a while about our "interesting mutual

friend, Mr. Mann," I leaned forward in my chair, and said:

"Mr. Smith, I have been thinking over your case in all its aspects. I have come to the following conclusions. And I have also certain definite suggestions to make."

Then, Heaven forgive me—for I didn't know what else to do and I thought that I might as well take a shot at this target from Mann's standpoint and with the weapons that he had put into my hands—I started with Mann's "five points"—Work, Wife, Daughter, Domicile, Outlets—as though they had been the products of my own cerebration.

I had expected some reaction, at least, from my patient—some exclamation of protest or denial. But not a word. J. J. Smith heard me through to the end, sitting in the chair opposite me, with his head resting on his right palm, so that I could see nothing but his hair and his weak chin. As I went on, I grew less and less sure of myself. I felt that something was wrong. Yet I plodded on, on to the end of point five. Finally, having exhausted Mann's prescription and my own vocabulary, I came to an abrupt stop. My patient did not speak. I began to grow extremely embarrassed.

Then, with an abrupt, unexpected movement that almost made me jump, Mr. J. J. Smith hopped up from his chair, walked once around my little office, came over to where I sat staring, and took my hand

in both of his. I could feel the tremor of excitement that made his fingers twitch.

"Doctor," he began, in a voice that surprised me most of all, for there was in it a new note of freedom —a kind of satisfied chuckle. "Doctor, you're a wonder! I never took much stock in your kind before. Oh, at the clinic, everyone was awfully kind to me. They talked and sort of patted me on the mind with their words. But they didn't understand. And I couldn't tell them, you see, because I didn't understand myself. But you—why, you've put into words the things I've been wanting all my life—wanting without knowing just what it was that I did want. I take off my hat to you, Doctor. You're a wonder!"

I had an impulse to tell him, there and then, that if there was anything wonderful about what I had said, the wonder was not I. But he wouldn't let me speak. He was simply bubbling over.

"It's going to be hard," he went on. "Just how hard, even I don't realize now, I guess. And perhaps I can't do just all the things you've suggested, or at least not exactly in your way. But I catch the main idea. And I'm going to get the things that have been poisoning me for the last twenty years out of my system somehow, no matter what it costs. You can't understand what you've done for me. You're doing the same thing for other patients all the time, I suppose, so it doesn't seem wonderful to you at all. But I'm like a man who's been locked in a dark room

for years—blind—just feeling his way about—groping round and round the four bare walls—and never getting anywhere. And all of a sudden, somebody—you—open a door—you let in the light—but, better still than that, you let me see—out—look out beyond my four bare walls—and I get a glimpse of the wonderful things that have been outside there all the time—only I never could get at them. And now, at last, the door is open. If only I've got the pluck to step over the threshold—and to stay—outside!"

He did have the pluck. This is not the place to describe his brave fight, his many disappointments, and his final achievement. He is not a bank clerk any more; I dare say that he is not even "respectable." But he will never go back to his dark room. In spite of a thousand difficulties, he has "stayed outside."

What has become of him today, I do not know. But during those years while Mann lived and worked at Refuge, I saw him often enough. He entertained a wholly preposterous conception of my great powers as a psychiatrist, and I was never permitted to undeceive him. During the gradual building up of his "new life," as he called it, Mann must have helped him in many ways of which I knew nothing. I only know the results. Instead of the unhappy, repressed bank clerk, he came to be a cheerful, rather talkative man, who looked much younger than

his years, and who was, in almost every sense, his own master.

Mann had been right about J. J.'s wife. She did not fit into the new order of things, but there had been no divorce, no bitterness. She kept her suburban home, took occasional paying guests—there was room for only two—and supplemented her income by giving lessons in Bridge, just then becoming fashionable in suburban circles. A distinguished female pillar she was, also, in the Unitarian church of her neighborhood.

As for the daughter, her father's new life gave her just the sense of adventure and excitement that she craved. She kept house for him in the old house-boat, that they finally bought, enlarged, and beautified. She had some sort of a position in town with an advertising agency. J. J. himself worked also at something or other—I've forgotten exactly what, for he scarcely ever mentioned it. I only know that it was work that he could do when he felt like it. And as he never seemed to have any financial worries, he must have felt like it rather regularly.

And their "domicile"—their house-boat—what a place of peace and beauty it was! In the hot summer I used to run down to the river-front in my own little car, and sit with J. J. and Mann on the veranda, flush with the water, with the quiet lap-lap of the stream beneath the boards under our feet, and the moving stretches of the river before our eyes dazzling in the brilliant reflections from the setting sun.

There we would talk together, stretched out in old but very comfortable canvas chairs; while J. J.'s daughter sketched out some new advertising poster, Mann and I smoked our pipes, and J. J. himself held forth on his latest utopian theory for "practical homoculture" or read to us what he had just written on his battered typewriter. He came to write clearly and well. I have often wondered what became of his productions. Rough and inadequately expressed as they were, his ideas were strikingly original. But though I used to urge him to have a try at some publisher, he had too little confidence in his own abilities. And, besides, he never finished anything. No sooner was one article half completed than he had a further, more glorious vision, and put the written pages aside in order to make all haste to express the new thoughts that crowded his mind.

However, his daughter used to keep his manuscripts, so I still scan the lists of new books, even after all these years, always hoping that some day my eyes may light on a once-familiar name in the advance notice of a "*Treatise on Practical Homoculture* by J. J. Smith," our Floating Philosopher, "prepared for publication by his devoted daughter."

CHAPTER XV

JUSTICE AND MERCY

THERE was another sphere of my so-called professional activity in which Mann was of even more help to me than in dealing with ordinary law-abiding mental patients. Our local criminal court was presided over by a judge who was a long way ahead of his times, and who earned, I fear, frequent rebuffs and unkind criticisms both from his colleagues on the bench as well as from the public because he refused to treat the men and women who were brought before him as members of a "criminal class." Moreover, he was less interested in what they had done than in their reasons for doing it. And if there was anything to be said in a delinquent's favor, if he had labored under any handicap, either mental or physical, this Judge wanted to know all about it. And so it was his custom to send some of his "patients," as he called them, to the mental clinic of our hospital for examination. Or, if this was not possible, some member of our psychiatric staff was asked to visit the House of Detention and to examine the man or the woman there.

During the period of my work at our mental clinic,

I had occasionally been assigned to cases of this kind. And as I had to have frequent interviews with the Judge, in order to report on the cases that I had examined, he and I became rather good friends. Besides, we were both members of the same club; and we both lunched there almost every day. As a result, when I started practicing, the Judge used to send some of his cases to my office. At other times he would make me sit near him on the Bench during some trial that presented medico-legal problems. Or what was far more difficult, he would place a man whom he wished to put under what was called a "suspended sentence" on probation to me. At this time we had no thoroughly organized probation department in connection with our courts; and paroling a man in my care meant that the man had to report to me regularly for a definite period, and that I was, in a sense, responsible for his good behavior.

If the Judge had tried to pick out someone who had absolutely no intuitive understanding of criminals, he could not have made a more successful choice. Never, even in my wildest dreams, have I found pleasure in indulging in anti-social imaginations. I am much too fond of my own comfort and freedom, too careful of my own skin, to want to endanger either one or the other. I have not what our English forebears called "the guts" to break a law. And so, whenever some pickpocket or petty thief was paroled in my care, I felt utterly helpless in his presence. I did not admire the law-breaker,

subconsciously, as so many men do. I was uncomfortable when he was with me. I think I was afraid of him.

But once again, thanks to Michael Mann, I achieved, during the years of my practice, a reputation that I did not discover, a reputation of being able to deal successfully with delinquents. I used to protest to Mann that I was flying under false colors. But he always managed to smooth me down.

"The work with your patients and with the crooks and the 'bad boys,'" he used to say, "is the only important thing. I am of no importance. Neither —if you'll forgive me saying it—are you. Neither is the praise, the chance *Kudos,* that may come to us from the doing of it. Neither would the blame, the criticism, be of any importance if we had to incur it in doing this same work. So long as it is done well, done so as to help the people who come or who are sent to you, what difference does it make whether you do it all yourself or I have an occasional hand in it? Besides, even if, as you say, you couldn't do it without my help, you will admit that without you, your training, your position in the community, I by myself could accomplish nothing at all. Let's be glad that we can work together. And let me—please let me—be glad that I am able to be of some assistance to a man who has done so much for me. If you ever mention the matter again, I shall unearth an old English Book of Common Prayer and read the Commination Service against you."

In this way—perhaps it was unforgivable weakness on my part—I came, not only to accept Mann's help without openly acknowledging it, but to ask it barefacedly as though I were entitled to it.

Between Mann and myself I suppose there was not a crook of any type in our part of the country that we did not know more or less intimately during the years of our strange partnership; and yet these delinquency cases do not form a large part of the material in my old case book. Most of them demanded no real psychiatric diagnosis, at least in the sense of some definite mental disease. But I want to set down here, from memory, the happenings of one Sunday afternoon, because they illustrate so well Mann's attitude toward law and justice.

There are a couple of lines of Browning's somewhere, that run:

> Infinite mercy, but, I wis,
> As infinite a justice too.

Mann was merciful, as I have already said; too merciful, I often thought, for his own good. But he had a keen sense of justice. And sometimes it functioned in unexpected ways.

One Sunday afternoon in early winter, a dreary day, with occasional flurries of snow, I felt lonely and depressed after my stereotyped luncheon at the Club, and decided to walk across town in spite of the weather, to sit for a while in front of Mann's rusty little stove. Just as I reached Refuge, the snow

began to fall again, so I went in by the front door of the church instead of by the outer door of Mann's living-room, at the end of the narrow path that ran along the side of the building. Once inside the four whitewashed walls, I heard voices, and noticed that the door which led from the end of the church into Mann's room was standing open. It was such a tiny place that one could not help hearing what was being said in the room beyond. And curiosity being one of my besetting sins, I stood still, half way up the aisle, pretending to be scraping the snow from my shoes.

"Ah, have a heart, Mister," I heard a voice say, in a smooth, ingratiating tone. "Help a man just this once again—just this once."

I recognized the voice. That gave me another reason for listening. For if I were not mistaken, it belonged to one F. J. Lynch, commonly known as "the Badger." He was a man of about forty, a rather fat, kindly looking fellow, who had been before my friend the Judge on a bad-check charge a few weeks before, and whose hard-luck story and promises of amendment had influenced His Honor so greatly in his favor that Lynch had been given a suspended sentence of a year and paroled in my care. I had seen him in my office twice. He had been, he told me, "walking the shoes off his feet trying to find a job so that he could go straight, for the sake of his old mother," who lived, he assured me, in a small Pennsylvania village and had no knowledge of her

son's delinquencies, or, as he termed them, "bits of hard luck." I had been touched—"touched," as Mann put it, in more senses than one. For I had twice assisted Mr. Lynch with a "temporary loan," until he could find "a job that would put honest bread in his mouth." I had merely mentioned the case to Mann; it seemed too simple, too assured of a successful outcome to need any "expert" advice. And now, as I stood in the church, brushing the snow from my shoes, I heard my protégé, Mr. Lynch, talking to Mann. I felt rather annoyed; rather hurt. Evidently, Mann had felt that I was not managing the case properly, and had sent for Lynch in order to have a try at it behind my back. If I had had any scruples at first about listening, I had none now.

In reply to Lynch, Mann said something that I could not hear. I tiptoed softly down the aisle, and stood just beside Mann's door, hidden by the corner of the altar.

"Listen, Mister," Lynch's voice went on; "you don't understand. I know all about you, see? Larry Stern, my side-partner, he's seen you before. Want to know where?"

His voice dropped; he seemed to be whispering something. Then Mann's voice reached me. It was perfectly cool, uninterested.

"Well," he said, "and what of it?"

Lynch's voice began to get louder. He was growing angry.

"What of it? Just this. You come across. I've got to get out of this—and quick. But Larry's in stir here. He seen you over there, visiting a fellow, last week. And he'll be out in a few months, see? I won't be round here then; but Larry will. And he'll spread what we know about you—spread it where it will do the most good. And you—a parson! A damn fine parson you must be! I don't know what your lay is—what you get out of it—but we'll queer it for you all right, all right." He paused for a moment; then added in a lower growl, "Do I get what I came for or don't I?"

I had expected some outburst from Mann. But his voice was still quiet, still polite, but uninterested, as he said:

"Just one minute. Let's understand each other. What's the trouble? This isn't just a plain stick-up, is it?"

Lynch's voice suddenly lost its threatening growl. It became friendly, confidential.

"Sure, no. No stick-up. I'm not that kind. Never was. I'm just asking help from a pal. You see, Larry and me, we put over a big piece of business last year. We'd find out some hick doctor or lawyer that owned a block of a certain stock—never mind the kind—then we'd call on him—representatives of the corporation that issued the stock, we were—and we'd come to exchange the stock for a new series of bonds. Phony bonds, of course. Larry did the talking. I stayed outside in our car, with the engine

running, so as to make our get-away if we had to go in a hurry. And say, we cleaned up big. The money's safe, if I can get to it. But after we'd put it away, we—damn fools!—went on a drunk, spent all our ready cash, and then—like damn nuts—I was still half full—we put over some bad checks. Mine ought to have got across. It would have if we'd only left this damn town a day earlier. But it's dangerous trying to fool banks. They get you. And they got us both. I was lucky. I'd only put over one check. Larry'd signed three. So he's doing three months in jail. But I struck a cinch of a soft judge. I put it all over on him. Got out on suspended sentence —on parole to a nut doctor—easier, softer than the Judge. I coaxed a few dollars out of him—but not enough, and I've got to get out of this town, I tell you, quick."

"What for? But you needn't tell me." Mann's voice cut in, and he spoke now with abrupt sharpness. "You've been up to some other dirty trick. Cheated some easy mark, as you call him, out of hard-earned money. I'll bet there's a warrant out for you now. And if they catch you, that means you'll have to serve the year of your suspended sentence. You're right! You'd better get out quick! There's the door!"

I was listening, fascinated. And now I stepped forward into Mann's little room. Mann had his back to me, holding open the outer door that led into the narrow lane. And Lynch was so angry as he stood

on the threshold just beyond Mann, that he did not see me, either.

"You'll pay for this, you dirty——"

But Mann had him by the collar, with both hands, and held him there, looking down into the other's furious face.

"Shut that foul trap of yours," Mann snarled. This, to me, was a new Michael Mann, that I had never seen before. "I don't care a damn what you or Larry or any other of your rotten bunch say about me or anybody else. Now, listen. I've no patience with your type of crook. You do a lot more harm in the world than twenty murderers. You—'confidence men'! Confidence is a fine thing; one of the best things in this world; and you abuse it, and misuse it, so as to rob helpless women and greedy men of the money that they've slaved for and put aside for their old age. Whenever I meet one of your kind, I want to step on it, kill it. There's enough trouble and sorrow and pain in the world without your bunch butting in to make things worse. And now listen to one thing more." He gave the almost choking man another fierce shake. "I'll give you just half an hour's start. In half an hour, just as sure as I'm standing here, the policeman on this beat is due to pass by; and I'm going to stop him, and tell him something. So if there is a warrant out for you, I'll do my best to see that it's served. Now get the hell out of here."

He let Lynch go just a little too soon. For as he

reached out with his left hand to slam the door in Lynch's face, Lynch struck upward with his right, and caught Mann a tremendous blow on the side of the jaw. As Mann staggered back, Lynch dashed past him into the room, drawing from his hip pocket the sandbag that men of his type carried in those "pre-blackjack" days. But there, in the center of the room, he came face to face with me. And I, in a moment of temporary bravery, held in my hand the large bread knife that had lain on Mann's supper table.

"God, the nut doctor!" gasped "the Badger," and fled.

Half an hour later, Mann, with a large piece of raw steak fastened to his face with my best silk handkerchief, was sitting at the table, by my side, a little shaken in body, but of a greatly contented mind. He asked me only one question.

"How far had things gone when you came in?" I knew that he wanted to ask me how much I had heard. So I told him very cheerfully that I had come in just as he took Lynch by the collar to throw him out.

He laughed contentedly. He seemed to have dismissed Lynch and his doings altogether. His only anxiety was about his own appearance. At five o'clock he had to read Evensong. That could not be omitted even if the heavens fell. He should have to keep the discolored side of his face turned away from his congregation, if there happened to be one. And

one, at least, there would be, as I had promised to stay for the service and take Sunday supper with him afterwards.

It was now about half-past four o'clock. We had been discussing a more than usually daring hold-up that had scandalized our quiet town only two days before. A pay clerk, with the money for the payroll in a bag strapped to his wrist, had been held up in the bright light of mid-day on a street crowded with passersby. The hold-up men were young—so said the few people who had sense enough left to describe them—and they had jumped into a powerful car that had been waiting for them at the curb. But evidently they had been new hands at their work, for one of them had had a tussle with the pay clerk, and had made the crucial mistake of shooting the unfortunate man, who was, at the present moment, lying in our hospital very seriously wounded. I had seen him, had talked with him only the day before, and I was able to give Mann, who was much interested in the hold-up, the pay clerk's description of the men who had assaulted him.

"Thank heaven we don't know any of them," said Mann. "The public is just about at the end of its patience. And if this pay clerk dies, they'll hang those boys if they catch them."

As he spoke, the door leading into the church opened softly, and a young man, with a thin, freckled face and faded blue eyes, came softly in. This was

Reginald Timmins, Mann's "familiar spirit." His father and mother had both been "in service" in England, and when their "health failed" had come to America to visit some distant cousins, bringing with them their only child, called Reginald, after Sir Reginald Thorpe, whose "man" Timmins senior had once been. Both parents died shortly after their arrival, and Reginald had been left to shift for himself. Mann had had him as a pupil in one of his Americanization classes and Reginald was now, at last, an American citizen, after having twice failed in his citizenship examination through his English sense of dynastic continuity. He had informed the astonished examining judge that Mr. Taft, who was at that time the President of the United States, was a direct descendant of George Washington, probably his great-grandson, and that he would, in time, be succeeded by the Vice-President, his son, or "his nephew, maybe." Reginald believed that he owed to Mann his success in finally passing the examination, and had attached himself to him in much the same way that his father had attached himself to Sir Reginald Thorpe in the Old Country.

Reginald, at this time, was about twenty-six. During the day he drove a truck; at night he slept in a lodging-house. But all the hours in between the end of work and the beginning of sleep, he spent at Refuge. As a little boy, he had sung in the choir of some English cathedral—at least, so he said. And he had a most meticulous sense of ecclesiastical

propriety. Every Sunday he was present at every service that Mann held, making the responses in a loud, very grave voice, and reading the alternate verses of the Psalter with a pronunciation all his own! "Sea-hón, king of the Hámorites, and Hóg, the king of Básin." I can still hear him reading those verses. But his highest, most fearful joy was to serve Mann as an acolyte, for Mann had begged for him an old choir-cassock and short surplice from one of my clerical friends. Habited in these, Reginald used to go through the ceremonial of lighting the two candles on the altar before Matins and Evensong. The fact that here in this godless American country he had found a "gentleman wot ain't only a gentleman but belongs to the Church of England too, even if he don't pray for the King," made Mann the very center of Reginald's universe, and he revolved around his "master" with the accuracy and precision of a minor planet.

That Sunday afternoon, then, he came in as usual, half an hour before Evensong, to make things decently ready for that ceremony.

"Evenin', Father," he said, scraping his foot backwards and nodding his yellow head forward. "And my respects to you, Doctor, too. My best respects. I'll think I'll just take the broom and sweep out the——"

A sudden insistent knocking at the outer door interrupted him. We all three turned toward it. There was something about that quick, yet soft,

knock that made us tense, expectant. Before Mann could say, "Come in," the door from the little lane was opened quickly. A man, a young fellow, as I judged, about Reginald's age and height, slipped in, hastily closed the door behind him, and then stood with his back against it, panting and wiping the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. Outside, it was snowing; bitter cold, too.

"Good God!" said Mann under his breath. "It's Duke Sands!"

I looked at this newcomer with interest. For although I had never set eyes on him before, I knew him by reputation. No one who had had any connection with our courts or our police could help hearing about this young rebel. He was one of the worst of our local bad boys. He had had a long record before the Juvenile Court during his childhood, had been sent to a Reform School, had escaped at least twice, and after "graduating" from the Juvenile to the Superior Criminal Court had been in trouble at regular intervals. For his last offense—some eighteen months ago—my friend, the Judge, had given him only a year in the penitentiary, and had talked the case over with me, urging me to see Sands while in prison and to get at the fundamental causes of his lawlessness. But when I went to the prison, Sands had absolutely refused to see any "nut doctor," and as I knew that an enforced interview would be of no use, I had reported his case to the Judge as hopeless. All this passed through my mind

as I sat behind Mann's table, staring at the gasping, exhausted youth who leaned back against the closed door.

"Father," he panted, holding out one hand, while with the other he tried to turn the key in the lock. "I've come to tell you something. But I've got to get away, and I've got to go quick."

The words were almost exactly the same as those that I had heard from the lips of my "patient," Mr. Lynch, "the Badger," in this same room not two hours before. But now Mann's reaction to them was quite different. A look of sudden, intense disappointment, of depressed hopelessness set his face in grim, repellent lines.

"Well, what is it—this time?" he asked.

"The hold-up—that pay roll——" Duke Sands began. But Mann cut him short. His face had gone dead white.

"Not—not—*this!*" He made a gesture toward the front page of the Sunday paper that lay spread out on his table.

Sands nodded.

"But you promised," Mann went on. His voice was toneless, blank. "You remember that, don't you?"

And then Sands began to talk rapidly, breathlessly, every now and then turning his head toward the closed door, as though he were listening for steps on the little lane outside.

"I wasn't really in it, Father. I tell you, ever

since I got out, I've been going straight. You've been to see me. You know that Katie and me's living together again—and that we took the baby back from the Charity Society—and the job—that you got me, I've been holding it down good, you know I have. But—but——" His voice broke for a minute; then he cleared his throat, and hurried on. "But—a feller like me can't help knowing—knowing other guys—that ain't got no jobs nor don't want no straight living, either—and last week, on the street, I ran into Young Snelly—not Old Snelly, the peterman, but his kid. I'd used to know 'em both when I was living and working with big Tom Snaith. Young Snelly had a bunch of three other guys with him. I'd never seen any of 'em before. They'd all just come from Chi, where they'd pulled off a stick-up job. And they was living all together at Smutty Nellie's Flop-House, down on the waterfront. They was all strange to this burg; our bulls 'd never set eyes on any of 'em. And they had another stick-up job all worked out and ready to try on here. They needed another guy that knew our streets. So they asked me, but—but Father, sure as I'm standing here, I wouldn't go in with 'em. Young Snelly got damn ugly about it; go so mad that that long scar across his cheek—where Old Snelly cut him once when he was drunk—swole up and got bright red. But I didn't care. I told 'em just where they could get off, and I went away—back to Katie—back to the kid, and my—my job."

Mann was listening intently. But his face was still set and angry.

"So I didn't see 'em any more," Duke Sands hurried on; "not any more till day before yesterday. I was going home from my job, for dinner. At noon, you see, I hurry home, Katie gives me a bite, and I run back. That way I don't have to go to no eating place, and we saves money. Well, honest to God, Father, I didn't know anything about the hold-up. I was just hurrying along, when I hears someone yelling at me from a big automobile. And there was Young Snelly and his gang, driving along pretty fast. And Snelly hollers to me, where was I going, and couldn't they give me a lift. The dirty bums! They did it just to get me in Dutch, cause I wouldn't help 'em. And I didn't think. I was in a hurry to get home, and if they gave me a ride, I'd have that much more time with Katie—and—and the kid."

His voice broke again. He wiped the sweat from his forehead, listened intently at the closed door for an instant, and then hurried on. "I got into the front seat beside Snelly, and he sure stepped on the gas. I told him where I wanted to go. And then, at the next corner, we had to slow down a little, 'cause a big truck was ahead of us. And there on the street—so close to me he could almost have touched me where I sat in the car—was a bull—old Pop Nulty. Known me, he has, ever since I was a kid; pinched me twenty separate times; had the cuffs on me; used to lecture me about being such a bad boy.

He's religious, Pop is. But, you see, I wasn't afraid of dicks and harness-bulls any more; I was going straight. So I just waved my hand to him as we drove by. And then I happened to take a squint at Snelly, and he had pulled his cap down over his eyes and had his head down. I squinted back of me at the others. They was doing the same thing. And then, in the back part of the car, I sees a leathern satchel, with a broken wrist strap—and I—I knew then what they'd been up to. Snelly had stepped on the gas again, but he hadn't gone far before I was out of that car and running down a side street. I was a fool to run. But I was scared, Father—I just couldn't breathe."

I had been watching Mann while Sands spoke, and now I saw the tense, depressed look fade from his face. Under his ragged brown moustache, I knew that he was smiling.

"I understand," he said, as Sands came to an abrupt stop. "You were in the 'bandit-car', as the papers call it, immediately after the hold-up. And you were the only occupant of it who was recognized by the police. What happened then?"

"I was a fool," Sands went on. "At first I thought I might be worrying about nothing. But that evening I read in the papers about the hold-up. And yesterday I didn't go to work—I felt so rotten—I stayed home. Besides, I had an alibi, didn't I? I was at work when those guys pulled off the hold-up. And Katie kept telling me that it would be all right,

that they couldn't do anything to me. She don't know the bulls the way I do. And then, this afternoon being Sunday, she and I was going to take a walk after dinner, and I was waiting for her till she finished fussing with her new hat. On the street I was waiting, and I just happened to look up toward the next corner, and I sees—I sees the two people I'd been thinking about ever since I took my ride in that damned car of Snelly's. You know 'em, Father—two dicks—the Harp and the Dutchman, we call 'em—Mulligan and Sneider—they always work together. They're the slickest of the whole bunch—and—and they always get what they go after. They've got me more than once. And they'll get me again. As soon as I see 'em coming up the street, I slips into the door of a closed store, and I watches 'em looking up at the numbers of the houses—and going into my house—up the stairs—after me. So I—lost my nerve. I started running. And then, somehow, I thought of you. I'd promised you to go straight. I'd kept my promise too. And I didn't want you to think—to think——"

Mann stepped forward and put his arm around the young man's shoulder.

"Then you didn't come here to—ask for money," he said, "or for help to make a get-away?"

"Money?" repeated Sands, with a quick shake of his brown head. "Hell, no, Father. Why, I knew you hadn't got any. And I wouldn't take it if you had. I don't go round touching my friends. I can

earn my own brass, I can. And a get-away? What could you do? And I ain't the guy to get my friends into trouble, either. I've given you trouble enough already. No, I only wanted you to know that I—that I hadn't gone back on what I promised you."

"Then what *are* you going to do?" I asked. For I could not keep out of this fascinating situation any longer. Duke Sands stared at me; he had scarcely noticed me at all hitherto, and now he seemed so surprised at my presence that he had nothing to say. For although I had never seen him before, he probably knew me well enough.

"I'll tell you," Mann interposed; "tell you, at least, what he thinks he is going to do and what he fully expects is going to happen. He's never had a fair chance, or a square deal, all his life, until I knew him, and he's used to it, you see. He knows that he can't leave town; he'd be arrested at the railway station, and his attempt at leaving would make his actions doubly suspicious. So he'll wait quietly, until Lieutenants Mulligan and Sneider find him and arrest him. He will tell them his story. But of course they won't believe it. A man with Duke Sands' record 'going straight'! Why, it is to laugh! They'll lock him up; hold him incommunicado. His little wife will be terrified with anxiety, her money will soon be gone, and even if the actual criminals are eventually caught and Duke's alibi is finally accepted, he'll come out of jail, after God knows how many months, to find his job gone, his

wife, if she's lucky, living on charity, his baby perhaps dead for want of proper food. And all his struggle to start straight will have to begin over again. Why should he try to go straight, any more? I shouldn't, if I were in his place."

Mann's eyes were shining with rebellion and excitement. Here was another side of his character that I had never seen—the flaming, relentless anger that burst forth in him whenever he was brought face to face with gross injustice or cruelty to man or beast.

"But that isn't the worst," he added, turning to me. "Duke knows, but he'd never tell you. To satisfy the newspapers and the public, the police have got to arrest somebody in this hold-up case. They'll arrest Duke. They'll laugh at his story; and then they will proceed, by pretty little devices of their own, to make him 'come clean.' I know what they'll do to him. And I can't stand——"

"Ah, go on, Father," interrupted Duke, embarrassed, almost ashamed, as though Mann had mentioned in general company the carefully guarded secrets of some proud family. "That's all part of the game. The dicks has got to find out things. And some of us guys is pretty hard-boiled. Only thing most of 'em understand is a smash in the snoot. And I can stand it. I'm tough. Only it's a different kind of tough. Besides, what can a guy do? If you're up against it, why, the best thing you can do is to take your medicine, and keep your mouth shut."

As he spoke, Sands had come forward into the light of the single bulb that hung over Mann's table, and I got a good look at him for the first time. His collar was torn, and there was a smear of blood on his cheek. But his face was strangely prepossessing. It was not so much the well-molded chin or the slightly up-turned, impudent nose; it was rather the deep, gray eyes, that seemed to look out at the world with an expression of amused interest and adventurous questioning. At the moment, these same eyes were fixed on Mann with an expression of intense devotion, combined with an unexpressed sense of wonder that such a person could actually exist.

But Mann had sat down at his table, and seemed lost in thought.

"How long ago was it," he asked, "that you saw those two detectives?"

"About three hours," Sands answered, straightening his collar. "You see, Father, after I'd seen 'em first, I just ran round in a circle for a while, I was so nutty. I didn't know where to go, or what to do. Then I thinks of you, and starts for here. But down there, at the end of your street, I runs across a guy I used to know. And he stops me and tries to touch me for a five. I wanted my own money, so I couldn't give him any. But he whines so about being in bad trouble that I thinks of you some more, and I tells him to come along with me to Refuge, and that perhaps you'll help him. And with that he

opens his dirty mouth and begins cussing you—only it was worse than just cussing. So I pastes him one, and he pastes me one back. That's how my collar got tore."

"Did you tell him anything about your own trouble?" Mann asked abruptly. "Before you pasted him, I mean?"

Sands wriggled uneasily.

"I guess my trap opens too quick," he stammered. "He asked me what was I doing. I was sort of excited, I guess—so I told——"

"And the guy you told all this to," interposed Mann again; "it wasn't by any chance—a man called Lynch?"

"You've said it, Father. I suppose I hadn't ought to have. Well, I pasted him anyway."

Just then, Reginald Timmins, who had been standing meekly in a far corner, came forward and touched Mann on the shoulder.

"It'll be nearly five o'clock, sir," he murmured, standing stiffly behind Mann's chair. "Shall I be lighting the candles, sir, for the evening service, sir?"

But Mann was not ready. And evidently he wanted Reginald temporarily out of the way.

"Better sweep the snow from the church door-step first," he said. And Reginald, taking up a broom, disappeared. Mann turned to Duke Sands and began talking in a low voice. But he was interrupted by the sudden reappearance of Reginald.

"There's two men, sir," he announced proudly, "standing at the door of the church. No doubt, sir, they've come to service. One of them, sir, asked for you, by name, sir."

Mann was on his feet in an instant.

"What kind of men, Reginald?"

"Well, sir, not gentlemen, sir. But polite, sir. One a tall person. The other smaller, sir. Hirish, I think, sir."

And then things began to happen so rapidly that I could scarcely follow them. To Reginald's consternation, Mann snatched down from a hook the old cassock and surplice in which Reginald officiated as acolyte, and thrust them into Duke's hands, giving him some directions in so low a voice that I could not catch a single word. But Sands seemed to understand. In a few seconds, he was clothed with the glory that was usually Reginald's, and Mann was forcing into his hands a long candle-lighter. For another few seconds Mann stood there, in silence, his hand on Sands' arm, apparently waiting for something.

It came. It was the second time that afternoon that I had heard insistent knocking on Mann's outer door, the door that was reached by the narrow lane that ran along the side of the church, from the street. It was pitch dark, that lane; even on a winter afternoon. But this second knocking was neither hurried nor insistent, as the first had been. It was slow, authoritative. And it meant—business;

meant that whoever was outside knocking would be on the inside soon, or he would know the reason why.

Mann stepped across his little room and opened the inner door that led from this room into the church. On its threshold he left Duke Sands, then he crossed the floor to the outer door and flung it wide open. The two men, in the darkness outside, were blinded for a moment by the sudden light. I was in the shadow, at the far end of the room, with Reginald beside me. But they only saw Mann, standing in the doorway, with his cassock over his arm, and in the other doorway leading into the dark church a figure in black and white, with a flaming taper in his hand, facing away from them and just about to cross the threshold.

I heard them ask for Mr. Michael Mann.

"Sorry, gentlemen," Mann was saying in his most courteous tones. "But I am not at leisure at present. As you see—" he waved his hand toward the door of the church, into which the acolyte had now disappeared, "—I am just about to begin our evening service—Vespers, you know. My acolyte is lighting the altar candles—and we are a little late already—I have kept my congregation waiting." He made another gesture toward me and the astonished but mute Reginald. "Perhaps you will come into the church while I read Vespers. After that, I shall be entirely at your service." Then, as though he had suddenly recognized his visitors for the first time, he put out his hand. "Why, it's Lieutenant Mulligan

—and his *Fidus Achates.* Come right in. That door over there leads into the church. Reginald, show these gentlemen to a seat. You're a good Catholic, I know, Lieutenant. And as for Lieutenant Sneider, here, he's probably as good a Lutheran, so you'll both feel perfectly at home on the middle ground of an Anglican service. Now, gentlemen, I'll be vested and ready to begin in a minute."

He whispered something to Reginald, who nodded, and dutifully led us three, the two detectives and me, into the shadowy little church, lighted only by two candles on the altar and a small lamp over the lectern, from which Mann read the service.

I could see that the two detectives had not understood half of what Mann had said. But he had appealed to their sense of ecclesiastical decency. Both men had grown up accustomed to the respectful proprieties of Christian worship, and once inside the little church their professional training was, in a sense, inhibited by their religious upbringing.

As they made their way, under Reginald's guidance, down the little aisle and into one of the seats, they saw only an acolyte, in cassock and surplice, who had finished lighting the altar candles, and who, after having extinguished his taper, was passing out into Mann's room, that served as a sacristy. But, on this particular evening, there seemed some hitch somewhere. The acolyte went out; but neither he nor Mann appeared, to begin the service. One

minute passed; then another. I began to grow restless. So did the two detectives, who were soon whispering together, and furtively looking at their watches. But their sense of propriety held them quiet for a while. I turned around to ask Reginald why Mann was keeping us waiting so long. But—Reginald had vanished. He must have slipped silently out of the church door, at our backs. Finally, one of the detectives, Sneider, rose, and started up the aisle. But he had not gone very far, when the door from Mann's room opened, and Mann, preceded by his acolyte, came out, went immediately to his reading-desk, and began the service, at last.

I noticed nothing odd; but then, I am not a very observant person. And I think the detectives would not have noticed anything either, if it had not been for Mann's colossal impudence. But perhaps it was all part of his plan. I never knew.

At any rate, on Sundays, at his services, Mann used to take up an offertory, if he had a congregation of more than one or two. On this particular stormy Sunday evening, there was no one in the body of the church except the detectives and me. But after finishing Evensong—and I never heard Mann read the lessons more impressively—although they seemed most unusually long—Mann said one of the offertory sentences and gave his acolyte the little round birch-bark basket that served him for an alms basin. The acolyte came down toward us. He came

first to me, and, although he kept his face turned away, I recognized the carefully parted yellow hair of Reginald Timmins.

A few seconds afterwards, I heard the tinkle of a coin behind me, dropped in on top of my fifty-cent piece by one of the detectives. By which one I've never known; and neither of them would ever tell. But immediately after that tinkle, I caught the sound of a sudden grunt of surprise. A big figure heaved up in the darkness behind me and, seizing Reginald's cassock at the back, walked with him up the aisle to where Mann stood waiting for the alms basin. Mann saw him, of course, but he showed no surprise. He read a final prayer; and passed quietly out of the church.

The next few minutes in Mann's little room were hectic ones. I had known the two detectives slightly before; but I had never seen them really angry, rough, menacing. And I did not like what I saw at all.

Mann never turned a hair. He took his vestments off, hung them up, and then faced Mulligan, who was shaking the terrified Reginald like a terrier would a small rat.

"Lieutenant," said Mann, quietly, "if you will kindly take your hands off my acolyte, he can remove his vestments. I am surprised! You, with your Catholic upbringing!"

"There's something damned crooked here," Mulligan snarled. He took another look at Reginald,

then gave him a push that sent him reeling. "That ain't the same fellow that I saw when I first came in here."

"Well," said Mann, "supposing it isn't! It is not wise, I believe, to swap horses in the middle of a stream, but I never heard anything against swapping acolytes in the middle of a service."

"You can't put that talk over with me," blustered the angry detective. "We're looking for Duke Sands. You know him. One of your sweet pets, ain't he? Well, then, we want him. And what's more, we're going to get him. Somebody 'phoned headquarters about an hour ago that he'd been seen coming here. And—and—" he burst out with sudden rage, shaking his fist in Mann's quiet face, "—by God, I believe he *was* here—right here, when we came into this room!"

"Of course he was here," Mann answered, with a self-satisfied calm that irritated the detective still more. "I never denied it. He is, as you say, a friend of mine. Today he took the place of my regular acolyte. Why, when you two came in, he was standing right there—in that door—on his way into church to light the candles. Then—he had to go —I had to get Reginald here to take his place. That's why I was so late in beginning service. I am sorry to have kept you waiting."

Then Detective-Lieutenant Mulligan lost his temper completely. But his blustering anger died down to a cold, steely rage that, to me, was infinitely

more menacing. He took hold of Mann's arm with a grip that made Mann wince.

"That stuff don't go with me, see," he said slowly. "I've had my eye on you and your friends, and I know a damn sight more than you think. Snowbirds and dopes, most of 'em. I'll bet your own arm is sore with shots from a needle this minute. Ain't it?" And he gave Mann's arm another twist. "I got a good mind to search this place for stuff anyhow. I'll make another bet that one of your friends is some crooked doctor. We got a State law against narcotics, and——"

At this point I stepped forward into the light. I was boiling with rage.

"Mulligan," said I, in a voice that was not quite steady, for I am a timid, a peace-loving person, "if you don't know me, you ought to. And I'll see to it that both the Police Commissioner as well as a friend of mine on the bench knows something about you. It is preposterous——"

Mann with his free arm pushed me back.

"You keep out of this," he whispered.

But now the other detective, Sneider, a tall, lantern-jawed man, with a big, kind mouth and humorous eyes, interposed his bulk between Mulligan and me.

"Come along out of this, Joe," he said to Mulligan. "You're only messing things up and losing time. Perhaps," he went on, with an amused twist of his large lips, "perhaps that's what Mr. Mann here

wants us to do; and why he hasn't thrown us out long ago." Then he turned to me. "Your friend, here, 's within his rights, doctor. When we first came in, we didn't tell him that we were looking for Duke Sands. Maybe—" he grinned again, "—maybe he knew we were; but maybe he didn't. Come along, Joe."

But Mulligan was still angry.

"Bunch of crooks," he muttered, as he let his hand fall from Mann's arm. "And look at the side of this guy's face. Been in a fight, just lately. Sunday, too. Hell of a fine priest he is! Priest!" He spat derisively on the floor. "To hell with all Protestants anyway!"

"Don't you pay any attention to him, gentlemen," Sneider interposed, slipping his hand through Mulligan's arm. "When he gets mad, he think's everybody is a dope, or a dirty Protestant—and—" he added, with another amused smile, "—and me a good Lutheran myself."

He had drawn Mulligan toward the outer door. But Mann, who had bent over his table as soon as Mulligan had released him, and who had been scribbling on a bit of paper, called Sneider back.

"Lieutenant," he said, rapidly, "you're a good sort. I wish there were more like you. Perhaps there will be more, some day. Now listen. I don't want you to think that I wish to interfere with what you call the due process of law. At least, not any more than I can help. But occasionally, when I see

the Law doing its best to turn into a law-breaker a man who wants to go straight, why then——"

"Ah, come along, Karl," Mulligan interrupted, now, in his turn, eager to be gone. "What's the use of listening to that—that——" He called Mann some name under his breath, a name that I did not catch, but that my imagination easily supplied. "I'll bet if I had him finger-printed once, I could find——"

Sneider, however, gave him a friendly shove that sent him across the threshold of the low door, and then turned back into the room again.

"Yes, sir," he said. He glanced at me, and his tone was respectful. He was gradually remembering me and the trouble that I might make if I wanted to.

"But I've no more sympathy with robbery or murder in the abstract than you have," Mann went on. "And when I can help the Law in a good cause, I help all I can. You're looking for the hold-up gang that put over that payroll job, day before yesterday. Now I can tell you that Duke Sands had nothing to do with it. He's got a water-tight alibi. Take it from me, if you arrest him, you'll only have to release him after a while. So I won't tell you where he is. But I will tell you something more interesting. The gang that put over that hold-up came from Chicago. They've been living in Smutty Nellie's lodging-house on the water-front. And the leader of the bunch is Young Snelly, Old Snelly's 'kid.' You remember him. And this same lad

has an old scar across his cheek—here. I've written it all on this slip of paper. Now you know at least something about the gang; something that will satisfy the newspapers. Go to it. And good luck! Only don't tell where you got your information."

Sneider took the proffered paper mechanically, looking straight into Mann's eyes.

"Thanks," he said slowly. "By God, I believe you're playing fair. And listen, Mister," he put his hand impulsively on Mann's arm, "if anything comes of this, and I make an arrest, I'll get my step —I'll be Captain some day. Oh, I won't tell where I got the right dope—but I'll never forget who gave it to me."

And Sneider kept his promise. For so long as Michael Mann lived and worked at Refuge, Lieutenant—afterwards Captain—Karl Sneider was a tower of strength, a friend in high places, to us both. As for Joe Mulligan—well, he is a lieutenant still.

"What an afternoon!" Mann said, as Sneider closed the outer door. "I have had a punch on the jaw—it aches miserably—and I have lost my temper twice. I have told a rascal what I thought of him, and I have snatched from under the heel of the oppressor the tender, just blossoming flower of a blameless life. Duke's in a safe place, and in a few days our friends of the police won't want him any more. As a result of all this, I am very, very hungry. Thirsty, also."

Reginald, who had been moving swiftly and silently to and fro behind our backs, touched Mann deferentially on the elbow.

"Dinner is served, sir," he said, and drew out one of the two rickety chairs that he had arranged carefully on either side of the little table, for the one really important event in each week of Reginald's life was his serving of Mann's Sunday supper. Even when Mann was alone, nothing in the world would have persuaded Reginald to sit down and eat with him. He was, I suppose, reverting to type; to the type of his father standing behind the chair of Sir Reginald Thorpe. He and I often conspired together, for when I came to eat with Mann on Sundays I would occasionally slip into Reginald's ready hands a little something that I had brought with me from the Club—a dish—a little pail of oysters—or even a bottle. This, remember, was before the days of prohibition and of bootleggers.

And so, on this eventful Sunday evening, Reginald was positively beaming with satisfaction as he placed an imperfectly cleaned and very thick tumbler beside me, and whispered softly in my ear, "A little Scotch whiskey, sir? Or perhaps a glass of claret?"

Like so many other things in Mann's life, the events of that Sunday evening had far-reaching consequences. I do not mean merely the capture of the hold-up gang, or the unexpected misfortunes of "the Badger," who served, not only the year of

his suspended sentence, but another longer term of imprisonment as well. But I am thinking of Duke Sands. I saw him only a few days ago—more than fifteen years after that afternoon when he "took sanctuary" at Refuge. People have long since forgotten that he was ever a "tough guy." He owns and runs a busy garage. Over it, he lives with his wife, Katie, and his three children. The eldest boy is named Michael Mann Sands—a nice boy—and I ought to know—for I am his godfather.

CHAPTER XVI

THE WOMAN THAT WAS A SINNER

When I first began to write this part of my history, taken largely from my old case book, I had thought of writing it in a more scientific way. I wanted to discuss Mann's life and work under the general headings of his relationship and reaction to the most important elements in our human existence; his relation to mental illness, to physical pain, and to death; his reactions to animals and children, to his friends—delinquent or law-abiding—and to women. Had I carried out this original scheme of mine, I might have made this history more comprehensive, more psychologically scientific; but I should, I fear, have made it very dull. On the other hand, by describing, as I am trying to do, certain definite cases in which Mann and I were interested, I may be able, after all, to give these same reactions and relationships in their general outlines, and to find some pleasure in living over again, in retrospect, some of my experiences with Mann that quickened my own sense of usefulness and that, at the same time, brought me a reputation as a psychiatrist that I did not deserve.

It was Mann who had really brought back young Bentley; but I got the credit for a "masterly handling of a difficult situation." Mann read the mind of J. J. Smith; but I was praised for my intuitive understanding and successful attempts at mental readjustment. Then, thanks to his contacts with delinquents in prison and out, Mann took Duke Sands and a dozen others out of the so-called criminal class and rooted them more or less firmly in the class of those who were "going straight"; while I, thanks to my friend the Judge, who was so constantly singing my praises, became known as a practical criminologist, not one of "those theoretical fellows who think they know it all," but a "sensible and useful *amicus curiae* who had both feet on the solid ground of experience."

But perhaps no case brought me such *Kudos,* especially with the women, as that of poor Nancy Littleton. And yet I had very little to do with it. The only important thing that I did was to refuse to do the one thing that she wanted me to do. Mann and the Archbishop's nephew did all the rest. But the case illustrates Mann's attitude toward women —and their reactions to him. Because of this, I set it down here.

When I first knew Michael Mann—he was somewhere in his forties at the time—he showed no direct sex interest in women—or, for that matter, in anyone. Women may have played an important, perhaps a tragic rôle in his early life. But in his

diary there is no suggestion of any such thing. He may have outgrown them by the time I came to know him, as a certain type of man does outgrow women—the type of man who in youth and early manhood has been "in love" with twenty girls, but who has been kept from drifting naturally into matrimony either by the demands of his life-work, the smallness of his income, or his inability to choose one from among the many girls to whom he has been more or less devoted. As he grows older, this type of man drifts into the petty, selfish habits of single life, only he dreads doing anything that will break into his routine and force him to readjustments which seem to him to spell discomfort and perhaps disaster. I do not know, surely, that Mann belonged to this category of the unwed. But I do know that during the years of our intimacy I never heard from his lips a nasty story; I never heard him speak of women intimately, suggestively, coarsely. Not that he was a prude or a purist. Far from it. He could tell amusing stories—with *doubles-entêndres* enough—if they were really witty. But so far as the purely animal or distinctly male reactions to women were concerned—well, he simply did not seem to react at all. My own idea is that, just as the constant use of opium kills the sex life of male or female, so, in the same way, does great mental or physical suffering. And Michael Mann, I believe, had not only suffered so much already, but was constantly so tormented by his unsatisfied desire for restoration to his

priesthood—a desire that was always present, even though he seldom spoke of it; a desire kept alive both by my efforts to help him to his restoration and by my well-meant provision of a little church in which the altar, at which he must not minister, was always before his eyes—that all this unhappiness, past and present, had inhibited or atrophied those instincts and desires which to so many men and women are the only things that seem to make life worth living.

But if he was not sexually attracted to women, Mann was deeply interested in them. And women instinctively trusted him. Had he allowed it, his little room behind Refuge might have been filled with a group of adoring females. But he had one unbreakable, iron rule. He would receive any woman in the little church, and talk with her there as long as she liked, but into his tiny living-room no woman ever came. With one exception. And it is of this one exception that I must write.

From my old case book I find that I first met Nancy Littleton during the second year of Mann's life at Refuge. If I remember correctly, it was a period of unusually deep discouragement for my friend. About a month before, I had made another underground assault on the ecclesiastical authorities of Mann's old diocese. At a medical convention in Chicago I had met a distinguished anatomist with whom I had been, for many years, in correspondence on scientific subjects. During the convention we

saw a good deal of one another, and I discovered that he was a devout Churchman—an unusual thing for an anatomist—that he lived in the see-city of Mann's old diocese, knew the present bishop, and was also a member of the Cathedral Chapter. He had lived there only for the past five years, so he could tell me nothing about Mann's early career. He had never even heard of Mann. So I told him the whole story, or at least as much of it as I knew myself. And I got him to promise that as soon as he got home, he would go and see the bishop and plead Mann's cause before him. I was rather puffed up by this diplomatic achievement, and when I returned from the convention I told Mann about it. He was pitifully happy, for about two months. The way, he said, that had been closed so long against him, was opening at last. It was evidently God's will that he should be restored to his Orders, since God Himself had made me go to the medical convention although I had not wanted to go at all.

Well, after a while a letter came to me from my anatomical colleague; a letter, rather frosty in tone, implying indirectly, that, I had let him in for a very nasty interview with his bishop, that I apparently did not really know the person in whom I seemed to be interested, and that the best thing I could do was to drop the matter entirely and never refer to it again. That letter made me furious. I wrote to my colleague that, although I could not but admire his work in the field of descriptive

anatomy, I had no admiration at all either for his bishop or for himself. I ought not to have answered in such a tone. I simply lost touch with a man who might have been useful if I had borne with his petty weaknesses. I made an enemy where both Mann and I, if I was to help him, needed a friend. And then, having sent my letter and freed my own mind, I carried my colleague's communication around in my pocket for a week without getting up enough courage to show it to Mann, who kept asking me, every time I saw him, whether I had had an answer yet from his old diocese. At last, somehow, he got to know that I was deceiving him.

"You've had an answer," he said. "I know it. I feel it. And I can guess what was in it. Let me see it. If you're going to be hit again in an awfully sore place, it's better to get hit and be done with it."

While he read the letter, I turned away. I simply couldn't bear to watch his face. I muttered something about not losing courage and trying again later on; but he did not answer me. When I looked up, he had left the room. Glancing out into the little church through his inner door, I saw him kneeling behind the very last bench, his head in his hands.

It took him months to get over this disappointment. I saw his face get grayer, more lined, every day. And I was helpless. I tried to interest him in some of my cases, but I had nothing very unusual at the time. And so, while I doubt Mann's statement that my perfidious anatomical colleague was

sent to me by God Himself, I feel less hesitation in accepting the possibility that He may really have sent Nancy Littleton.

In my consultation office I saw patients by appointment only, in the afternoons, after I had finished my anatomical lectures. I was surprised, therefore, when I had locked up my office, one hot summer afternoon, to find a strange woman waiting for me in the hall outside. I thought she must have made a mistake, and told her my name.

"That's right," she said, in a low, very tired voice. "That's your name on the brass plate outside the door, isn't it?"

I was in a hurry—that is, I was in the selfish hurry of an old bachelor to get to his club and to smoke his late-afternoon cigarette—and I explained that I saw patients by appointment only.

"I won't keep you but a minute or two," she pleaded. The hall where we stood talking was dark. It had been raining all day, one of those hot, heavy rains, that seem to make things hotter and damper, instead of relieving the depressing heat. I noted that she had no umbrella, and that the water was dripping from her sodden skirt and making shimmering pools on the concrete floor. I couldn't exactly turn her out into the rain again, so I unlocked the door of my office, ushered her in, and turned on the light.

She avoided the chair to which I motioned her, the chair in which my patients sit, directly opposite

to mine, and dropped down, with a sigh of weariness, on an old leather lounge, in the darkest, farthest corner of the room. Her hat, soaked with rain, was pulled down low over her face. All I could see was her hands—small, brown hands, that twisted and untwisted a very dirty handkerchief. She was slight—her voice sounded young—but it was tired—very tired.

"Well," said I, in my best professional manner, "and what can I do for you?"

And then, in the simplest way imaginable, she asked me a direct question that made me jump like a frightened old rabbit.

"How much will you charge," she said, as directly as if she were asking the price of a pair of gloves, "to perform an abortion?"

I gasped. I didn't know, for a moment, what to say. Misunderstanding my silence, she went on in the same matter-of-fact tone.

"I've got thirty dollars. Afterwards, I could get a job here, maybe, and pay you some more." Then, as I still kept silence, she added, her voice growing a little uneven, "I know thirty dollars isn't much. The other doctors wouldn't do it for that. But I thought that perhaps I'd find one—after a while—that wasn't quite so expensive."

I am, without doubt, an old and sentimental fool. But there was something in the girl's voice—she couldn't be much more than a girl—something that suddenly made me feel as though I couldn't swallow.

I did a most unprofessional thing. I had never done it before; I've never done it since. If anyone had seen us, it might have been grossly misinterpreted. But I—I got up from my chair, went over to the lounge, sat down beside this strange patient and took one of her cold, brown hands in mine. I have always been proud of the fact that she, at least, did not misinterpret my action or misunderstand my intention. She let her hand lie loosely in my own.

"My dear child," I said, "tell me more about it. What other doctors do you mean?"

"Well, you see," she answered, pushing up the brim of her soaking hat and disclosing a round, chubby face, brownish eyes, and a turn-up nose, "I only got here this morning—and I've got to be back home in five days—and I—I took twenty dollars from—from Father's purse—oh, I'll pay it back—and I had ten of my own. Down where I live, you hear a lot about the doctors up here in town. So I came. I started—" she gave a little sigh of discouragement "—I just started from the station down the first street I came to, where there were doctors' signs on the doors." She made a gesture, to indicate the long avenue on which my own office is situated—our local Harley Street. "I didn't know one from the other. I just thought any one would do. So I went into one office after another—right down the street. Sometimes they just put me out right away—if there was a woman—a nurse, I guess—in

the waiting-room. And sometimes they were mad—thought I was crazy—or was wasting their time. And one man—I've got his name here—I thought I'd go back to him if I couldn't do better—he wanted a hundred—or seventy-five. But where could I get that? So I kept on trying—and I got so tired and wet—and I didn't want to spend money for lunch, you see. Then I saw your name on your sign. You're the last one in this block. And I thought I'd—I'd just try once more. Because it's got to be done—it just has to."

By this time, I knew that I really could not keep my own voice steady. I took from her hand the piece of paper on which was written the name of my medical colleague, who "wanted a hundred or at least seventy-five." (Later on, I put it in an envelope with my own visiting card, and sent it to him by post. He was a young man, hard up, I knew, with very little practice. I didn't want to be censorious or unkind, but I wanted to warn him —once.)

"I'll take care of this," I said, as I took the paper.

My patient looked up at me, her eyes brightening.

"Then you'll do it? And right away? Here, I'll give you the money I've got. All except just enough to——"

But I cut her short. I knew that the hardest part of my work lay before me. She seemed to be a very determined young person. And I did not know exactly how to begin. Then, in a sort of inspiration,

Mann's name flashed into my mind. Here was a way out.

"My dear young lady," I began, patting her hand in the most paternal and sexless manner that I could muster, "in one sense you have come to the wrong man. Don't draw away and try to get up, because in another sense, you've come to exactly the right one. Now, this thing that you want done—I—I don't do those things myself. But I've a friend—a man whom you can trust absolutely, and I'll take you to him—at once."

"He's a doctor, I suppose, this friend of yours?" the voice at my side asked. She was evidently doubtful. I felt as though at any moment she might jump up and start on her round of doctors' offices again. And I feared that if she did, sooner or later she might find someone—who would take her thirty dollars. Good luck or Providence had protected her thus far.

"Well," I answered, "he's not what you'd call a regular doctor. You see, regular practitioners don't go in for this kind of thing, as a rule. It's too——"

"Too dangerous?" She nodded. "I understand. But I don't care. If I die, it won't matter. Only I wouldn't like to get the doctor who helped me into trouble. Specially if he'd only got thirty dollars."

Confound those "thirty dollars"! I was sick and tired of them.

At last I persuaded her to go with me. But not before I had rung up a near-by restaurant and had

some coffee and sandwiches sent over to my office. My patient ate greedily, but she kept a watchful eye on me. She had, I think, begun to distrust me, now that her keen young mind, that had at first been inhibited by her fatigue, was working again. She couldn't quite see what I was getting out of all this; why I was feeding her, and being kind to her. It was not until months afterwards that she confided to me what her fears of mé had really been. She fancied that I was the kind of "white slave trader" of whom she had read in books; and that I would presently stick a needle into her arm, drug her, and take her to some place where she had no business to be. But she was too tired, she said, to care very much about anything.

In the taxi that I called, she kept as far away from me as she could, and was rebelliously mute. And when I opened the front door of Refuge, and she found herself in a church—instead of "the other kind of a place" that she had expected—she was so surprised that she sat quietly at my side while Mann, who was just finishing Evensong, said the last Collects.

> Give unto thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that . . . we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour.

I heard her give a little sob. And then, she was standing up, tugging at my coat-sleeve.

"I don't know what you're up to," she whispered, "but you aren't playing square with me. I thought at first you was a—a bad old piece. But you're just dotty—and good. I'm going. No religion for mine. Think I want to get landed in some 'Home for Fallen Women'? I may be fallen, all right, all right, but I'll pick myself up on my own feet and hands."

But I held her by the arm until I saw Mann coming out into the church again and hurrying toward us.

I introduced him to my patient, explained the situation as briefly as possible, and suggested that he talk things over with her. She would talk, she said; but not there in the church. And so, finally, Mann took her into his little living-room, where she seemed less suspicious of our intentions.

Mann began speaking to her about herself. In two minutes she was at ease—and my presence was ignored. So I tiptoed out into the quiet church, and waited there, until I was needed.

I waited, as it seemed to me, a rather long time. In a battered Book of Common Prayer, I read the Psalms for the day twice over, and had started them the third time, when Mann came hastening toward me down the narrow aisle.

"Have you got twenty dollars about you?" he asked.

I gaped up at him stupidly. Here I was, expecting to hear from him the true story of my mysterious

patient's transgressions—and Mann was asking me for twenty dollars.

"Hurry up," said Mann, with an uneasy glance backwards toward the door into his living-room. "I don't dare leave her long. She's like a terrified but determined animal. However, Reginald's just come. I told him to keep her quiet and interested, so he is reading aloud to her from this morning's paper the account of a prize fight."

Automatically, I searched my pockets. I did have twenty dollars.

"Good! Now be a kind friend," Mann hurried on, "and help us out." He said "us," identifying himself, as he always did, with the person whom he was trying to serve. "Go to the nearest telegraph station and wire this twenty dollars to the address on this piece of paper, together with the telegram that I've written out. Then just slip up the hill to the hospital—to the obstetric service—and see if you can find young Doctor Swayne. He's the resident obstetrician, you know. Ask him——"

"Swayne? Oh, not Swayne!" I protested.

I did not like this young colleague of mine—and I had never understood obstetricians and gynecologists anyway. There seemed to be only two kinds of them—and I did not care for either. One kind seemed urgently interested in saving all the fallen women, while the other was as deeply fascinated by the details of the fall and discoursed upon them with ill-concealed delight. One kind

thought only of helping a woman up from an imaginary degradation, the other of watching her fall to what they seemed to consider her natural level. And Dr. Swayne—who happened to be a nephew of our Roman Catholic Archbishop—did not belong to the first kind. When Mann mentioned his name, I was more surprised than when he asked me for the twenty dollars, for if there was any physician absolutely unfitted to deal with the frightened girl, who at that moment was being entertained by Reginald with news of a prize fight, surely it was big, brutal Tom Swayne, with his materialistic outlook and his almost joyous acceptation of women's degradation. So, naturally, I protested.

But Mann silenced me with an impatient gesture. "Get Swayne to come down here," he repeated. "He's the only man I know who can handle this case from the medical side." Then, as he saw my antagonism, he added, "You don't understand Swayne. All the things in him that offend you are mere surface reactions. Mere temporary boyish rebellion against the repressed ecclesiastical atmosphere in which he has been brought up. He used to love to shock his archiepiscopal uncle into fits when he was a medical student; and he still likes to shock older men—excuse me—like you. Do hurry along. You'll find out that I'm right."

And, as so often happened, I did find it out.

I sent the telegram. I got hold of Swayne, and gave him the scribbled note that Mann had entrusted

to me for him. He began to intrigue and to surprise me at once, for, without a word, he changed his clothes and came with me unquestioningly.

It was only a step from the hospital to Refuge, and when I ushered Swayne into the little living-room, Mann was sitting at the head of his table, with my "patient" opposite him, while Reginald, in his best manner, was presenting her with a greasy tin plate, on which reposed three pale sausages—the only woman, so far as I know, who ever sat at that table or shared Mann's supper—and with Reginald's approval, too.

Mann presented Swayne with as much ceremony as if he were introducing Solomon to the Queen of Sheba.

"Miss Littleton," he said—this was the first time that I had heard my patient's name—"allow me to present my friend, Dr. Swayne. A distinguished specialist in the diseases of women—and just the man that you need."

Just the man that she needed! That afternoon I went from one state of confused surprise and indignation to another. It couldn't be possible that Mann really intended to—to give this child the thing that she had wanted to buy from me with her thirty dollars!

"You will excuse us, Miss Littleton," Mann went on, "if Dr. Swayne and I withdraw for a moment's conference."

So I was left, standing near the table, at the girl's

side. She lifted her eyes to mine, and I got still another surprise. For the look of fear and of sulky determination had disappeared. Her face was alight with some mysterious emotion. All her tension was gone. She seemed quiet—contented—almost happy. So happy that she had to tell someone about it.

"It's a long time," she said to me, and laid her little brown hand on mine, "a long time since I said my prayers. But if I live to be a hundred, I'll say at least one prayer every night. To ask God to bless you for—for bringing me here." She gave a contented little sigh, shivered as if at a passing memory, and then went on.

"I thought, you see, that because I had done something very wrong, I had—had got something —something wrong and bad inside of me—that—that was my punishment. And that I had to get rid of it somehow. Because I didn't want to be punished like that. I was afraid—terribly afraid. I—I thought that it was like a—like a boil—or a swelling—that you could cut out, and—and hide, so that nobody would ever know you'd had it. I imagined that I could slip off here to town—the women in books who've 'fallen'—they always do that—and could pay some doctor to—to take the bad things away. And then I could go home—and pretend I'd been visiting a girl friend. But I was all wrong, you see. All wrong. The thing—that I've—I've got inside of me—isn't a bad thing at all. It's the most wonderful, the most precious thing in

the world. Mr. Mann says so. He says that—that God Himself—once came into the world, that way. And that ever since then—a—a woman like me—with *it* inside of her—isn't—isn't an—an unclean thing any more. She's something—holy. Think of that! Me, holy! Because she's carrying Life inside her—not Death, the way I thought. But Life—another life. And she's—she's responsible for—for carrying it as carefully as she can. She can't tell how useful that other life in her may be to the world some day. And so she's got to think good thoughts while she's carrying it. And not be afraid, or—or want to die—or get rid of the—the thing that's going to make her—the most important person in the world—" she dropped her voice, and almost whispered "—a mother, you know."

As I listened, my mind went back to the Valkyrie. I remembered that third act, when Brunhilde dashes in, carrying poor Sieglinde, who doesn't want to escape at all, now that her brother-lover, Siegmund, is dead. She wants to die, too. And then Brunhilde tells her of the child that she bears in her womb; the Siegfried that is to be. And the wretched, frightened girl becomes suddenly a heroic woman, ready to suffer, determined to live on, for the sake of her coming motherhood. The music tells it all; that marvelous music, with the brass blaring out the Siegfried motive. As I sat there in Mann's room, listening to poor, bedraggled Nancy Littleton, I seemed to hear it all again.

Then Swayne came forward—a quiet, kindly, understanding Swayne that was new to me. He and Mr. Mann, he said, had arranged everything. Miss Littleton was to be his patient; she would come to his clinic next morning at the hospital so that he might make a preliminary examination. And during the last two weeks of her pregnancy, he would take her in on one of his own wards, so that he himself could see her safely through her labor and the baby into the world. Meanwhile—and here I abased myself in the dust mentally, and kicked myself, mentally also, for all my uncharitable thoughts about this young colleague of mine—meanwhile, inasmuch as she ought to live somewhere near the hospital, why, the best thing she could do was to come and spend a week or two, anyway, with the Swaynes, whose house was just across the street from the obstetrical clinic, and who had a baby of their own, only a year old; for Mrs. Swayne needed someone to give her a hand occasionally and to cheer her up when her husband wasn't at home.

Yes, that's exactly what Swayne did, he and his wife. Knowing almost nothing about her except that she was pregnant and in trouble, they took Nancy Littleton into their own home. And they kept her there until the time came when she walked across the street to put herself under Swayne's care in the Lying-in Clinic.

Mrs. Swayne came to rely on her, to need her at

her house, and Nancy might have found a permanent home there, had she chosen to take it. But she was an independent young woman. She had her own cross to carry, and she preferred to carry it alone; although, without Mann's help, I doubt whether she would ever have managed it. Her parents—very respectable people in a growing country town—never forgave her. They even refused to see her. Had she been successful in her attempt to purchase with her thirty dollars the thing she had once wanted, and had she returned home, even after some months, with a story of a long visit to a girl friend—a story that her parents and their neighbors might have accepted, even if they did not believe it—why, then, she might have taken her place again in the family circle and gone on being "respectable" till she married or died. But to inform her father that she was going to have a baby—actually to have it—and then propose to come home with it, even for a few days, and so "flaunt her shame in the faces of her relatives"—this was too much. I wonder whether she would have chosen the road that Mann pointed out to her at their first meeting if she had known all that her choice involved! And yet, even had she known, I believe that she would have chosen it, in spite of everything; so long, at least, as she had Mann by her side to point out the way. For her mute devotion to him became the mainstay of her life.

I never heard her complain. She found a room

for herself and her baby in a decent boarding-house, a few blocks away from Refuge, and a job for herself, too. She was clever at figures, very neat, absolutely honest, and she became the chief cashier at one of the restaurants near the hospital, where most of our medical students and some of the younger instructors used to eat. The proprietor, a widower, and a dull, kindly man of fifty, asked her to marry him, after she had been there a year. Perhaps she might have taken him—not because she loved him, but in order to have a home for her baby—but the child died during its second summer. For a while Nancy went down into the depths of despair. In those hard days she clung to Mann like a frightened child. And he saw her safely through. I don't know how he did it. I should have been helpless and useless.

So the love that she had given to her baby went out to the man who had stood by her during the two great crises of her life. At first, Reginald had been mutely jealous of her presence. But as he came to realize that she would not alter the even tenor of his cherished position at Refuge, Nancy and he became great friends, co-conspirators in a sort of perpetual attempt to take care of Mann's physical wants without his realizing what they were doing.

Nancy would be up early, every day, and before going to her work would stop at Refuge, knowing that Mann had already gone to the Court and that she would have a free hand in tidying up his room

and mending his clothes. And of an evening, when she knew that he was busy with one of his citizenship classes, she would slip into his living-room and with Reginald's help cook something appetizing on the old gas stove, or smuggle something in from her restaurant, so that Mann might have a hot supper when he came home. She never let him catch her in his room. When she had finished what she had to do, she would sit quietly in the little church until she heard his step in the narrow lane outside, waiting until he came into the church also, as his custom was, to say his evening prayers before the altar. And when he had returned to his room, she would tiptoe out of the church—the door was always open—and hurry back to her lodgings, comforted, and at peace.

Of course Mann saw her frequently; he was constantly asking her help and advice with some of the women and children that came to him with their troubles. But he was strangely, hopelessly blind to the real motive that lay behind all the work she did for him. Once I attempted to enlighten him. And I very nearly made a most tragic mess of the whole business.

It was during a period of disappointment in Mann's life, when another of my diplomatic efforts to bring some influence to bear on the bishop of Mann's old diocese had come to nothing. For in going into these histories of some of Mann's cases and mine, I have not sufficiently emphasized the fact

that every day of Mann's life was lived in the hope of being able, some day, to stand again at the altar and to function as a priest once more. This hope was the motive power that kept him going. And I, who had originally given it to him, was bound somehow to keep it alive. But, as I have already said, up to this time I had failed miserably in my attempts to bring these same hopes to satisfactory fulfillment.

It was after one of these failures that I said to Mann: "Marriage is a very respectable thing. So many of the highly respectable clergy of our church are married. Why not think of it in your own case? If the people in your old diocese heard that you had taken unto yourself a wife, it might impress them in your favor."

"But I believe most firmly," interposed Mann, very seriously, "in a celibate priesthood. The priest must have no intimate ties with this world. He is a man set apart. *Segregatus a populo.* Besides—" and his mouth relaxed a little "—who under the sun would want to marry me?"

Here was my opening, I thought.

"How about Nancy?" said I. "She is devoted to you. Anyone with half an eye can see plainly that she——"

I stopped short—Mann had flared up angrily. "Why, you must be mad, Doctor," he burst out. "Miss Littleton is—is a very dear friend of mine—one of the best I've got. To—to think of her in the way you suggest—it would be sacrilege! I—I have

often imagined that she might have a vocation to the religious life. Now, in one of the less conservative convents——"

But here I broke in on my own account. "Nancy—a nun?" I protested.

"And why not?" And he went on to cite the names of many women famous in ecclesiastical history, who, after an unhappy experience in this world, had found peace and salvation in a convent. He began, of course, with St. Mary Magdalene. But by the time he had got to St. Clara, the friend of St. Francis of Assisi, I had had enough.

However, I must have planted at least some small suggestion in his mind, for a few days later there came a rap on the door of my office in the anatomical building, and Nancy herself walked in. She had, so she said, just run across from the restaurant to see me for a minute. It was a very uncomfortable minute.

"Now see here," she began, refusing to sit down, and gazing at me with folded arms; "you mean well, I suppose. And I owe you a lot. I've never forgotten that afternoon when I came to your other office. But you'll make me forget it—you'll make me just hate you—if you—if you start fussing with other people's affairs and put wrong ideas into other people's minds. You understand what I mean. I don't know exactly what you said to him—but I can guess. And ever since, he's been stand-offish, and embarrassed—and uncomfortable when I'm

around." She came forward and leaned over my table until our faces were close together. "I haven't got very many pleasant things left in my life," she whispered; "for God's sake, don't take away the best thing of the lot."

It is many, many years, since I have seen Nancy Littleton, although I suppose that that isn't her name any more. If Mann had suggested that she ought to go to India as a missionary or play the cornet in a Salvation Army band, she would have obeyed him gladly. There was only one thing I think that she wouldn't have done, even for him—marry the widowed restaurant proprietor. She would have drawn the line at that. But anything else——

And that is why she is where she is now. Only she did not go there until there were no more socks to darn and no more suppers to cook for Michael Mann.

CHAPTER XVII

THE OUTCAST'S RETURN

I MIGHT go on endlessly with extracts from my old case book, but my time is getting short, and I must make haste if I am to finish this history before I sail for Europe. Yet I feel that the few cases that I have already described illustrate Mann's activities very incompletely. In them there is no hint of his uncanny understanding of children; of the successful ways in which he dealt with the spoiled, the frightened, the mentally deficient, and the delinquent child. I remember so well one preliminary question that he used to ask every boy and girl whom I brought to him from the Juvenile Court—children unmanageable, unmoral, pilfering, sullen, or terrified.

Mann would sit down beside the child and would ask, "When did you go to the circus last?" And if the answer was, "Ain't never been to no circus at all," Mann would refuse to proceed further with the case until he had himself taken the child either to the circus or to some equivalent. Or if the child had seen last year's circus, Mann would plunge into a description of his own last circus, and there would

be a rapid interchange of views on clowns and trained animals and chariot races, ending with a promise that both the questioner and the questioned should visit the next circus together.

Heaven only knows how many times Mann went to the circus, and with what an excited crowd of guests. He would come back to Refuge after a circus afternoon with a splitting headache and a badly upset digestion, but he would bring me information about my juvenile cases—sidelights on their home lives—that I myself could never have obtained.

"You never spent money to better advantage," he would say, as we totaled up the cost, for this part of the adventure I insisted on as my right. And I would admit that circuses were cheap at the price.

I could write a whole chapter on Mann's attitude toward death. Another on the way in which he dealt with fear and its poisonous consequences. And I should like to write still another—only I cannot—on his religious reactions. He and I seldom spoke of religious matters. But I noticed that whenever I brought him into touch with anyone who was in trouble or in physical pain or mental agony, he gave those "patients" something that I did not know how to give, probably because I did not have it myself. He gave them something very real, a new attitude toward this world. He seemed to take their minds as though they were clocks that had gone too fast or too slow, or that had some little thing wrong

inside—the wheels or the springs. He would seem to turn the hands around till they pointed to the right hour, and then set the mechanism going again. He took their faces between his hands—faces that had been turned sideways and were "fixed" that way by some muscular crick so that the eyes could see only a very limited field—and would turn them so that the eyes looked straight ahead, and saw things that they had never seen or dreamed of before. He twisted people around—faced them about (*converted* is the old word)—made them look in his direction, not in their own. And somehow he made it all seem so simple, so self-evident, so real, that you wondered why you had never thought of it all before yourself. He didn't preach, he didn't threaten, he didn't even persuade. He just showed you what he himself had seen; and what you could see too if you wanted to, see much clearer, much better, perhaps, than even he had been able to see.

I can't describe or analyze this power of his. It is, I think, partially a gift, a matter of temperament; but it is a gift that has to be developed, to use an old simile, like a rough diamond, that must be cut and polished before it can display its full possibilities of beauty. Anyhow, Mann had it. And it is a thing so precious, so unusual, that one might expect Christians to do everything in their power to preserve it. But that isn't the way modern Christianity works. In the Middle Ages, I think Michael Mann might have been a great saint—a tremendous power

for good. In our day, he was merely a deposed priest.

Well, I am trying to be a historian, not a critic. In these later years Mann was never bitter, never uncharitable. I must follow his example.

Three years went by, during which Mann lived and worked at Refuge in the manner that I have tried to describe. The war had begun in Europe. We, in this country, were gradually being drawn into it. Mann was violently pro-Ally; while I, with my many scientific friends in Germany and Austria, with my implicit belief in German thoroughness and research, was on the other side of the fence. No sooner had the United States declared war than Mann was mad to get into the fight. He would, he said, go as a chaplain. He didn't see why not.

I did see why not. And so did he, very soon. The United States Army had no room for deposed priests in its Chaplains' Corps. Mann ought to have known it. It hurt him bitterly. Then he tried to enlist. He was turned down as absolutely unfit for duty. I knew the medical officer in charge of the examinations, for one of the examining boards sat in our hospital.

"Why, that friend of yours is a mass of wreckage," he told me. "He wouldn't last a week under any great physical strain. For God's sake, tell him not to bother me any more. I've got enough to do without having to listen to his explanations of why he is thirty pounds under normal weight."

So Mann stayed at home. So did Reginald—he had flat feet. And, of course, nobody wanted me.

As everyone knows, during the war old prejudices were put aside, and there was a tendency to wipe the slate clean, so that everybody might begin a new record and make the world safe for democracy. And so I thought that this would be a good opportunity to have another try at the authorities of Mann's old diocese.

It seemed to me that I had failed hitherto because these same authorities remembered Mann only as he had been when he left them, an unfrocked rebel, probably with his tongue in his cheek. If they could see him and know him now, as I knew him, surely their attitude toward him would change. I could give him letters from people in our city who had known him during the past five years. He could show that he had tried to enlist twice and had been rejected as physically unfit for duty. That ought to carry some weight.

So I persuaded Mann to ask for a week's vacation from his work in the clerk's office at the Court, and to make a pilgrimage back to the home of his youth —he had not been born there, I believe; he had been born in the country, on a farm—but there he had spent the greater part of his youth. He had not set foot in that city for nearly fifteen years, he told me. He did not want to go there now. He dreaded it. But I persuaded him. And, as usual, I did exactly the wrong thing.

It is fortunate that I have his own record of that visit. I thought that I had exhausted the contents of his old diary, from which I have already quoted so much, but a few days ago, in carelessly turning over the blank leaves at the end of the book, I came across an entry written on almost the last pages of all. It has no date, but I know that it belongs to this period of Mann's history. The internal evidence is conclusive.

Extract from the Diary—pages 178-200

After fifteen odd years I have been back to the place that I used to call home. It might just as well have been one hundred years. I was like the disembodied spirit of a man long dead walking in an environment that had once been familiar but that had now assumed strange, new outlines, in which only a few ancient landmarks remained, sticking up out of the newness. I went back in fear and trembling, like a cowed dog with its tail between its legs. I came away—with my tail well up in the air. I have, I suppose, utterly ruined every chance I might have had of getting back to where I was when I last said goodby to this place. I have made of no effect all that my dear old friend, Doctor Claude, has done to help me. And yet I am not sorry. No, that's not exactly true. I *am* sorry. And yet I realize that I should probably do the same thing in the same way, if I had it to do all over again.

So, here at the back of the diary that was to be

the record of my ministry, I will set down an account of "The Outcast's Return."

It is a long journey from Refuge to this old home of mine. Two nights and one day on the train. I didn't sleep either night; I was too excited. And on the morning on which I was to arrive at ten o'clock, I was up at five, eagerly looking out of the window. The city, as everybody knows who has ever been there, lies in a deep little valley. The train climbs a steep grade, and as it slides downwards on the other side, you look below you at the wide stretches of roofs, parks, and narrow streets, with the few skyscrapers of the business section sticking up like a boy's sore thumb. There had been no sore thumbs in my time; to me they seemed disfiguring. I got my bags together, ready for the old "depot" that I knew so well, when suddenly the train dived into a tunnel, dashed on for some ten minutes, and finally landed me on the lower levels of a perfectly strange station, somewhere in the inner part of the city.

I left my bag there, and came out on the street, dazed, utterly disorientated.

But what is the use of recording my long series of disappointments? The frame house where mother used to "take boarders" was gone. A big, new garage covered half of our old block. My old, tumble-down school, Number Eleven, was gone, too. In its place there stood a trim, uninteresting, model high-school building. The only place that I recognized was the

drug store, opposite the school, where we boys used to waste our pocket money on vanilla-cream sodas. The name over the door was the same. I wondered if old Larry Bedloe, with his long, white beard, was still mixing soft drinks there. Of course, he couldn't be. I didn't go in.

I had kept the hardest thing for the last. That, at least, was still there. The Cathedral! Just exactly the same outside as when I sang in the choir. And the Deanery—where we had the Choir Christmas tree—it looked rather shabby—but at least it was still standing.

The Bishop's House that I used to know hasn't a bishop in it any more. It has been turned into apartments, one on each floor. Old Bishop Thorpe must writhe in his grave. Who sits now, I wonder, in the big dining room where the bishop used to entertain the Cathedral Chapter and their wives? I felt all at sea. But in a telephone book I soon found what I wanted. The new bishop lived much nearer the Cathedral, in a brand new house, with shining brass door-knobs, and "Bishopsthorpe" on a shining brass door-plate.

Having surveyed the land, I went to some sort of an eating place and got some coffee and rolls. But I couldn't eat. I was too excited. My knees were shaking together. On the street I kept looking for a familiar face. But I did not see a single one—not one!

It was about mid-day when I rang the bell at

"Bishopsthorpe." A very thin, very solemn little old man in livery opened the door. The Bishop was in. "What name, please?" I gave him the letter that Doctor Claude had written to introduce me—I didn't have a visiting card—I haven't had one for years.

The Bishop kept me waiting a long time. And I grew more uneasy, more breathless, at every moment. I had been left standing in the hall. Old Bishop Thorpe—this bishop's predecessor—would never have done a thing like that. It put me at once on a level with peddlers and book-agents—made me angry—put me on the defensive, too.

After what seemed a very long time, the little old man in livery reappeared. He led me down a long, dark hall; then, with his hand on the door of what I knew must be the Bishop's study, he said in a low voice, and with a soft Irish brogue, "You'll not be remembering me, Mr. Michael." No one had called me "Mr. Michael" for ages. I peered into the old man's face that was now turned toward mine. "But it's not me that would be forgetting you. And you carrying the cross in front of the choir for so many years, and me in me black gown, and with that silver poker in me hand, going before the old Bishop, God rest his soul!"

Sullivan, the Bishop's verger! Of course I remembered him. And for the first time that day I felt a little less of a stranger. Among all the unknown faces in my former home, I had a place in the

memory of at least one old man. I held out my hand to him; but he raised a warning finger, and with his other hand he rapped softly on the door before which we stood.

"Things ain't what they once was, Mr. Michael," he said, under his breath. And then, as he opened the door, he announced me in a clear, impressive voice—announced me exactly as he used to, years and years ago.

"The Reverend Michael Mann."

In spite of my shabby lay-clothes, in spite of all that stood between my leaving of this city and my present return to it, I was still, to old Sullivan, who had often boxed my ears when I was a mischievous choir boy, the Reverend Michael Mann.

And yet, in a way, he did me an ill turn. For this manner of announcing my presence did not please the Bishop. I realized this the instant I had crossed the threshold of his study. I had never seen him before. He had been elected bishop of my old diocese long after I had left it for good—or ill. And he had a great advantage over me, since he knew, by second-hand information, "all about me," while I knew nothing at all about him. So I stood just inside the study door, staring at a large, heavy man in black, whose big, square, powerful face was somewhat concealed by a pointed gray beard, and who looked more like a business man, or a banker, than an ecclesiastic. Old Bishop Thorpe—my bishop—had been very slight; his clean-shaven face, his

soft, silky, white hair, and his innate sense of dignity had stamped him as a great churchman, a prelate. The contrast between the two men was so marked that I became more than ever ill at ease. I found myself, not in the dim ecclesiastical atmosphere of old Bishop Thorpe's peaceful study, but in the office of an executive, with its rows of filing cases, its typewriters, its broad, meticulously arranged desk. And I began to feel not at all like the repentant priest returning in bitterness of soul to His Right Reverend Father in God, but like an unfortunate salesman who has, by some streak of luck, managed to penetrate to the inner sanctum of a great financier and who knows that his carefully rehearsed "line of talk" is gradually fading from his mind. He won't be able to "put anything over" on this man.

The Bishop was true to his type. He did not ask me to sit down. And he waited for me to speak first. A kind word or two would have set me at my ease, would have unsealed my lips. But no word came.

I felt myself getting angry. The minute I began to speak, I knew that I was at my worst; that my voice was shaky, that I was fingering my hat like an awkward schoolboy.

"You have read the letter that I brought, Bishop?" I asked.

The Bishop merely nodded.

For the past weeks I had been rehearsing this interview. I had thought out, sentence by sentence,

what I was going to say. I would begin by recalling my early connection with the Cathedral, as choir boy and crucifer; my confirmation, my ordination, my work in the diocese during the year of my diaconate. Then I would describe the events that led up to my resignation of my priest's Orders. I would not defend myself, nor implicate or blame others. I would take all the blame on myself. Would confess that I had done wrong, very grievous wrong. But after that I would explain how I had, bit by bit, built up a new life for myself in a distant city; how I had won the respect of other men, how I had supported myself honorably, and could adduce numerous members of my community who would bear witness to the truth of these statements. And, finally—this part of the interview I had worked out with especial care—finally, I would explain my reasons for seeking a restoration of my Orders—my desire to minister once more at the altar, to take up again my life as a priest in the Church of God. The Bishop would surely understand that, I thought. He was a priest himself. Of course he would understand.

And now—the whole framework of this carefully rehearsed interview broke apart in my mind. I stood there mute, ill at ease, humiliated.

At length, I pulled myself together somewhat. "You know, then, sir," I said, forgetting entirely Dr. Claude's oft-repeated assertion that American bishops are soothed and pleased by being addressed

as "My Lord," "who I am, and what I have come to ask."

The Bishop nodded again.

Then from the desk beside him, he took up a large, brown folder—a folder from a filing cabinet—opened it, and laid out a series of letters and papers carefully fastened together at the corner with a tin clip. He looked these documents through slowly, added to them Dr. Claude's letter, putting it on top of the pile, evening the edges, and pushing one end of it under the clip; and then turned in my direction, but without looking at me at all.

"You have seen fit to take a very unusual step, Mr.—er—Mann," he began, hesitating a little over my name, not as though he did not know it, but as though it had a nasty taste in his mouth. His voice was like the rest of him, weighty, precise, detached. He might have been discussing a sale of bonds or a deal in real estate. "I allude to your coming here to see me without having first requested an interview. However, you may have realized that I should very likely have refused any such request. Therefore, your presence in my study is in the nature of an intrusion."

"You might have declined to see me this morning," I interposed. I was getting hot under the collar.

"That is true," the Bishop admitted. "I should probably have done so had I not been misled by my butler, who told me that the Reverend—er—er—Michael Mann, a former priest of this diocese, had

called to see me. At that moment I did not—er—connect your name with—with your—er—past, and I told my butler to show you to my study. Then, while awaiting your coming, I read the letter which you had sent up. And I knew then—who—who you were."

Curious, was it not, that I should owe this interview to the one person I had met that morning who had remembered me?

I had sense enough to say nothing. The Bishop went on—or, rather, I should say—he proceeded.

"You will realize, Mr.—er—Mann, that I came into this diocese some time after you had—had left it. Since then—until a few years ago—I had only heard your name occasionally from some of my older priests and laymen, who, in the course of personal reminiscences—touched on the—the distressing—really most distressing circumstances that brought your—your ministry among us to a close. I repeat—a close. Then—a few years ago, I began to hear about you—through various channels; from people who professed to be familiar with your—er—your activities in the diocese in which at present you reside. I—I know your Diocesan—rather slightly." His tone intimated that he had no desire to know my present Bishop any better. I imagine that the feeling would be reciprocal. "I have the—er—greatest respect for his judgment, but you will admit that only the Bishop of a diocese can really judge what is wisest in matters touching his own jurisdic-

tion. Another bishop, no matter how wise, looks naturally at such matters from a distance that is liable to er—er—to distort—er—facts. I said—facts."

"You mean to say, Bishop," I broke in, "that I have intentionally deceived my present Diocesan about myself—and—my past?"

"You may not have er—intended to do so, Mr.—er—er—Mann. But the facts—I repeat—the facts remain. According to the statements that I have received from some of your—er—friends and—er—supporters in your present diocese—you have been, for a number of years, living what may be termed in ecclesiastical parlance, a—er—a blameless life. On the other hand, those who knew you during your ministry in this and a neighboring diocese—have assured me that you were, as a young man, not accustomed—to—to—restrain certain tendencies—which are not in accordance with the highest ideals of the—er—yes—of the priesthood."

His even, balanced voice was getting on my nerves.

"Then you don't think it possible that a man may act like a damn fool when he is young, and then be sorry and stop?"

The Bishop folded his hands across his broad girth.

"Possible, perhaps," he nodded solemnly. "By the—er—the Grace of God. But not probable, Mr.—er—Mr. Mann. Not in these degenerate days, when in this hideous war the world is losing its hold on all the old ideals of decency and restraint."

I know the clergy—my own clergy—by heart. In the Bishop's last words I recognized some echo from a favorite sermon, and I knew that, if I let him get going on the war, he would preach to me for an hour. Besides, I still had lots to say, and our interview might be interrupted at any moment. I should not have the ghost of a chance of getting into that episcopal study-office again. So I cut his preachment short. A mistake, I knew; but I was apparently doomed to make mistakes that day.

"Then you must suppose, Bishop," I interposed, "that my friends who tell you that I have been living 'a blameless life' are either blind to my secret sins or else just liars."

The Bishop held up his hand. A large, white, powerful hand.

"Not quite," he said. "If you had lived, let us say, for the past five years in this city, and if we could, with our own eyes, have seen the manner of your life, then the situation would be quite different. But as things are—really, let me beg you not to stir up muddy waters that have begun to settle. And what have you to gain from a restoration of your Orders? I understand that you have no intention of taking up parish work. All you want, I take it, is to preach an occasional sermon—to—er—be able to wear clerical clothes again. And yet I know—" the Bishop allowed his mouth to relax for an instant "—I know so many of our clergy who are only too

glad to be rid of their round collars occasionally. Now, myself, when I play golf——"

This was more than I could stand.

"I have not come here, Bishop," I burst out, "to talk about your golf. I don't care whether you made the second hole in two or ten——"

"Five," murmured the Bishop under his breath. It was the first really human reaction that I had got out of him.

"What I want," I hurried on, "is the authority to exercise my priesthood. I want to—to say mass again. Oh, not often—only occasionally. I want to feel that the ecclesiastical restrictions that are in force against me are removed. I want to be free as a priest to—to offer the Holy Sacrifice for the Quick and the Dead. To go once more unto the altar of God, the God of my joy and gladness."

"Most extraordinary," said the Bishop. "Really, you don't say so!"

But at last I had found my inhibited powers of speech.

"Don't you understand," I said, "what it must mean to be a man who has somehow thrown away the one thing that he loved most in the world and who can't—can't get it back? It isn't as though he'd lost it. He still has it, in a sense; but the power to use it is denied him. And to make use of just that one thing in just one way is the only one thing that his heart longs for. Once a priest, always a priest. You know that, surely. You were at the

old divinity school, weren't you? You remember —you must remember—the words on the wall of the sanctuary, *Tu es sacerdos in aeternum*—Thou art a priest forever."

The Bishop was looking at me as though I were some new and strange kind of an animal. But, at least, he was listening. I hastened on.

"You're a Christian Bishop, aren't you?" The Bishop began to stiffen; his gray beard bristled. "And forgiveness is a part of the Christian religion, I take it. The chapter about the Prodigal Son is in the Gospels still. Why can't you look on me, not as a man who once went into the far country and threw away his inheritance and who is still in the far country and must not ever be allowed to come back, but as someone who knows what a fool he has been, and who has been working his way home—working hard, I tell you, to get back to his Father's house? Are you going to lock the door and warn him off the premises, instead of going out to meet him when he is still a great way off? I don't care how far or how deeply a man or a woman has fallen; he or she can come back again. I've seen it done a hundred times —I've helped others to do it—and I'm following a good example. Our Lord consorted with sinners; he ate with them. Why, Saint Mary Magdalene was——"

Once more the Bishop raised a restraining hand.

"But that—that was a long time ago," he murmured. "And conditions change. If I, the bishop

of this diocese, should begin to consort with sinners —with the Mary Magdalenes of this, my see-city— well, the House of Bishops would have something to say about it. However, I interrupted you. I beg your pardon. And—and won't you sit down."

I did sit down, across the wide, orderly desk from the Bishop. But his unexpected, momentary kindness took a good deal of the fight out of me. I'm always like that. If people are decent to me, I can't hit them.

"I didn't mean to let myself become so emotional, my lord," said I, remembering then Doctor Claude's admonition. And he was right. The Bishop looked pleasanter at once. "But this interview with you means a lot to me. I suppose it is hard for you to get my point of view. You haven't seen much of the under side of human life. I have. You don't come much in contact with the Prodigal Sons who are living in a far country with the swine, and who don't even know it. I do. I am one of them myself. Only I know where I am. And I want to come back. You must understand that. I want to come back."

The Bishop was looking down at his folded hands. I felt that I had not reached him at all.

"If you had ever had a child of your own who had gone wrong," I added, rather hopelessly, "you would understand. Especially if that same child had—had started on the way home—and—and hadn't been helped very much by others on the long, hard road. If you——"

But I stopped short. I could scarcely believe my ears. The Bishop's head was bent down over his desk. I could not see his face. But I had heard something—a sudden, sharp catch of the breath—like a suppressed sob. The kind of noise that a man makes when you touch him unexpectedly on some open wound and he doesn't want you to know what you have done.

After a minute the Bishop looked up at me. His lips were trembling just a little; but otherwise his control was absolute.

"Forgive me, Mr. Mann," he said. And for the first time, he did not pause before pronouncing my name. "I am, as you know, perhaps, a widower. A rather lonely man. My work here in the diocese has been wife and child to me. I had—a daughter. But—but she is not living with me—at present. She is, however—pardon me for burdening you with such trivial domestic affairs—but, as a matter of fact—she—my daughter—is—on her way home."

His face was alight; he allowed himself to relax, to smile.

"And when she comes," he added, "I shall not be so—so lonely—so hard—and, I dare say—so unjust."

Then, with a sudden shake of his broad shoulders, he was his stern episcopal self again. But I had had a glimpse of something kindly underneath. He took up the sheaf of letters from his desk.

"Here is what the French would call your *dossier*," he said. "Would you care to read it? There are a

number of things in it that you might be able to explain."

"No, my lord," I answered quickly, although my fingers were itching to get at those letters, they would have made so many things clear to me. "I made up my mind long ago to enter no defense, to make no explanations. To whatever may lie there beneath your hand, I plead guilty. I will not even urge mitigating circumstances."

"Quixotic!" murmured the Bishop. "Unwise! Unworldly! Well, I will accept your plea of guilty, but as your judge, I have the right to strike it out. And now let me point out a few things to you. If you would run through these letters, you would see that you have a number of very bitter enemies, some here in this diocese. I do not know why you should have stirred up such a hornets' nest. But I do know that there are a few of those hornets that will keep on stinging you as long as they live. When your friends first wrote to me about you, a few years ago, I took the trouble to communicate with the rectors of all the parishes in which you had once worked, asking them to give me their candid opinion about you and your request for restoration. Here is a letter from your former Rector, Dr. Stevenson. If you would read——"

I waved the letter aside.

"Is he still alive?" I asked. "Still at his—his old work? No, thanks. I know just about what he would write."

"Very well, then," said the Bishop, becoming businesslike once more. "I'm sorry that I must ask you to leave me, for I'm very busy this morning. But I'm glad to have seen you, Mr. Mann. And I'll do what I can for you. But you will understand that in the matter of your restoration I must have the concurrence of the Standing Committee as well as the approval of four out of five of the bishops nearest to my diocese."

I had got up, ready to go, when someone tapped on the study door. Old Sullivan came in.

"The Reverend Simeon Moberley, sir, to keep his one o'clock appointment."

"Sullivan, tell him to wait a minute; I'm engaged; I——" But either Sullivan was getting deaf, or else the Reverend Simeon was immediately at his heels, for before either the Bishop or I could move, in came the Reverend Simeon.

And with his coming, I realized that whatever I had gained was surely lost. I had known him of old. I had noticed a letter in his clear, correct Spencerian hand among the papers of my *dossier* on the Bishop's desk.

But the Bishop was a gentleman. As Moberley came mincing in, his eyeglasses dangling from a broad black ribbon, the Bishop gave him his hand, and then, turning to me, he said,

"Dr. Moberley, you will remember Michael Mann, who was once a priest of this diocese."

Moberley had not recognized me. He had

come toward me with outstretched hand. But as the Bishop mentioned my name, the Reverend Simeon stopped dead in his tracks, like that traveler in one of the similes of the Iliad who suddenly comes across a poisonous snake in his path. He gave me one look. And then he turned his back.

But, as I have said, the Bishop was not only a gentleman, he was a determined executive also. He did not like rudeness in his subordinates, so he pretended that he did not see what Moberley had done. He went on, as though there had been no interruption.

"Mr. Mann has been consulting me in the matter of his restoration to the priesthood. As you yourself are a member of the Standing Committee, it is fortunate, perhaps, that you have come in at this time."

This was too much for the Reverend Simeon. He faced about, came toward me, and then stood staring at me, at my shabby clothes, my ragged moustache. Then his nose wrinkled up as though I were indeed a stench in his holy nostrils.

"So," he said—he always had a mean tongue—"this is what you have come to at last—the natural result of your intemperate habits."

"You mean—the booze?" I asked; for I had always reacted to Moberley in the same way. He was the thing that I most despised in this world, a ladylike man, and his presence never failed to force me into roughness, indecency, or profanity. When he was

around, I always felt impelled to declare my own masculinity, to underline it, to shock his old-maidish propriety somehow.

"Coarse as ever," he sniffed. Then he turned toward the Bishop, and waved at me with his eyeglasses on the end of their broad black ribbon. "This —this person, Bishop, is without doubt not so well known to you as he is to me. But I can assure you that as a priest—nay, even as a layman in good standing—he is quite impossible—oh, quite!"

"You are, I think, a little uncharitable, Dr. Moberley," the Bishop interposed. He was very ill at ease. I saw that the cleverest thing I could do was to withdraw at once. But I didn't. I had always got the best of the Reverend Simeon; and I wasn't going to leave him victorious on the field, even after so many years.

"Uncharitable, Bishop," Moberley protested. "Indeed, you do me wrong. You do not know—you cannot imagine—the humiliation to which this—this man once subjected me. And I was not the only one, Bishop—not the only one, I assure you. He is not—he never was—a gentleman. His mother——"

Here the Bishop interposed. But I turned to him as quietly as I could, for my blood was up now.

"Kindly let him go on, my lord," I said. "It will be interesting to see myself as he has seen me all these years. It will do me no harm. I can't think what imaginary grievance he——"

"Imaginary!" the Reverend Simeon burst out,

teetering up and down on his little feet in a spasm of ill-repressed rage. "Why, Bishop, this fellow came from the lower middle-classes."

"I did myself," murmured the Bishop. But Moberley pretended not to hear him.

"Any position that he achieved," the Reverend Simeon went on, "was due entirely to his Orders. He was not one of us, ever. But he was—ingratiating. He preached well. He was not ill-looking. And some of us took him up. Why, Bishop, I, myself, asked him to preach a series of sermons in my own church! I let him stand in my own pulpit! I——"

"Well, I preached damned well, didn't I, Moberley?"

"Sir," spluttered the Reverend Simeon, "my name is *Doctor* Moberley. Kindly remember that." Then he turned to the Bishop again. "He did have a kind of temporary success. Some of the women in my Embroidery Guild felt an interest in him. They wished, in the kindness of their hearts, to make him some gift. At their suggestion, I—with my own hands—designed a white festival stole. You know, Bishop, my pronounced taste for ecclesiastical embroidery?"

"Yes," said the Bishop; "I do. Well?"

"Alas, it was not well at all. For I did design that stole. It was presented to him by the leading lady of my Embroidery Guild. A most important and influential member of my parish at that time.

He—" Moberley pointed a shaking finger at my breast, "—he wore it! My stole! The one I had designed with my own hands! And at the same time, he was living a life of—a life of—— But words fail me utterly to describe it, Bishop; I respect your episcopal dignity."

"Oh, don't bother about that," said the Bishop.

"But I must," panted the Reverend Simeon. "I cannot, I will not offend against it by going into details—into the details of this man's iniquity. Besides, I have already given you the facts in a letter that I wrote you some time ago."

"Yes," said the Bishop. "I have your letter here."

"Then I may spare you—and myself, also. But when the scandal came, as come it must—" he waved his finger under my nose "—why, then—I—but not only I—my Embroidery Guild, also—were in a most painful position. We had—as it were—adorned an —an apostate. I was very severely criticized. Why had I allowed such a man to stand in my pulpit? Why, oh why, had I designed, with my own hands, a white festival stole to hang around his—his unregenerate neck? The Madame President of my Embroidery Guild—a most influential person, as I have said—wealthy, also, and much interested in my little church—she, in disgust, resigned. Her most sacred feelings had been outraged by this—this libertine—this carnal person—this—man whose father was an alcoholic before him, and whose mother kept a——"

He stopped for a moment, panting with ladylike rage.

I forgot the Bishop's kindness to me, I forgot that I really did not care a damn what the Reverend Simeon Moberley thought of me or of my parents. I was not angry. My anger had all gone. But I was amused and—I can think of no other word—enlightened.

Something in my face must have given Moberley pause. For he said nothing more. And for a whole minute, there was silence in the Bishop's study. Even then I might have saved the day if, with a murmured apology to the Bishop, I had quietly withdrawn. But the humorous aspect of it all struck me too keenly. So this, the white stole, was the true cause of Moberley's enmity. It was too ridiculous. And I—I—Michael Mann—had once lived and moved and felt contented in an atmosphere in which people hated one another because of an embroidered stole—because they had lost a wealthy parishioner.

I caught a glimpse of the Bishop watching me. I wonder now what he expected me to do. I am almost sure that, whatever he expected, I didn't do it. For I laughed. I threw back my head—and laughed.

Then I made the Bishop my best bow.

"My lord," said I, and for the first time since I had entered that study-office I felt absolutely at my ease, "I seem to have made a mistake. I came here in a spirit of humility and repentance, asking to be

received back again into the social group to which I once belonged, and to which, in a sense, I shall always belong until I die. But I had forgotten what that same group looked like, when not seen from a distorting distance. And so I came to you as a man who has fallen from some high estate and who begs for restoration to it. But I see now that it could never be a case of 'restoration.' In my own case, at least, it would be a deterioration, a return to a lower level."

"Bishop! Bishop!" interposed Moberley, dancing about the room, "you will not allow—you will not——"

But the Bishop, apparently a man of few words at a crisis, simply motioned him aside.

"Since I resigned my Orders, my lord," I went on, feeling that I had really begun to enjoy myself, "resigned them of my own free will, I have traveled a long road—down—and up. On my way, I have met a great many men—some bad—some good. But most of them were *men*. Occasionally—" I jerked my thumb toward the Reverend Simeon, who pretended to be looking out of the window "—one meets a hybrid—an orchid, although that word has connotations that are out of place in this connection. But hybrids—orchids—do not flourish in the atmosphere in which I have lived. And the rest of us do not associate with them intimately—for the rest of us are men. Every since I left your diocese, my lord, I have lived with men, and my own manhood has

expanded, has developed. As I stand here before you today, a deposed, an unfrocked priest——"

"Exactly," muttered the Reverend Simeon from the window. But the Bishop paid no attention to him.

"An unfrocked priest," I went on, "I know that I am more of a man—bigger—broader—and better than I could ever have been had I remained a respected member of that ecclesiastical group to which you, my lord, and that—that—person over there belong. If by any chance I were, as you call it, restored to membership in that group, I should either be stifled and unmanned by the atmosphere in which it thrives, or else I should be so ill at ease, so out of place, that I should outrage all your conventionalities and be—kicked out—unfrocked—all over again. And so, my lord, I beg to withdraw the request for restoration that I have made. But I am grateful—" I made a polite bow toward the Reverend Simeon, who was swinging his eyeglasses more and more wildly on their broad, black ribbon, "—more than grateful to you, and especially to my former colleague here, who once gave me his—approval and —a white stole. You have helped me to see clearly in a matter in which the distorted memories of the past had clouded my judgment. You see, my lord," I added, with rather a twisted smile, "I saw the cornerstone of your Cathedral laid. I sang in the choir, as an impressionable boy, for years. The Precentor was my friend. Old Bishop Thorpe, your

predecessor, was very kind to me. Ah, there were giants on the earth—or in the church—in those days. At least, I used to think so."

I took up my hat and started toward the door. But the Bishop called me back.

"Mr. Mann," he said. There was a new note in his voice, as though he were secretly pleased, and rather amused. "No matter how far down—or up—you may have been, during your absence from this diocese, you have not, I am sure, forgotten your manners. You have neglected to take your leave of me."

I blushed up to the ears. He was right. I had been childishly, insufferably rude. I turned back. And to my surprise, I saw that the Bishop was holding out his hand. I couldn't speak; something choked me.

"I have heard," the Bishop said, as I took his outstretched hand, "what you have said about withdrawing the request that you had made to me for a restoration of your Orders. As your ecclesiastical judge in such matters, I strike out your withdrawal. And the plea of guilty that you made to certain—er—certain accusations," he glanced at Moberley's back with a grim smile, "that I shall strike out also. Good morning."

He was still holding my hand in his; and I bent my head and kissed his episcopal ring. As I did so, I felt on my hair the touch of his left hand. He had blessed me—me—Michael Mann!

Somehow, I stumbled downstairs, to find old Sullivan waiting to open the front door for me. He looked at me wistfully. I knew that he had something to say, but that he was too well-trained a servant to begin without some word from me.

So, having shaken hands with the Bishop, I felt that I might shake hands with his butler also. I was glad to have seen him, I said; I had met with so few familiar faces in my old home town.

"My best respects, Mr. Mann," Sullivan answered. "Yes, most everybody in this place that you and me used to know is dead. And you've changed, yourself, sir, if you don't mind my saying so. 'T isn't because you're on your holiday and ain't got on your round collar nor black clothes, either. But I'm hoping that you're coming back to us. Are you?" Then, as I hesitated, he added, "Not that there's much to come back to, these days, anyhow."

"Oh, the days are all right," I said. For I could not decently discuss the Bishop with his butler, although in the old times Sullivan had been so intimate with all the Cathedral clergy that we used to consult him for "underground information." "It's we who have changed, and not for the better, maybe."

The old man nodded. He seemed unwilling to let me go.

" 'T's right you are, Mr. Michael," he sighed. "The pains in me back, the sciaticky, gets worse on me the whole time. I'm thinking it might be a

judgment on me—for drifting away from the Old Church, just because Bishop Thorpe—God rest his soul!—took me off the box of his carriage and put me in that grand silk gown to carry the silver wand in front of him in the Cathedral. Sure, Father Kelly warned me at the time. No good would come, he said, of my fooling with heretics. You'll forgive the word, Mr. Michael. But I'm an old man now. I've got my place here with the Bishop. And he's a kind master—even though he ain't the great man that the old one was."

He stood gazing at me with his watery old eyes. Then, with one of those abrupt readjustments of my mind that have always been the curse of my life, I realized, for the first time, what I had really done that morning, in the Bishop's study.

"Sullivan," I said, "take my advice and go back to the church you were born in, no matter what it costs. You see, Sullivan, churches are like cheese—don't look so surprised—I mean what I say. You get used to one kind of cheese—it may be a kind that is an abomination in the nostrils of other people—but *you* like it, and no other cheese, no matter how expensive or rare, ever tastes quite so good. So, if you were born a Roman Catholic, an Anglican, or some kind of a Protestant, and if your church has ever really meant anything to you—if in it you've ever come really near to the big things of life—near to God—why, then, that's your cheese—I mean, your church, as long as you live. You may change over to some

other, but you'll never belong there. It will never taste right to you. And sooner or later, you'll get sick on it and of it, until you go back to the church —or the cheese—that you became accustomed to in the early years of your life. So you go back. And tell Father Kelly, if he's still alive, that he was right—dead right."

"Sure, you haven't got to be a Roman Catholic yourself, Mr. Michael?" the old man asked eagerly.

I shook my head.

"Not yet and not ever, Sullivan," I said. "I've suddenly realized that, like yourself, I'm fond of only one kind of cheese. That I can't stand even the smell of any other. And that I've gone and chucked away the only piece I had left. Besides, I'll never get any more. No one will sell or even give me any. The cheese might agree with me all right, but I'm told that I wouldn't agree with the cheese."

"Sure, Mr. Michael, you were always one for your joke. Well, I'll be going. I hear the Bishop's bell."

So I went down the steps of "Bishopsthorpe." Across the way was the familiar façade of the Cathedral. That hadn't changed. And as I glanced down a side street, I got a glimpse of the low door, beneath the north transept—the door to the choir-room, through which I had once watched the boys pass to rehearsal—the boys that I had so greatly envied. But into the Cathedral, I did not go. I would keep at least one of my old memories unsullied and unchanged.

That same afternoon I left the city. Except for old Sullivan and the Reverend Simeon, I had met no one who remembered me. The life that I had once lived here was dead.

I might have found some old friends, perhaps, had I tried to find them. But I had finished what I had come for. I had made a hideous, foolish mess of the whole thing.

With what happy expectancy I had left the train that same morning! How carefully I had planned my interview with the Bishop! How sure I had been that, through him, I might win my way back into the life that I had once known here—the life that I loved, the life of a priest! And now, because I had been touchy, because I had not been willing to humble myself before Moberley, who loved a repentant sinner if he were only humble enough, I had closed the door on which I had knocked so eagerly—closed it in my own face forever.

And the worst of it all was that I knew that what I had said to Moberley and the Bishop had been a lie. I might say that I despised them and their kind, but in my heart of hearts I envied them still, longed to be accepted by them, so that I might be an outcast of my order no longer. But now I could never get back. With Moberley a member of the Standing Committee of the diocese, never! I had, as usual, been my own worst enemy; had played directly into my enemies' hands.

As the train carried me away, I had just one

comfort. The remembrance of the touch of the Bishop's hand on my head as I had bent to kiss his ring.

Here ends the last scrap of writing in Mann's old diary. How I wish that in those parts of this history that must come from my own pen I had the direct, simple power of description that was as evident in his writing as in his life!

After Mann's return from his visit to his former home, he was very reticent. I got from him only a general statement that his interview with the Bishop had been unsatisfactory. So I wrote to the Bishop myself. I was not afraid of bishops, having been familiar with them from childhood. And in reply I received a very courteous letter. He was deeply interested, so the Bishop wrote, in Mr. Mann's case. But I must not expect too much. I could not realize how acute some of the antagonism toward him still was, how difficult to counteract. In so many matters a bishop's hands were tied. But if Mann would be patient, if he would wait until his most bitter opponents had been removed, then he, the Bishop, if he were still in the diocese, would do what he could. Until then, it was better to let sleeping dogs lie. And he, the Bishop, begged to remain, "yours very faithfully in Christ." In other words, until the people who hated Mann were dead, there was no hope of restoration, or of forgiveness. His enemies could not forgive him, apparently, until they had

entered the other world and had seen what an unchristian lot they had been.

So there the matter rested. And yet I know that Mann never gave up hope. Perhaps he expected that God would destroy all his enemies in a night, as He destroyed the hosts of Sennacherib outside the walls of Jerusalem. If he did, his expectations were, unfortunately for him—and for the Church—never fulfilled.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM

In matters ecclesiastical, I have dealt thus far with the reaction of the church authorities to my friend, Michael Mann. But since he never came into contact with anyone or anything without, in some strange way, altering or readjusting it, I must say something about the way in which he himself reacted to the Church and to its present unhappy and manifold divisions.

First, however, I may as well confess here the secret attempt that I made to entice him away from that particular division in which he had been born. If he wanted so much to be a priest and to say mass, and if the priesthood of his own particular communion were closed to him, why, after all, there were plenty of other priests in the world besides those Anglican ministers who called themselves such. Remember, Mann had once been my patient, a mental patient. I never got away from a feeling of responsibility toward him. I wanted to keep him emotionally stable and mentally clear; and so, as far as was possible, I wanted him to have the one thing that he seemed to need in order to achieve stability and the well-balanced existence that is

possible only when a man's whole being finds an adequate outlet in his work and his play.

I was very crafty. I got hold of Dr. Swayne. I persuaded him to give me a letter of introduction to his uncle, the Roman Catholic Archbishop. Armed with this, I sought out His Grace, and I found a very courteous, very cultivated Irishman of about forty-five, who listened very patiently to what I had to say, while I smoked one of his most excellent Egyptian cigarettes.

"There would be no trouble about the matter at all," said His Grace, pushing the box of cigarettes nearer my elbow. "In Canon Law there are certain impediments to ordination. One of them is the *Impedimentum Infamiæ*. A man who has lived a notoriously infamous life, who has, for example, just come out of prison, would not be a fit candidate for Holy Orders. But nowadays, one does not take all this *sensu stricto*. If a man has given up his infamous life, he is no longer infamous."

He pushed a button in the wall beside him. "You'll have some tea, won't you?" he asked; "or a drink of something stronger, perhaps. I've got a bottle here that that unregenerate nephew of mine sent me for Christmas."

I chose the tea. A very neat man-servant brought in a little tea-table, lighted the lamp under the brass kettle, mended the fire, and noiselessly withdrew.

"Now, as to your friend—" His Grace went on, "—do you take milk or lemon?—lemon—and no

sugar?—ah, I see you appreciate what tea may really mean—ask your friend to come and see me. He is something of a scholar, you say; knows Latin and a little Greek. All the better. Of course, he'll have to enter our seminary for a while. But I could give him Minor Orders almost at once—and if he did well, the Diaconate at the end of a year. In another year I could priest him."

Then we talked about Italy; not, thank God, about Rome or Florence, but about Perugia and Assisi, and the sleepy, sad hill towns of Umbria. The Archbishop knew them even better than I did.

I came away walking on air. That was the kind of a prelate for me. Why couldn't we have bishops like that in the Church of England? Indeed, I was so pleased with myself, that immediately after my dinner at the Club I walked across town to Refuge.

Mann happened to be alone. He was reading his Homer, one of the two books that he knew almost by heart. So I sat down beside him and told him what I had done. When would he go and see my friend, the Archbishop?

Mann looked me up and he looked me down. I didn't like the way he did it. It took all the satisfaction out of me at once.

"Me—a Roman priest!" he said, after a moment's silence. "But, Doctor, will you never understand? I am a priest already. To be ordained over again would be a sacrilege. A sin beyond forgiveness.

Far—far worse than anything I ever did even in my most unregenerate days."

"But," I persisted, "lots of our clergy have become Roman priests—even cardinals. Look at Newman, and Manning, and——"

"Don't talk nonsense," he interposed. "Those men lost their faith in their English Orders, in their own English Church. Thank God, I have my faith still. Don't ever mention the subject to me again."

So that was the end of that. And yet not quite. For if I did Mann no good, at least I found a friend for myself. This very summer I am expecting to meet His Grace, the Archbishop, at Assisi. But if I am ever to get there, I must make haste and finish this history, for it must be done before I sail.

From what I have written in previous chapters I would not have anyone imagine that Mann had no friends of his own cloth. He had a number, and some of them were very peculiar and interesting indeed. There were three that I remember especially. Kohler, the Methodist preacher; Strabinski, the Polish priest of the Slavonic Rite; and Father Enfield, the Roman Catholic. And I am sure that if Kohler had been a Methodist bishop, if Strabinski had been the head of the Slavonic church, if Enfield had been Pope of Rome, and Mann Archbishop of Canterbury, the Unity of Christendom would soon have been an established fact.

People talk about the insurmountable difficulties that make it impossible to restore the Seamless Robe

of Christ, to mend the rents that ambitious men have made in it, until Christ's Bride, His Church, goes about the world in tatters. Just the same, if these four men that I have just mentioned could, by some magic, have been suddenly placed in the high places of Christendom, they would very soon have worked out for themselves and for others the Unity and the Peace that the world needs so badly. They worked it out *in parvo* in Refuge—in that funny, tiny church of Mann's. They might have worked it out on an infinitely larger canvas; for they understood one another, made allowances for one another, emphasizing the things in which they agreed and turning their backs on anything that might be a subject of controversy or misunderstanding.

They all had one thing in common, which, however, was seldom mentioned; each had either been or still was out of favor with his ecclesiastical superiors. I do not mean that they were uneasy in their particular Zions, that they were unruly rebels. Far from it. They all had a deep respect for authority. But each of them had got into trouble because he was either too manly or too simply childlike to hide his misdoings successfully. They were men whose masculinity had not been able to force itself into the ecclesiastical mold into which their brethren slipped so easily and found so comfortable, without an occasional outbreak.

One word applies to all of them, a word that I have already often used or misused in connection

with Mann himself. They were not, in the sight of their superiors, "respectable."

Kohler, the Methodist preacher, a powerful, upstanding blonde giant with a silky moustache, was like King David; women had been the cause of all his troubles. But there had been more than one Bathsheba, I am afraid. He had had a big church in the Middle West, from which he had departed, overnight—and not alone. When Mann first met him, in the reading-room of the Friendly Inn—where a man who still disdained the ordinary filthy "flop-house" of the river-front could buy bed and breakfast for a quarter—Kohler had got rid of his traveling companion, who had gone back, repentant, to her complacent husband. He was discovering how difficult it is for a man to earn his bread by the work of his hands when he has, in the past, earned it by the words of his mouth. Mann had found him some sort of a job. But what was infinitely more important, he had made Kohler get into touch with the local Methodist bishop, had persuaded him to tell the bishop his whole story, and to ask for some Sunday duty in any country church near by that had no preacher. Kohler was given a chance. The Methodists are more Christian and forgiving—perhaps less respectable—than other sects or communions that I might mention.

But Mann, who often had Kohler to supper with him at Refuge, gave this help on one condition. Kohler, on certain week days and on all his free Sun-

days, was to take part in the services at Refuge. Not as an officiant—he was a layman—had never received episcopal ordination. But he was assigned a special place on the front bench in the little church, and was taught to find his way through the intricacies of the Book of Common Prayer, as well as to admire the English in which it was written. Occasionally, on Feast Days, Mann would allow him to read the Lessons—that a layman might do. But Kohler still remained a Methodist. Mann never tried to "convert" him. Although Kohler once said to me, "If Brother Mann were a bishop, I'd be glad to let him lay his hands on me and make me a priest or any darn thing he wanted."

Strabinski—that was as near as I ever came to pronouncing his name—was some kind of a Slavonic priest, whose church was either an independent national one or else loosely connected with the Roman obedience. I only know that he and Father Enfield were always fighting about the dogma of Papal Infallibility. However that may be, Strabinski had had a church among the many Slavonic laborers who worked in the mines some fifty miles to the north of our city. He had had an assistant, a priest from some other part of Poland, whose tenets and doings were to Strabinski *anathema maranatha.* Finally, the two priests had come to blows—in the church itself—during mass. And there had been a hideous scandal. For Strabinski's weakness was temper; wild, red, devilish rage, that would flare out

now and then with the most disastrous results. He had pounded his howling assistant almost to a jelly on the very steps of the sanctuary. And a few days later, the majority of his congregation, which sided with the bandaged and bruised assistant, had invaded the Presbytery, had kicked Strabinski down the stairs, and thrown his belongings after him. Strabinski made the mistake of appealing to his Bishop. And that prelate, after having investigated Strabinski's administration of the parish, promptly upheld the cause of his assistant, made him rector of the church, and turned poor Strabinski loose and almost penniless on the street.

Mann first heard of Strabinski through some Poles in one of his citizenship classes. Having given him lurid descriptions of their former rector's delinquencies, they were greatly astonished, and not a little scandalized, to have their revered teacher, Mr. Mann, ask one of them to hunt up the dispossessed priest and bring him to Refuge. When, after some time had elapsed, Mann finally got in touch with Strabanski, the despondent, temperamental Pole was nearly ready to jump into the river and appeal against the judgment of his Bishop at the highest ecclesiastical tribunal of all. For he felt his disgrace keenly. He would beat his breast and bemoan his accursed temper. Moreover—for he was a deeply religious man—he grieved unceasingly because now he had no altar of his own, and because, fearing the Bishop's wrath, no Polish priest in the

neighborhood would let him officiate in a Polish church.

But Mann found for Strabinski both a church and an altar. I often wonder what it must have cost Mann to place at the disposal of this wild-eyed, long-haired, swarthy Slav the little altar at Refuge, which he had built with his own hands, and had dusted and arranged for so many years, always in the hope that he himself would be the first priest to minister there. And yet, without a murmur, he turned the precious place over to Strabinski and to one of his own Polish pupils, who removed his precious Cross and candlesticks, to put up tawdry ornaments of their own. Every Sunday, for months, until Strabinski was reconciled to his Bishop and got another parish, the whitewashed walls of the little church at Refuge echoed to the rumbling words of the ancient Slavonic liturgy. Mann would kneel in the front bench, side by side with Kohler, the Methodist, while Strabinski said his mass, served by one of Mann's Polish pupils. After they had finished, Mann would put back on the altar his own precious ornaments, Reginald would light the two candles, and Mann would say Morning Prayer.

Finally, there was Father Enfield. To me he was the most sympathetic of Mann's "Church Unity bunch," as I irreverently called it. He was a little, duodecimo edition of a Roman Catholic priest; very particular about his dress, a witty, delightful talker, and—I might as well say it—a disciple of Omar.

But to him, the "jug of wine" was much more important than the "loaf of bread." He would have been glad, too, of "a book of verses." But for "thou beside me singing in the wilderness," he had no use at all. Had he been a layman, people would have called him "a fine little old sport." He loved horses. Occasionally—and more openly than was wise—he "played the races." And to get his coat off and sit down to a game of poker, with a hot gin at his elbow, that was his ideal of perfect earthly happiness. He was the only Roman priest I ever knew who refused to wear a round collar and to dress in black. He preferred dark gray clothes, very well cut, with a gray waistcoat that buttoned up to a high, stand-up collar. He had, I think, a little money of his own. Otherwise, he could not have lived as he did, as the pastor of a tumbledown church in the very poorest part of our city. But I was told that his people loved him; that he did a great deal of good in a quiet way, for which he got no credit with his superiors.

How he and Mann first met, I never knew. For a time, he was the most brilliant, the most prosperous figure among the little group that foregathered in Mann's room at Refuge. He used to roll up to the door in a large, shiny, motor-car, with a fat cigar sticking out of the corner of his mouth.

But he, too, fell on evil days. And in those days, he turned for help, as so many had turned before him, to Michael Mann. The trouble all came through that same shiny motor-car. For one night,

after Enfield had been playing poker at the house of some friend, he undertook to drive one of his companions home, and drove him up onto the sidewalk and into a lamp-post instead. There was a tremendous smash-up. When Enfield had been extracted from the wreckage, the policeman who pulled him out smelled his breath, and walked him off to the nearest police station. His face was bleeding; he was rather dazed. He probably looked a great deal more intoxicated than he really was. But that wasn't the worst. Had he been in the usual clerical black, with a round Roman collar, the Night Sergeant, McKeon, a devout Catholic, would have "fixed things" somehow. But McKeon did not know Enfield by sight. He thought he was some "Protestant minister," and he grinned at this opportunity of "seeing the boozy heretic get what was coming to him."

And poor Enfield got it. He was locked up all night in a cell. Arraigned next morning before the Magistrate, he was unable—unwilling, perhaps—to give a fictitious name. Two reporters recognized him. He was charged with "reckless driving of a motor vehicle while under the influence of liquor," and held for trial before the traffic court.

Of course, the whole story got into the newspapers, and it was tremendously exaggerated. And, of course, the Roman Archbishop, sympathetic and broad-minded man of the world though he was, had to do something. All the conservative, stick-in-the-

mud clergy, who had for years been offended and scandalized by Enfield's worldly habits, were howling for blood.

The Enfield whom I met at Mann's supper table on the Sunday following his trial was no longer the chipper, jolly, contented, somewhat worldly little ecclesiastic that I had known. The shiny car in which he had used to roll up to our humble door was smashed to bits—and its owner was smashed too. For the archbishop—he had really been very lenient, and had not satisfied the howl for blood at all—had, for an indefinite period, suspended Enfield *a divinis*. This meant that although Enfield remained a priest, so long as the sentence was not reversed, he was a priest without a cure—a priest who might not exercise his priesthood. He could perform no marriage, anoint no sick person, hear no confessions—and he could say no mass.

Enfield was sick, physically sick, with the disgrace of the whole thing. He had had to move out of his comfortable, old-fashioned presbytery, where he used to give such good dinners; had to see another priest take his place at his altar, among his people, while he himself lived in a single room in a boarding-house, not daring to try to distract his thoughts by touching a playing-card, afraid to associate with any of his old "sporty" friends, afraid even to take a drink, lest he should meet some enemy who would get a whiff of his breath and rush off to the Archbishop with the story that "Enfield was drunk

again." He had, as the canonical phrase goes, "laudibly submitted himself" (*laudabiliter se subjecit*) to the Archbishop's sentence of temporary deprivation. But he knew that it would be months—years, perhaps—before he could win his way back and have the sentence revoked. Fortunately, he had a little money; he would not starve.

But he, too, like all the others, was a really religious man. More than all else, he felt the *suspensio a divinis,* that kept him from saying his daily mass. When a man has gone through a certain ceremony, religious or otherwise, every day of his life, for twenty odd years, he will feel as though he had lost an arm or a leg if he is suddenly forbidden to go through with it any more. Mann understood this, as few other men could have done, and he took Enfield in hand. First, he got him occupied; found him a positition teaching Latin in a boys' private school. Then, through Dr. Swayne, I imagine, he got hold of a properly consecrated Roman Catholic "altar-stone"—a square of marble with a cross cut in the center and at each corner, which, when let into or placed upon any wooden table, turns that table into an altar, upon which the Holy Sacrifice may be offered. With his own hands Mann took out the little stone slab that he had let into the top of his altar at Refuge and set the other "stone" in its place. He wanted to make his friend, Enfield, as comfortable as possible.

I have often thought that His Grace the Roman

Archbishop must have known something about the whole business; must have guessed or heard, somehow, that Enfield was flagrantly disregarding his archiepiscopal sentence. It would have been like Swayne to tell him and then make him promise to keep quiet. For Swayne was at Refuge often enough.

And so, during the period of Enfield's suspension —it lasted a year—there were services held at Refuge such as have never before been held anywhere. I believe that at Rome, in the Church of San Andrea della Valle, one may hear, during the Octave of the Epiphany, every single liturgy—Greek, Coptic, Latin—that is in use anywhere within the Roman obedience throughout the world. But here, at Refuge, we had something still more unusual. We had, in a figurative sense, a reunited Christendom.

On Sundays, at seven o'clock, Strabinski would say his Slavonic mass, served by a Polish youth. And in the church behind him knelt Enfield, Mann, and Kohler. At eight, Mann would rearrange the altar and help Enfield to vest himself in a sort of scratch set of mass vestments, part belonging to Enfield himself, part bought on the sly. The stole was violet, the maniple green; and the only chasuble they had was a red one. But they did the best they could. Then, at Mann's little altar, Enfield would say his Roman mass, Mann serving him, himself. I know of no act in Mann's life that could have cost him more. Yet he did it. He was, he told me

once, not serving Enfield's mass; he was serving at His Master's earthly throne.

And when Enfield had finished, and was unvested, then—every Sunday—came for my poor friend the hour of heartache and suffering. For after the Slavonic liturgy, after the Latin mass, should have come the English mass, the liturgy of the Church of England, said by a priest whose orders ran back in unbroken succession to Saint Augustine himself. The priest was there. And yet the mass might not be said—the sacrifice might not be offered. For Mann had even a greater respect for episcopal authority than the Roman Enfield, who would say his mass, bishop or no bishop. Mann would not minister at the altar that he had built until he could stand there free of all censure, accepted, and restored.

So, instead of doing what he longed to do, Mann would put on his worn old cassock and darned surplice, and, after Reginald had gone through the ceremony of lighting the two altar lights, would read Morning Prayer. And Kohler, at the proper moment, would come forward from the bench, where he knelt beside Strabinski and Enfield, and read the lessons for the day.

Then they would all go into Mann's living-room and have breakfast together.

Ah, those strange Sunday morning breakfasts! What good fun they were! And how interesting! Nancy Littleton had been busy while we had been in church. The breakfast was ready on the gas

stove, and Reginald served us with majesty and a friendly grin. In my time I have heard good talk, but never any better than I used to hear of a Sunday morning at Mann's table, when the representatives of a divided Christendom ate happily at the same board, after they had worshiped at the same altar.

At the beginning of this chapter I said that if Enfield had been Pope, if Mann had been Archbishop of Canterbury, and if Kohler and Strabinski had—but what is the use of such imaginings? Enfield will never sit in St. Peter's Chair, nor any man like him. Neither will any of the others attain to any position of influence in this world. And so Christendom will go on, as it has gone on since the Great Schism, and since the Reformation—divided—weakened—respectable.

CHAPTER XIX

THE TOP OF OUR BENT

As I LOOK back on it, the year after the war seems to have marked the acme of my friendship with Michael Mann. In no other year did our lives move forward so peacefully, so successfully. My own psychiatric practice—thanks to Mann's help in handling difficult cases—was increasing. In the courts—again, thanks to Mann—I had acquired a reputation that delighted me, even though I knew that I did not deserve it.

In such ways, and in a hundred others, Refuge and its master had gradually become rather well known, at least around the hospital. Among the very poor, who lived in the tumbledown section of the city that lay just below the hospital, on the slope of the hill that led up to it, Mann was now a distinguished personage. And it was a proud day for him when the political leader of the district called on him officially, during a municipal election when uneasy, socialistic elements were disturbing the traditional allegiance of many men who owned nothing but the clothes on their backs—and their vote. Mann, as I have said elsewhere, was an Aristotelian, a scholastic, a believer in authority and organization, and

he backed up the ward leader so cleverly that that worthy public servant told me that "Mr. Mann would make a better boss than I've ever been, if he would only give his mind to it." At the same time, through his influence with this same politician, Mann was able to do infinitely more for the people who lived near Refuge than if he had thrown in his lot with the rebellious and the dissatisfied.

Among the physicians and nurses at the hospital Mann created a certain amount of amused interest, because he was, in a sense, one of "our own products." He had been "a patient of ours." And we felt that, had it not been for our ministrations, he could never have stood up under the routine work and unusual responsibilities that he seemed to bear without a sign of breaking. And his body, perhaps, would not have broken, if his old enemies had not succeeded in breaking his heart. However, he did enjoy at least one year of acknowledged success. The simple Sunday services at Refuge became one of our local institutions. Nurses, a very occasional interne or two, patients not yet discharged but able to leave the wards, with a smattering of poor people from his district, made up his peculiar congregation. During that last year, availing himself of the regulation which permits a lay-reader to read to his congregation "a sermon by some reputable divine," Mann worked his way through several volumes of Cardinal Newman's *Parochial and Plain Sermons,* which, if dull, were written in such simple, well-

balanced English that they soothed his hearers even if they did not reach their understanding. Yet this Sunday sermon was to him a very grievous burden. "If I could only talk to the people myself," he used to say. "If I could only preach myself! I've got such a lot that I want to say. For years, I've had in my mind the sermon that I am going to preach —after I have been restored and have said my first mass. It's a sermon on the last verse of the Twenty-third Psalm."

Gladly would I exchange all of Newman's *Parochial and Plain Sermons* for that one sermon of Mann's, the sermon that he carried in his heart for so many years, and that was never preached at all.

But if the poor and the hospital approved of Refuge, our immediate ecclesiastical superiors came, in a guarded way, to approve of it also. My friend, the Archdeacon, visited the little church several times, and preached there. He even urged Mann to let him, the Archdeacon, send a priest to Refuge, once a month, to celebrate the Holy Eucharist, as he called it, so that Mann's people might be able to make their communions in their own church. But Mann evaded the suggestion. I knew why. The Archdeacon knew also. Therefore, he did not press his wishes. For it was Mann's dream to be the first priest of his church to minister at that tiny altar of his, and to give Communion to his people with his own hands. He himself always made his Communion on Sunday mornings, at the six o'clock mass at the church across town, in the parish in which

he had been now, for years, enrolled as a "communicant in good standing." The rector of this church, to whom I had first introduced him, was his confessor and spiritual adviser. Of course this part of Mann's life was hidden from me. I knew him only at Refuge, and his life there was merely a small part of his many activities. His work at the Federal Court and at the school where he taught four evenings each week was also quite out of my line of vision.

Even the Bishop of our diocese heard about Refuge. And one day, during this last year of which I am writing, he sent for Mann. Mann came back from this interview, beaming and confident. The Bishop had been most appreciative. But better than all appreciation had been his assurance that "he would assist Mann in his desire for restoration to his Orders in so far as he might without interfering in the ecclesiastical affairs of a brother bishop's diocese."

That was the first time since our night expedition into the country to catch young Bentley that I heard Mann whistle. And Reginald told me a few days later, with a delighted grin, that "the master 'as begun to whistle all over the place—'ymns mostly. It do liven up the place a bit."

But as I look back on that last year, it seems to me that my friend touched one moment of real greatness, and showed, then, a spirit more closely akin to the spirit of his Lord and Master than in any other action of his whole life.

Neither Mann nor I were inveterate readers of newspapers, and so we missed the beginning of a church upheaval in a distant diocese, involving such important personages that some notice of it had appeared even in our own local press. In an early chapter of this history I described my first glimpse of Mann, long before I knew him personally, and while he was standing in the witness-box in a court of law. I mentioned also that, at the time, I was staying with the Bishop of that diocese, who had once been a friend of my father's. Now this same Bishop still wrote to me occasionally. And in a letter from him which I received toward the end of Mann's last year at Refuge, I found a long newspaper clipping. A name, a somewhat familiar name, caught my eye in the title of this newspaper article, the name of Dr. Stevenson, Rector of St. Simon's Church. And as I read on, through the whole nasty mess of scandal and jealousy and recrimination, I remembered vividly the dignified, handsome man who bore that name; the man whom I had seen staring up at my friend, Michael Mann, as he stood hesitating on the witness-stand so many years ago.

There is no need to go into all the details that were given in the newspaper with such malicious gusto. Briefly, it was the story of a church vestry, two members of which were bitter but helpless opponents of their rector. After years of waiting, these two had finally discovered—or created—the thing—or the things—they sought for, discovered or cre-

ated them in such devious, questionable ways that one felt little sympathy with them in their ultimate success. For they had succeeded, and their Rector was a discredited, a broken man.

My first reaction to all this was one of satisfaction. Although Mann himself had never spoken unkindly about Stevenson or his church, although I had never told him of my first glimpse of him at that trial so long ago, yet I felt intuitively that this Stevenson had not treated him fairly. Of course, at this time I had never seen Mann's old diary; I did not know or even suspect what I think I know now.

So, putting the clipping in my pocket, I hurried off to Refuge. It was a little before five. Mann had not come home yet, and I waited for him. He came in, whistling "Jerusalem the Golden." Without a word of explanation, I put the clipping into his hands. Still whistling between his teeth, he went to the window, where the light was better. Gradually his whistling stopped.

Then, slowly, and carefully, he began to tear the clipping into small pieces. He tossed them into the stove, and stood watching until every scrap was burned. Still without a word to me, he sat down at his table, got out pen and paper and began to write. Looking over his shoulder, I saw him address an envelope to "The Reverend Cyril Stevenson, D.D." He wrote rapidly for about five minutes. As he began to fold the sheet, I held out my hand.

"Would you mind," I asked, diffidently, "showing me what you've written? You see, I knew Stevenson slightly, and I know his Bishop very well indeed."

Mann turned toward me in sudden excitement.

"Oh, do you?" he said. "What luck! You're always having such useful friends! Here, come and sit down and write to that Bishop. Tell him—tell him not to be too hard—on the old fellow. He's not young enough, you know, to start all over again. Ask the bishop to let him keep his orders—not to depose him. That wouldn't do any good. Hurry up, now—we may not be in time."

I wrote. I had to write. I don't know whether my letter did any good. Neither Mann nor I ever alluded to the matter again. But so far as I can remember it, this is the letter that Mann wrote to his former rector and his bitterest enemy:

Reverend and Dear Doctor Stevenson:—

I have only this moment heard of the difficulties in which you are involved. I regret very much to say that my first reaction was one of malicious joy. But I am very much ashamed of myself for having, even for a moment, reacted in this way, and I beg your pardon. I know all that you are going through. I can't tell you how sorry I am, and how I wish that I could help you. Only one word of advice, if I may be allowed to offer it. Don't resign your Orders. Don't become a Methodist or a Roman Catholic. Stay where you are and fight it out like a man. If there is anything that I can ever do to be of assistance to you, please remember that I am, as I have always been,

Faithfully your friend,

Michael Mann

PART THREE

Victor

CHAPTER XX

DISAPPOINTMENT

And now, I begin to touch upon the last few months of that last year; and my heart fails me more than a little. If I could, I should like to write *Finis* to this history, here and now. But if I did so, I should invalidate my reason for ever beginning it at all. I have still a week before my ship sails. I ought to be able, in that time, to write the few chapters that remain.

During Mann's last year at Refuge there must have been some signs of what was coming, had I had sense enough to see them. But he never spoke about himself, and I paid little attention to Reginald's tales of "pains and indigestion that keep the master awake at night." I ought to have noticed that Mann was losing weight. He had, however, never been heavy; and I never saw him stripped. Not until—— Well, I must not let my mind dwell on that now.

But if there were signs or symptoms, they were covered up by Mann's unusual happiness. And, looking back, I rejoice to think that he did have a few weeks in which he was supremely content.

The climax of his happiness came about in this way.

Toward the end of May the Archdeacon called me on the telephone at my office in the anatomical building—a very unusual thing. He apologized for interrupting my work, but he held in his hand, he said, a letter that he had received that morning, a letter from the Bishop of Mann's old diocese, the Bishop with whom Mann had had that unfortunate interview that he described on the last pages of his old diary.

"It seems," said the Archdeacon's voice over the telephone, "that there has been a change of heart toward your friend among his former associates. His enemies have apparently seen a light. The Bishop writes that he is ready to restore Mr. Mann to his Orders. That he will do so, in fact, with the consent of four out of five of the nearest bishops —a consent that is usually given for the asking—as soon as the Standing Committee of the Diocese has passed favorably upon the matter. I take it that Mr. Mann will be asked to appear before the Standing Committee before they take any action, so that he can lay before them the papers that you have already submitted to me, certifying to Mr. Mann's life and work in this diocese during the past four or five years. I shall prepare a similar paper myself. Perhaps you will ask Mr. Mann to communicate with me. He has no telephone at his rooms, and so I could not reach him."

I could scarcely wait until I got through my afternoon dissecting. Never did my unfortunate stu-

dents seem so dull or so uninteresting. However, at last, I was on my way to Refuge.

I don't know what I expected Mann to do when he heard what I had to say. He listened quietly. Made me repeat twice the Archdeacon's message. Then, without another word, he got up, went into the little church, and knelt down in his favorite place, at the very back, behind the last bench of all. I sat in his living-room, waiting—and waiting. Finally, Reginald, who had just come in, touched me on the shoulder.

"You'd better go 'ome, doctor," he whispered. "When the master gets them praying fits on him, he'll be at it for hours and hours."

So I left my friend, on his knees, giving thanks.

The next few weeks were full of happy preparations. There were frequent visits to be made to the Archdeacon's office; there were papers to be prepared—for Mann got everyone under heaven that he knew in town to write a letter for him or to sign a paper testifying to his "valuable work in the community." But besides this, he had to get together a set of eucharistic vestments, so that he might be properly habited for his first mass. The rector of his parish church helped him in this. And then we wrote also to the chairman of the Standing Committee in Mann's old diocese, asking when the next meeting of the Committee was to be held, so that Mann might be present to plead his own cause and exhibit his papers. We received no answer to this

last letter. Evidently the chairman was out of town. But we did not worry about that.

Finally, nothing would satisfy Mann but that he should "make a retreat" of three days. As a young man, before his ordination to the diaconate and to the priesthood, he had "made a retreat." Surely, he ought to do the same thing now. So he got a week's leave of absence from his court work, and withdrew from our sight for three days, living at the Clergy House of his parish church and making his retreat and what he called his "general confession" to the rector, who, while little by little he had grown to trust and respect Mann, had never really liked my friend, for he was the rector of an old, conservative parish and was much too respectable.

Only one thing Mann would not do. He believed, violently, as he believed most unimportant details, that a priest should be clean shaven. But he would not take off his own ragged brown moustache.

"Cutting the hair has always been associated with a propitiation of the gods, or a dedication to them," he said. "My moustache must be the very last thing to go. To shave it before I am actually and safely restored to my Orders would be to invite Nemesis."

This was his rationalization of his action. But the true reason was that at the back of his mind he still feared some disappointment. Feared it in spite of everything. And yet, during these weeks he not only whistled, he sang. Sang in that rough,

untrained baritone of his, out of sheer irrepressible happiness.

Ah, if I had only known as I know now what had taken place during Mann's interview with the Bishop of his old diocese and the Reverend Simeon Moberley, I should not have been so blind. I should have guessed that there could never be any forgiveness for what Mann had said during that hour in the Bishop's study. But Mann believed that his old enemy had had a change of heart.

And so, the Bishop and his Standing Committee —doubtless, without intending it—dealt my unfortunate friend a blow from which he never recovered.

Now, at this late day, I understand how it all happened. At the time, however, I did the Bishop of Mann's former diocese a grave injustice. During the past years of my friendship with Mann, I had been telling his story to every clerical acquaintance that I met, to every layman who I thought might have some influence in Mann's former diocese. And these people, at my suggestion, had been badgering the Bishop to restore Mann to his Orders. I supposed, therefore, that that prelate felt that it would be good ecclesiastical politics to shift to others the onus of constant refusal. And these others would naturally be the Standing Committee, a committee of priests and laymen elected every few years by the Diocesan Convention. If the Bishop laid before them a proposal to restore Mann, and if the committee, without reasons given, simply refused to

approve, why, then, the Bishop was out of it. He could say with perfect truth, "I should have been very glad to help Mr. Mann, very glad indeed, but my hands are tied; my Standing Committee will not give its consent." This was my uncharitable interpretation of what happened. I know now that I was bitter and unjust, and quite wrong.

But I am getting ahead of my story. I must go back to Michael Mann, who came out of his three days' "retreat" at peace with all men and with himself, looking forward to the attainment of the one great desire of his life and whistling "Jerusalem the Golden."

I was at Refuge when it happened.

That morning Mann had finished his "retreat," had gone down to his work at the Court, and I was waiting for him, at Refuge, when he came in, whistling, at a little before five. Reginald and I had not seen him for three days. And he sat there, talking with us both, looking over the few letters that had come during his absence. All of a sudden he picked up one of these letters and tore it open eagerly. I was glancing through the evening paper at the moment. Suddenly I heard a strange sort of muffled sound from across the table. Mann was staring down at the letter in his hands, and his face had gone ghastly white, as though all the blood had been suddenly drained away into some hidden reservoir. He tossed the letter across to me.

It was a most formal communication from the Bishop of Mann's former diocese, informing him of the fact that, at the meeting of the Standing Committee of the Diocese, held on the previous day, the same Committee had unanimously—the word was underscored—refused to sanction his restoration to the priesthood. The Bishop regretted, therefore, that he could move no further in the matter; his hands were tied. But he assured Mr. Mann that he was still "yours faithfully in Christ Our Lord."

I suppose that I made a fool of myself on this occasion. But I have a nasty temper when it is once roused. My own early experiences with Episcopal politics seemed to make the whole thing clear to me at once. Mann's cause before the Committee had been a *chôse jugée* before it was ever submitted; he had been condemned without being heard; they had never intended to hear him at all. How beastly clever they had been! They had pulled the wool over even my experienced eyes. And now Mann and I were up against a stone wall. The Standing Committee would never reverse their judgment so long as there was a member of it in existence who knew Michael Mann. And the Bishop could now wash his hands in innocency and "have nothing to do with this man's blood."

Oh, I knew them—so I thought then—knew them far better than Mann did! And that afternoon, in Refuge, I arose and cursed them all, by the Christian God and every pagan deity that I knew. The

Bishop was Pontius Pilate; his Committee were Dathan and Abiram. And I hoped, I said, that they would all go down "quick into hell."

But my flow of abusive eloquence died down little by little as I looked at my friend's unhappy face. I caught his glance toward the little closet that he used as a kind of sacristy, and I knew that he was thinking of the vestments, the mass vestments, that were hanging there, the vestments that he was not to wear after all. It cut me to the quick. I began to blaspheme again. But Mann put out his hand and laid it on my lips.

"No use," he said. "It's all been of no use from the very beginning. But I thank you just the same for all you've done."

"But you mustn't give in licked yet," I protested, trying to find comfort somewhere. "The members of that Committee can't live forever. A change must come some day."

"You mean," interposed Mann, with his sad, twisted smile, "that men will arise who knew not Joseph? Perhaps. But the present crowd, who knew Joseph and still hate him, are a long-lived lot. And it's killing work, this waiting for people to die before they can stop hating you. No, Doctor," he went on, in a more serious tone, "you and I have been on the wrong track. I see it now. I wanted my priesthood back—Heaven alone knows how much I wanted it!—but I understand now that this is not God's will for me."

"God's will? What nonsense!" I protested. "It's the will of a group of unchristian, wretched——"

"Ah, don't," said Michael Mann. "And now let's talk of something else. Have you had any interesting cases since I've been away?"

So we sat there for an hour longer, discussing two very important patients of mine, and Mann's judgment was never clearer, his suggestions were never more helpful, in his desire to be of help to others, than on that afternoon when he himself seemed to be beyond all human help.

As I bade him goodnight, that quizzical humor of his that made him jest a little even in the deepest Valley of the Shadow rose to the surface of his mind, and made our parting less difficult than it might have been.

"I've got one thing to be thankful for," he said. "What a mercy it is that I didn't shave off my moustache!"

CHAPTER XXI

THE BREAKING POINT

But, jest as he might, my friend was never the old Michael Mann again. The impulse that had kept him on the treadmill of his routine work began to fail. He had to push himself. The zest, the joy of the work for its own sake, had gone.

And yet I, poor fool, thought that in time he would pull himself together, as he had done so often after a disappointment, and that we should go on for years, he and I, in the same strange partnership that had been so invaluable to me. It never occurred to me for an instant that there is a breaking point for every man, and that this friend of mine had nearly reached his.

Of course, my surgical colleagues at the hospital insist that what I call the "breaking point" would have come exactly when it did, no matter how great the shock of Mann's disappointment might have been. The human body, they say, is a purely material thing, like an automobile tire. The tire, unless it runs over a nail, will last exactly an easily calculated number of miles and no more, this number depending on internal resistance to external pressure and the presence or absence of flaws. That

may well be. But in spite of my scientific materialistic colleagues, I firmly believe that, had Mann achieved his heart's desire, or had some hope of achieving it been left to him, he might have gone on with his work for a much longer period. Or at least when the break did come, he would not have been in such an exhausted condition that a repair was impossible.

It is hard for me at the present time to reconstruct all the details of this period. I was too anxious, too flurried, too helpless.

It was during the intense heat of early August, a few months after Mann had received news of the decision of the Standing Committee of his former diocese. I had been correcting the proof of an article on the structure of the gall bladder, and had been kept in town much later than usual, looking forward eagerly to my summer's holiday at North East Harbor, in Maine. After hours of tossing on a hot bed, I had dropped into an uneasy sleep, when I was aroused by a persistent knocking at my door. As I switched on the light at the head of my bed, I saw my landlady standing on the threshold, gathering around her a frilled night garment that stuck to her in sweaty spots. She was very indignant.

"You're wanted on the phone, Doctor," she snapped. "It's been ringing and ringing in the lower hall till it's woke the whole house. Calling folks up at this time of night! I never did hear of such a thing in all my born days!"

Protesting that there must be some mistake, that the call could not possibly be for me, I found my slippers, and stumbled down the creaking stairs of the old house. I took up the dangling receiver, announced my presence at the instrument in a very gruff tone, and then, as though from a great distance, I heard a frightened voice, the voice of Reginald Timmins.

"For God's sake, Doctor, come quick; 'e's 'ad a 'emridge, and the place is h'all h'over blood, and I can't stop it. Come quick!"

When I am suddenly wakened at night, I am utterly useless, too dazed with sleep to think or act quickly. But somehow I had sense enough to telephone for a taxi, and by the time I had dressed it was at the door. Day had just begun to break. We jolted through the deserted, silent streets.

As the cab drew up at Refuge, I realized that in my dazed haste I had forgotten my purse. I began to explain my predicament to the driver, a genial, red-faced man, who paid no attention to my explanations.

"That's all right, Doc," he said. "I'll charge the call. Say, there's nothing wrong in there, is there?" He nodded his round bullet head toward the little building behind me. "Nothing wrong with him, I mean? He did me a damned good turn once." Then as I hurried away, he called after me, "I guess I'll wait. I'll shut off the meter. You might need me."

I did need him. Five minutes later I had sent him dashing up the hill toward the hospital, with a note for Dr. Swayne, for there was no telephone at Refuge. Reginald had called me from the drug-store on the corner, but I had no time to go there now.

Within half an hour, Swayne came, bringing with him the resident physician of our surgical service.

While they were with Mann, Reginald and I sat in the little church, that was almost pitch dark. I was still dazed. Reginald was sniffling and snuffling at my side, until he made me so nervous that I passed him my pocket handkerchief.

"For heaven's sake, blow your nose," I said. And he obediently blew it so loud and so repeatedly that I had to snatch the handkerchief out of his hands.

I suppose we ought to have got down on our knees and prayed. But on such occasions one never does the proper thing. Besides, all the praying in English that was done in the church had always been done by Mann; and now he wasn't there.

I have no idea how long we sat there, Reginald and I. At last I saw Swayne beckoning to me from the door that opened into Mann's living-room. I joined him. Reginald went straight to Mann's bedside.

"Too many people in here," whispered Swayne. "Come on outside."

So Swayne, the surgeon resident, and I stepped out into the tiny lane that ran along the side of

the church to Mann's door. The morning light was stronger now; but the air was heavy, hot, used up. Swayne turned toward the Resident, a quiet, four-square kind of young man, whom the students called "Unser Hofrat Francis," because he had studied in Austria.

"You tell him," said Swayne to Unser Hofrat.

"It's malignant," Francis answered. He used words with the same clean-cut precision that he used the knife. "A carcinoma of the pylorus. Palpation discloses a hard mass there, the size of a baby's fist. I understand that some years ago there was a diagnosis of gastric ulcer. The patient should have been kept under observation. Present prognosis distinctly unfavorable—that is—*quoad sanationem*—hopeless. *Quoad operationem* possible, but in the patient's exhausted condition, unwise. He must be kept absolutely quiet. Physical exertion—even mental stress, perhaps—may bring on another haematemesis that will probably be *ad exitum.*"

Then, very briefly, very concisely, he gave certain directions for Mann's care, and as soon as a move was possible, he was to be taken up to the hospital.

So that was it! I had been Mann's physician, his friend; and I had never thought of "keeping him under observation" from a physical standpoint. Like so many overzealous psychiatrists, in my anxiety about my patient's mental condition I had overlooked his bodily needs. Of all my failures dur-

ing my professional career surely this was the worst, the most unpardonable failure of all.

When I had said goodby to Swayne and Francis, I hurried to Mann's bedside. He was conscious now. Reginald had got him into fresh pajamas, and there was no sign of the " 'emridge" except a few spots of dried blood on the floor beside the bed.

Mann motioned me to sit beside him, and for a moment he sucked complacently on the piece of ice that Reginald, with shaking hands, had just thrust into his master's mouth.

I outlined Francis' suggestions for treatment. But Mann shook his head when I mentioned the hospital.

"Not for me," he said, swallowing the last bit of ice, and pushing away Reginald's proffer of another piece. "I've lived at Refuge all these last years. I'm going to get well—or I'm going to die right here. I won't have a nurse, either. You haven't got any too many, and other people will need them more than I do. Reginald can take care of me. And Nancy will get what food I need." Then when I begged him to allow himself to be moved up to the hospital where we could do so much more for him, he interrupted me, his lips, under his draggled brown moustache, twisted into one of his quizzical, humorous smiles. "The wards are crowded. I know how long the waiting list is. I'd be only taking the place of somebody who needs the hospital more than I do."

I glanced at him. Did he guess how seriously ill he was?

"You see," he went on more softly, "I know perfectly well what's coming to me. All this past year I've meant to go to Dr. Francis and have him look me over. But I kept putting it off. I was afraid of what he might find. And I didn't want to interrupt my work or inconvenience people at the Court by being laid up for an operation. I thought I'd go to Francis after—after—I'd said my first mass here—after I'd been restored. And then—when I saw that my restoration wasn't God's will for me, why—nothing else seemed to matter. I—I sort of forgot about—about the lump in my side—and the pain at night—I had so many worse pains in—in my mind."

What could I say? I sat there biting my lips. After a few moments he spoke again, and his voice was stronger.

"You've been a good friend to me, Doctor," he said. "A damn good friend. But there's one thing more that you can do for me. You know how I have hated indirectness and lies all my life. So now, if I've ever been of help or use to you, help me now, and—and tell me the truth. Just what did Dr. Francis say?"

So I told him. In my professional life I have had to pass sentence of death more than once, but never so unwillingly, never with such a lump in my throat. Mann took it very quietly.

"That's a relief," he said. "You see, Doctor, it's the uncertainty that kills. And night after night, during this last year, I've lain awake, just sweating with terror because I wasn't sure what was coming. I was afraid of pain, constant pain, that might cloud my mind, or of being unable to do my work—useless, a burden. But what you've told me is good news. There's only one thing that I regret. If only I could have—could have——"

"I know," I interposed. "Don't think about it any more."

"But I can't help thinking about it. Haven't I been thinking about it constantly for five or six years?"

Then he asked me to call up the Rector of his parish church. And when the man came, within an hour, I left him and my friend together, while I tried to comfort Reginald, but without much success.

"What the 'ell 'll I do! What the 'ell 'll I do without 'im!" wailed Reginald. And that was a question that I was asking myself, and that I could not answer.

I had to go away to my office. But after lunch I hurried back to Refuge. Mann had made Reginald move his bed so that he could look out through the door into the church.

"It fair breaks your 'eart," whispered Reginald to me. " 'E lies there looking out at the altar—like —like a 'ungry dog looking at a bone. I can't make

out what 'e wants. If I only knew, I'd get it for 'im somehow, I would. Even if I 'ad to do murder to get it."

And I, who knew well enough what my friend wanted—what about me? Wasn't there some way out? Yet Francis had said that any physical exertion might be fatal. But according to him, mental anxiety and tension were dangerous too. I walked up and down the little church, almost at my wits' end. At last I made up my mind. If this friend of mine must die, and die soon, what difference did it make whether he died a day or so earlier, so long as he died happy? And I knew that there was only one thing in the world that could accomplish that.

I told Mann that I should be back in an hour or so. I made my way to the corner drug-store and began telephoning. From the first, I was fortunate. "Yes," said the Archdeacon's voice, "the Bishop is still at his office. But he leaves in a few moments."

"Then hold him," I said, to the surprised Archdeacon. "Tell him that it is a matter of life and death. Perhaps I ought to have said a matter of death. I simply must see him."

Half an hour later I had picked up the Rector of Mann's parish church at his Clergy House, and my cab was defying all the speed regulations on its way to the diocesan offices.

We found the Bishop—my Bishop—waiting for us. I knew him very slightly, but what I did know, that I liked and respected. In the course of this

history, I have spoken scornfully, even malignantly, of bishops. And according to my own experiences, from childhood onwards, there may be some members of the Episcopate who deserve it. But ever since my interview on that hot August afternoon with the Right Reverend Samuel Evanston Morris, I have had a more kindly feeling toward those men who wear aprons, gaiters, purple stocks, and pectoral crosses. There is no need to describe him. Nowadays you can see his picture in any Church Almanac or Year Book.

He listened to what I had to say, asked Mann's Rector a few questions, and then turned to me.

"To deprive a clergyman of his Orders is a very serious thing," he said, weighing every word as though he were a judge giving sentence in some important case. "Since I have been Bishop of this diocese, there has not been a single deposition in my jurisdiction. We have had difficulties, of course. But no open scandals. Clergymen are—well, they are human beings, after all. And I have never had a priest in my diocese out of whom I could not manage to get some good if I did not lay too much emphasis on the evil. Now as to Mr. Mann. I shall be doing something very unusual. Perhaps" —he allowed himself to smile a little—"perhaps I am laying myself open to criticism in the House of Bishops. But I will risk that. I shall telegraph at once to the Bishop of Mr. Mann's former diocese, tell him the circumstances, and inform him of

what I intend to do. Perhaps you will both assist me in writing the wire."

The telegram had gone before we took our leave of each other. And although I never kissed my father's episcopal ring—I don't think he had one; and if he had had, I should never have kissed it—I did follow my companion's example and raised the Bishop's hand to my lips. In my perturbed state of mind, I missed the ring altogether—the first time that I ever kissed a man's hand! I was to do as much again before that week was out.

Of course I did not dare tell Mann about my plans. I was still afraid of some possible disappointment—and Mann had had enough of that. So I sat with him that evening, reading to him some of his favorite passages from the Iliad, and making a fearful mess of the Greek.

"Do you know," he said to me, as I paused after reading some lines from the Twenty-fourth Book, "that I have always had a sort of private devotion to Hermes, 'Hermes the Helper,' who came down from the peaks of many-ridged Olympus to guide poor broken-hearted old Priam over the dark Trojan plain and through the camp of the Greeks to the hut of Achilles, where the dead body of Hector lay. He is to me the most lovable—the most Christian—of all the ancient gods. It is he, you remember—Hermes Psychopompos—who comes at the hour of death to close the tired eyes of the body and to lead the flurried, frightened soul through the dangers of

the dark places, out into the peace of the Elysian Fields. It is silly, I suppose—but I've always hoped that when I die—Hermes would come for me. He wouldn't offend my Guardian Angel, I think. They might come together. And I'll be glad enough to see them both. If only—if only——"

But I knew that "if only" too well. I was hoping that I might never hear it from his lips again.

So I tried to divert him. I turned to another book of the Iliad and was in the midst of Achilles' farewell to Patroclus, when Reginald came in with a letter for me. It had been sent on from the Club by a special messenger. In the envelope was a telegram, and beneath it, in Bishop Morris's almost illegible hand, was written, "Satisfy the man's doubts if you can. Even if you can't, I still hold to my promise."

The wire was from the bishop of Mann's old diocese.

"Cannot of course advise for or against your proposed action. Case a most painful one. Are you really sure the person concerned is dying?"

I crushed the telegram in my hand. But angry as I was, I could not help smiling to myself as I thought how much more angry Bishop Morris himself must have been. With an excuse to Mann, I dashed off to the hospital, found "Hofrat Francis," and soon had on the wires a message marked "Urgent" to that Doubting Thomas of a prelate. It was, I hoped, delivered in the middle of the night

at "Bishopsthorpe," so that the episcopal slumbers might be as much disturbed as possible.

The answer must have come early next morning, for when I went to the Club for luncheon I found a letter from Bishop Morris, enclosing an envelope directed to "The Reverend Michael Mann."

I hurried off to Refuge, and found Mann dozing, propped up in bed, still facing the open door that led into the little church. I laid the Bishop's letter in his hand, and while he read it, watched him with my heart in my mouth. How was I to know what might be the result of sudden emotional shock, even the shock of good news?

Mann read the letter through three times, as though he could not believe what was written there. And then he turned his face away from me, and his shoulders twitched and his whole body was shaken by low, unsuppressed sobbing. This frightened me.

"Pull yourself together," I begged, sitting on the bed and putting an arm around his heaving shoulders. "You know how dangerous this is. You remember what Francis said. You—you don't want to—to go out—now. Not before you've——"

He turned about in bed and faced me again, his face twisted and stained with tears. But he bit his lips, clenched his fists, and gradually the emotional reactions subsided.

"Right, as always," he muttered. Then he took both my hands in his. "Claude," he said. He had

never called me by my first name before; he knew how I hated it. But somehow the way he said it didn't annoy me. "Claude, this is your doing. I don't know how. And I can't thank you. You gave me back hope when I was as far down in depression and hopelessness as a man can go. You've made my life here at Refuge possible. And now you've given me the best thing of all. Did ever any man in this world have such a friend, I wonder, as you have been to me?"

I suppose that, for modesty's sake, I ought not to set down all that he said, but, indeed, I had tried to be his friend. And I can't help remembering now that he cared a little for me—ugly, awkward, unlovely me, who never found a woman who would look at him more than once, or any helpful devoted friend except this—this deposed priest.

But he had done infinitely more for me than I had ever done for him, and sitting there at his bedside that sweltering August afternoon I tried to tell him so.

I tried also to tell him another thing. That to go through the physical strain of what he called "saying mass" was, at the present moment, imminently dangerous. Let him wait a week or two until he had regained a little strength. He could take nothing at present except a little diluted milk. Anything else brought on paroxysms of intense pain. But soon he would be able to——

He interrupted me with his familiar whimsical

smile, that just raised the corners of his ragged brown moustache.

"Not good enough," he said. "It's only a question of time with me. And if to stand at God's altar again, offering the Holy Sacrifice—means—death—why, how could man die better?"

Then, with a flush of happy excitement in his grayish cheeks, he began to make plans. "Tomorrow morning—ah, I am sure that God will let me live until then—he couldn't take me now—not just yet. Tomorrow at seven o'clock. Oh, don't worry. I've got everything ready. The vestments are all here, a white set. Go over to that closet and bring me the box on the floor."

I brought it to him, and then I began to understand what Mann had been doing with his small savings during the past few years. I knew about the vestments, but here, in the box, were chalice and paten, cheap, silver-gilt—glass cruets for the wine and the water—a tiny wafer box. Everything that was necessary. I suppose that for years he had taken these treasures out, night after night, and had turned them over reverently in his hands, always looking forward to the day when he should be able to use them for the first time at the little altar in Refuge. And now he was going to use them—at least, once—before he died.

He was perfectly calm and relaxed now. He had planned all this out so often before that he had no trouble about details. Reginald was sent off across

town to borrow from the Rector of Mann's parish church some wafers and eucharistic wine, and to ask the Rector to visit Refuge some time before tomorrow morning so that he might hear my friend's confession.

But I soon saw that something was still bothering Mann. "It's about Reginald," he said. "You see, he has never served a mass. He doesn't know how at all. And I want to have somebody near me—in case—in case—I don't get through. I've thought of asking the Rector to lend me one of his acolytes. But I hate to put one of his young men to all that trouble."

As he spoke, there flashed through my mind a picture of myself in my undergraduate days, getting up early and hurrying into town to "serve mass" for Father Masterson, who said part of his mass in Latin and insisted on having me as server whenever he could, because I knew enough Latin to make the proper responses. Masterson, the "monk" of my boyish memories, who had or who had not "worn them" and who had fascinated my boyish imagination as he sat at my father's table. Masterson who had shown me a side of my father's cold, unbeautiful religion, the existence of which I had never suspected until I came under the influence of that remarkable preacher while I was an undergraduate at Harvard. I had not thought of him for seemingly countless years. But now——

"I'll serve your mass," I said abruptly. The min-

ute I said it, I felt as though I had been foredestined to do it from the very beginning of things; that in some strange way I had been prepared to be able to do it in the right way. "I know how—or I used to, once. And one doesn't forget those things. I—I—often served Father Masterson—you know, the famous Cowley Father—an old Balliol man. A good classical scholar, too. I think he even read Morning Prayer in Latin whenever he could."

"You?" stammered Mann. "You?"

And with that, a sudden sense of perfect security and peace seemed to descend upon him.

Reginald gave me some supper at Mann's bedside; and I sat with him until his confessor came. As I bade him goodnight, he had only one word for me.

"Tomorrow!" he said.

CHAPTER XXII

THE LAST MASS

Far at the back of my mind there is a dim recollection of a famous book of Émile Zola's. It was called, I think, *La Faute de l'Abbé Muret*. In the first chapters, as though to show his critics that he could, when he wanted to do so, write simply and cleanly of clean and simple things, the great French realist describes with every single detail of spoken word and ceremonial the early mass of his hero, said on a summer morning, in a poor, bare, little country church. If only I could write as wonderfully about the last mass of Michael Mann! Even to think of it now, after all these years, sets me a-sniffling, emotional old fool that I am.

Before going to bed that preceding night, I had had a word with Dr. Francis; and he had dropped in at Refuge and had given Mann a hypodermic that would insure him a night's unbroken sleep without making him dull and drowsy next morning.

As for myself, I don't think that I slept at all. At half-past six I was at the door of Refuge. On the steps I met two friends, Nancy Littleton and Duke Sands. But we had nothing to say to one another. What could one say at such a time?

I went up the tiny lane at the side of the church, opened Mann's outer door, and stepped into his little room. The bed had been pushed into a corner. And in the only comfortable chair in the room, propped up with pillows, sat—a priest, dressed in a black cassock, with the white edge of his round clerical collar just showing around his neck. At first I thought it was Mann's Rector. Then, as the figure spoke, I recognized Michael Mann, my friend, master of Refuge. His long, thick hair had been clipped close. And his brown, ragged moustache was gone.

I have often wondered about the psychology of facial hair. Why one man hates it, and why another loves to have it grow over some portion or the whole of his face. But whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that it is, in most cases, a camouflage, a screen, behind which may be hidden all sorts of things that the wearer must be seeking, consciously or unconsciously, to hide. It is not mere chance that when a man wants to disguise himself he sticks on a false beard or moustache. To remove these screens suddenly is to show up perfectly unsuspected elements in a man's personality.

And so, as I looked at my old friend in this new aspect, I seemed to understand a great many things that I had never grasped before. For the mouth, now for the first time disclosed to me, with its wide lips and sensitive lines, was not in any sense the mouth of an ascetic—and it was not a strong mouth,

either. But the whole face, now freed from the screens of hair, had a surprising beauty of its own, marred only by the deep lines that ran from the nose to the corners of the mouth.

Mann held out his hand to me. "Forgive me, if I don't talk," he said. "I'm saving all my strength." Then his eyes clouded for a minute. "Oh, dear me, I've forgotten something after all," he stammered. "You've got no cassock. No surplice, either—Reginald's would never fit you——"

"Don't worry," I interposed. "Once, while I was studying in Vienna, I was taken by a devout Roman Catholic colleague, a very distinguished physicist, to the chapel of the Imperial Palace. It was the old Emperor's birthday. One of the Court Chaplains was saying a low mass, and old Franz Joseph himself, in his ordinary uniform, served him. It was the Emperor's custom, I was told, always to serve at his own birthday mass. If he could do that in his everyday clothes, why can't I do the same thing in mine?"

As I finished, I reached for the long taper with which the altar candles were lighted. But Reginald barred my way.

"Please, Doctor, sir," he whispered. "You aren't going to not let me light them candles?"

While Reginald, who had slipped quickly into his cassock and surplice, was performing his functions in the church, I helped Mann to his feet. The eucharistic vestments had been laid out on the old

table at which I had eaten so many happy suppers. As I watched Mann's lips moving while he put on and tied the amice, slipped into the alb and girded it, I seemed to be a youth of twenty again, standing in the cold sacristy of old St. John's in Boston, waiting until Father Masterson had finished vesting. Mann had some little difficulty in getting the white stole under his amice, so I stepped up and arranged it for him, patting the starched linen flat, just as I had once used to do for the other.

And now he was settling his shoulders into the white chasuble, and had taken the sacred vessels into his hands. I went before him into the little church. The twin flames of the altar lights made little pin-pricks of yellow in the shadows and against the dark blue of the reredos. There were some flowers on the re-table, just at the foot of the brass cross—Nancy's offering.

Mann was moving easily, without apparent effort. He arranged the vessels on the altar, and then came down the steps again, to the altar's foot, where I was kneeling. And there, for the second time in my life, I heard him begin the familiar words of the "priest's preparation," words that I had first heard from his lips during his delirious confusion in the mental clinic of our hospital. And he was saying them in Latin—just as Father Masterson used to do.

"Introibo ad altare Dei."

And I answered as though I had been serving mass every morning of my life:

"Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam."

And so it went on, through the whole Psalm, through the versicles and the Confiteor.

Then the familiar English words of the Communion Office.

"Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are opened, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; . . ."

It all seemed so natural—so simple.

Then, after the Kyrie, the Collect—the Collect for the Feast of the Transfiguration—the Feast that comes on the sixth of August—the Feast of Michael Mann's last mass.

"O God, Who on the mount didst reveal to chosen witnesses Thine only begotten Son, wonderfully transfigured, in raiment white and glistering; Mercifully grant that we, being delivered from the disquietude of this world, may be permitted to behold the King in his beauty. . . ."

I don't remember the Epistle. I moved the missal over to the Gospel side, and stood at that end, as Mann turned and came toward me. I had, then, my first good sight of his face. It was very white, as though cut out of some dull, white stone. But the hand was perfectly steady with which he signed himself with the cross on forehead, lips, and breast.

One sentence from the Gospel—or perhaps two—stayed with me long afterwards—"Master, it is good for us to be here." And then, the coming of the cloud that overshadowed the disciples "—and they feared as they entered into the cloud." Yet out of

the cloud had come the very voice of God. And on the life of this friend of mine, who was reading the Gospel in that peaceful, measured voice, there had been cloud enough; he had feared as he had entered into it. But he was out of it now. He was standing where he had so long hoped to stand, close to the place where "Jesus was found alone."

During the Creed, his back was toward me. But when I moved to the little side-table that he used as a Credence, to bring him the wafer-box and the cruets for the Oblation of the Elements, I came face to face with him again. The mass has its ritual of courtesy as well as any other social ceremony, and it is the custom that the celebrant shall bow to his server after taking anything from his hands, the server returning the salutation. I shall never forget the almost princely dignity of Mann's bow—just the proper inclination of the head and shoulders. So, I thought, must Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, celebrating High Mass in some ancient basilika, salute the lesser ecclesiastics that surround them.

But it was just at the end of the long prayer for Christ's Church Militant that I noticed the first ominous sign. I saw Mann reach under his chasuble for the handkerchief that he had thrust under the girdle of his alb. I saw him raise it to his lips, as he paused for a moment; and when he thrust it back again into its place the handkerchief was flecked with red. I began to grow uneasy—almost terrified.

I had been, in my boyhood, too saturated with a sense of reverence for this particular service not to dread any tragic happening that might interrupt or sully it. Would Mann hold out to the end?

Then, as he turned to the little congregation at "Ye who do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins," I got a good look at him again; and this reassured me. He looked ashy white still, but there was no tremor of hand or voice. Only, at one corner of his mouth I noticed a tiny reddish streak.

We four, Nancy, Duke Sands, Reginald, and I, said the General Confession together. And as Mann stood up and turned to us again for the Absolution, I knew that I should not get a glimpse of his face again until after the Consecration. But I was not as apprehensive as I had been a few moments before. I watched him through the "Comfortable Words"—surely never had they sounded so comforting, so full of reassurance, as they did then—through the *Sursum Corda,* as he stood there with his arms spread wide—"Lift up your hearts."

Then, as the words of the *Sanctus* reached me, in Mann's low, vibrating voice—"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts"—it seemed to me as though the world suddenly fell away from me and left me standing in some clear, open, sunlit space, gazing at some mysterious and glorious sight, something to which I could give no name. And with this came a sense of peace and rest. From that time on I never thought of Mann at all, at least not of his weakened, suffering

body. He had passed out of my care and keeping into far stronger hands than mine.

The Prayer of Consecration he said almost inaudibly. I could just hear the soft murmur of his voice and follow the motions of his hands. But just before the Act of Consecration itself, I caught a few words that seemed so impregnated with emotion that they quivered in the air like the note of some deep organ-pipe.

"For—in—the—night—in which he—was betrayed—he took Bread. . . ."

Betrayed. He knew what that meant.

And then he genuflected, stood up, and above his bowed head I saw the Host.

"O Salutaris Hostia." The words were written there before my eyes on the re-table of the little altar. And the old Latin hymn sang itself over in my mind, as I bowed my face to the ground in adoration—just as Father Masterson had once taught me to do—and as I had never done since then until this day.

Now the little church was deathly quiet. Not a sound broke the stillness. Mann was reading the secret, or silent, prayers before the priest's communion. At last I saw him strike his breast, and knew that he was saying the Agnus Dei—"O Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us."

In the hush of the early morning, and in the flickering light of the two little candles, his brown

head was bowed deep down over the altar, as he received His Master's Body and Blood.

And I—I was a young, impressionable boy again—kneeling in the old church in Boston—full of devotion—stretching out with the groping fingers of my mind toward the Things Unseen, the Things that were yet eternal. My skepticism, my years of tolerant unbelief, dropped from me like a useless, worn-out garment. I—who had gone blind in my search among the mysteries of men's bodies—had been given back the sight of my soul. The last gift that my friend ever gave me. And, doubtless, the best gift of all.

When I first suggested to Mann that I would serve his mass, I had done it on impulse, without any thought of what it might mean to me. Although I had never definitely broken with my father's faith, I scarcely ever went near a church, and I had not made my Communion for over twenty years. And yet, when Mann turned from that little altar in Refuge, holding the paten in his hand—"Behold the Lamb of God," he said, "that taketh away the sins of the world"—instinctively I rested my right hand in the palm of my left, and made ready, as I had been taught to do as a boy, to receive the Body of my Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for me.

As he laid the consecrated wafer in my palm, I felt the touch of his fingers. They were not cold. They were warm, and almost throbbing with some new vital impulse.

He turned again to the altar, to bring me the Chalice. I had just a moment to myself, just time enough to make the old Act of Contrition and the Act of Faith, that Father Masterson had taught me in the believing, undoubting days of my youth.

I had forgotten, for a moment, where I was. After I had received the Chalice, I was startled to hear the creak of footsteps on the uneven floor of the little church behind me. I glanced over my shoulder. Reginald Timmins, Duke Sands, and Nancy Littleton were moving on tiptoe toward the altar. Now they were kneeling, just behind me, on the lowest step.

All three had been Mann's devoted friends, that I knew. But it had never occurred to me that there might be some other relationship between themselves and him; that they might be, in a sense, "the fruit of his ministry," his spiritual children. That he might have instructed them, had them baptized, perhaps, and confirmed, and might have looked forward to the time when he should be, in the fullest ideal of his priesthood, their "father in God." Yet here they were, all three of them—the dull-witted English waif, the law-breaker who had warred against established order, and the woman taken in adultery, the woman who had been a sinner—kneeling at the foot of the altar to receive their Communion, the pledge of their forgiveness and acceptance, from the hands of the man who had plucked

their souls alive out of Hell, the man whom they loved.

But as the three communicants walked softly back to their seats and Mann began the Post Communion Prayer, I noticed that his voice, which I had not heard distinctly since the *Sanctus,* had begun to lose its fullness and strength. Once again I saw him reach under his chasuble for his handkerchief. And for a moment there was an ominous pause.

However, he seemed to gather all his remaining vitality, and his voice was clear enough as he extended and lifted up his hands to begin the *Gloria in Excelsis.*

"Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The *Gloria in Excelsis* is misplaced in the English Prayer Book; traditionally, it belongs to the beginning, not to the end, of the Communion Office. But as Mann repeated it that morning, I felt that it came exactly in the right place. For with the last of his strength he was giving "glory to God."

For the last Collect, he used that familiar prayer,

"O God, Who hast prepared for those who love Thee such good things as pass man's understanding. . . ."

And then he turned and blessed us with "The Peace of God" that was to keep our hearts and minds "in the knowledge and love of God and of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. . . ."

I moved back the Missal to the epistle side of the

altar, and then came and stood at the Gospel end, after I had given Mann the Ablutions, and had been thanked with another of those graceful authoritative inclinations of his head. His hands, as they cleansed the sacred vessels, moved very slowly now, as though fighting against an intense and increasing fatigue.

He knew the last Gospel—the first verses of St. John—by heart. I stood half facing him as he repeated them in a low voice. And again one sentence among the many seemed to be underlined with some tense emotional stress.

"He came unto his own, and his own received him not."

It is the custom of some priests, after finishing the mass, to recite, with the server, the *Nunc Dimittis.* This must have been Mann's custom also. For before he moved down from the altar for the last time, and while he still held the Sacred Vessels in his hands, I caught the words—a little weary—a little uncertain—but filled with perfect happiness and content:

"Lord, now—lettest thou Thy servant—depart in peace—according to Thy word.
For mine eyes—have seen Thy salvation."

A few moments later, Mann and I had left the church, and were standing in his little room. He swayed. I moved forward to help him, but he motioned me back.

He took off the chasuble and the maniple.

"Do sit down now and let me get you some hot milk," I pleaded.

Reginald was already fussing over the gas stove. And in the doorway stood Duke and Nancy Littleton.

"Not yet," said Mann. "I must say my Thanksgiving first. Wait here, all of you. I'm going to say it in the church. I'll be back shortly. Then we'll have breakfast together."

I ought not to have let him go. I should have insisted on his resting for a few minutes. But he had taken on a new authority, the priestly authority that I knew so well. So I stood aside, and let him go, still in his white alb and crossed white stole—let him go into the little church of Refuge—alone.

Following him with my eyes, I saw him move to the back of the church, to his favorite place—behind the very last bench of all, where the deepest shadow lay. I saw him kneel—a dim patch of white in the darkness.

Then Nancy said something to Reginald as they both bent over the stove. Duke stepped all the way into the room. At first we all spoke in whispers. But gradually the tension lessened. We began to talk in our natural voices. Then the milk on the stove boiled over. Nancy and Reginald had a heated discussion as to whose fault it was, while Duke and I stood by the window, discussing the affairs of a mutual friend in the penitentiary.

All at once Nancy lifted her hand.

"Hush!" she said. "I thought I heard something!" We all listened but no sound broke the stillness, except an occasional voice from the street outside. "He's been in there a long time now," Nancy went on, uneasily. Then she turned to me. "Doctor, you just slip into the church, and take a look at him. I wouldn't dare."

So I went.

And it was I who found him—huddled together on the floor, behind the last bench in the little church—his white alb marked with great wide streaks of bright red. And blood, a big pool of it, making a kind of scarlet aureole about his head. I did not know that there could be so much blood in a man's body. Nor that he could lose so much, and still live. For he was still alive when we got him into his room and on his bed. But he was unconscious.

I sent Reginald for Dr. Francis. Poor Reginald! I think it was the greatest sacrifice he ever made for "the master," when he left him that morning, left him dying, and went off on my errand, sure that Mann might ask for him before he died, and he, Reginald, not be there.

Francis, of course, could do nothing. He wanted to give Mann a hypodermic; but I stopped him—I don't know why—except that I had a vague feeling that my friend would not want to pass out from among us without realizing what was happening.

It was half an hour after Francis had left that the

stimulant that I had forced between Mann's teeth began to have some effect. He opened his eyes, looked around the room, and saw us, all four, standing beside his bed.

He seemed to be perfectly rational; seemed to know exactly what he wanted to do. He told Reginald to bring him some papers that lay on a shelf. First he called Nancy to him. She got down on her knees beside his bed. He whispered something to her, and put an envelope into her hand. "I used to know the Mother Superior," I heard him say. "You will find them all very kind."

Nancy was by far the most composed of us all. She bent down and kissed Mann's hand, and he laid it for a moment on her head.

Reginald was sniffling. Duke was sobbing like a child.

I went and looked out of the window, while Mann spoke first to Duke, and then to Reginald.

"The Doctor will keep an eye on you, Reginald," he said. Then he called to me, and motioned the others to stand back.

I knelt down where Nancy had knelt.

"I'll have to bother you with one or two things more, Claude," Mann said. "Here, take this envelope. I've left some instructions about my belongings—and about—about this worn-out old body of mine. I shan't ask you to promise anything. I know you'll do what I wish. It's strange, Claude, but I don't feel any pain. I'm just being very

quietly and peacefully detached from this world. Never be afraid to die, Claude. It isn't half as bad as people think it is. One other thing. When I am going—say the Prayers for the Departing, will you? There's my Book of Devotions on the table. I've marked the place."

He lay quiet for several minutes, his eyes closed. His pulse was growing weaker, intermittent. For a moment I thought that his heart action had stopped altogether. Then his eyes opened, and sought mine. He smiled his old quizzical, teasing smile.

"There's one other thing still, Claude," he said. "I hate to ask you to do it—I know you won't like it —and I don't exactly know myself how to put it."

I began to protest my willingness to do anything in the world for him—anything.

"Do you remember the Death of Lord Nelson?" he asked. For an instant I thought that he was beginning to wander. "No," he said, sensing my thought. "I know what I'm talking about. You do remember it, don't you? And the last words that Nelson said?"

Then I understood. "You mean," I stammered, "you mean, 'Kiss me, Hardy'?"

Mann nodded.

But he had been perfectly right. He had asked me a difficult thing. I've never kissed anybody. I don't like it. Even at that moment, with my friend dying before me, I was self-conscious—ashamed. He read my look easily enough.

"Oh, never mind then," he said.

But I did mind. I caught his two hands in mine, and I bent my ugly old head. I kissed his hands—and laid my wrinkled cheek against them.

"Hold tight," he said. "Hold tight—I think—he's coming—something is—perhaps my old friend, Hermes Psychopompos, with his wand and his golden winged sandals—perhaps it's Some One else—but—whatever it is—Claude—it's almost here."

I opened the prayer book, to begin the prayers for the dying. And Reginald, apparently according to Mann's instructions, had brought in the two altar candles, had lighted them, and put them on the table near Mann's bed.

But as I began, "Set forth, O Christian Soul, from this world," Mann seemed to choke, to fight for breath. I dropped the book, and hurried toward him. But Nancy was there before me. She was holding him up in her arms. And in her arms—with just one short, lingering breath—he died. Nancy laid his head softly down on the pillow, closed his eyes—and then *she* kissed him once—on the mouth.

"Now," she said, turning to me, "you can go on with your praying."

CHAPTER XXIII

ASHES TO ASHES

THE ENVELOPE that Mann had given me before his death contained a rather strange document. It was his will, duly witnessed, whereby he left to me all his personal belongings, while the little ready money that he had went, in equal parts, to Duke Sands and Reginald. With the will was a letter to me. And it asked me to do the hardest thing of all.

"I have always had a dread," I read, in Mann's familiar handwriting, "of being buried alive. Foolish, I dare say. But for this and for other reasons, I wish an autopsy performed on my body. And I beg that you yourself will perform it. If you find any portion of my anatomy that is of interest, please keep it. You might make a place for it in your anatomical museum. As for my brain, you'd better give it to the mental clinic. I remember reading of some English priest who left his body to be dissected by medical students. I can't go quite so far as that. But I know that you pathologists can take from a body what you want and still leave enough to look respectable. So when you're through with mine, I want to have my funeral in Refuge. My Rector and Confessor will say the requiem mass. He has

already promised. After that, I'd rather you'd not put into the ground this worn-out shell in which I used to live. The Church doesn't forbid cremation absolutely, so if you can, let me return as dust to dust as cleanly and as soon as may be.

"Once more, let me thank you for having helped a very unhappy man to much more happiness than he ever deserved.

"And, Claude, pray for my soul. Don't forget me. I expect that I shall need a lot of Purgatory. So *don't forget.*"

I wish that I could pass over without record the events of the next day. Autopsies at their best are disagreeable things to a man of my temperament. But to see the body of someone whom you knew intimately, someone whom you loved, stretched out on the autopsy table, stripped of everything that made it once such a familiar figure—to have to stand by while the attendant reached for the knife, and then to take it and stretch out your hand to—to——

No, it's not pleasant.

Fortunately, it is only the face that we associate intimately with the dead person. Once the scalp incision has been made, and the freed scalp pulled down over the face, covering it to the chin, this association disappears. The body before one is just "a" body; nothing more.

But in Mann's case the autopsy revealed a number of things.

As I was looking out of the window, unwilling

to watch the preliminary preparations on the autopsy table, one of my young assistants called to me.

"For God's sake, Doctor, come here and take a squint at these old scars."

The arms, especially just above the wrists, were circled with deep, white indentations. There were similar marks around the thighs, and others less deep across the ribs. They looked like the scars that are described in books on judicial torture, the results of having been "put to the question" before some criminal tribunal of the Middle Ages—or still later. One must have seen such marks often enough in the days of the Glorious Virgin Queen Elizabeth.

On Mann's body they were, at the time, a mystery to me.

And it was such an emaciated, such a worn-out body! One wondered what could have kept it functioning for so long. And I marveled at the power of the gallant spirit that had gone on living and working with such useless, blunted tools.

The scar-tissue we kept. It is in our pathological section of the museum now. We found the carcinoma blocking the pylorus; we saw the eroded veins, the seat of the final hemorrhage. All this comforted me in a strange way. I gave thanks that my friend was clear of this unlovely piece of human wreckage that we called his body; he who hated ugliness and deformity and who had loved symmetry and strength.

The day after the autopsy there was a funeral at

Refuge, surely, a funeral such as few churches have ever witnessed before.

On the evening preceding it, the body was brought back to the little room at Refuge. In the church Reginald and Duke had built, in front of the altar, a bier made of the old supper-table with the two back legs propped up on blocks of wood, so that the surface of the table sloped downwards. They draped it with a dark rug, borrowed from Dr. Swayne's house.

Meanwhile, in the little living-room, Nancy and I were dressing the body as a priest's body should be dressed. Mann's white alb, that had been stained with his own blood, had been freshly washed. And over it we put the eucharistic vestments in which he had said his last mass. Then we carried him into the church, laid him on the bier, and folded his hands over his breast. We should, I know, have placed the chalice and the paten in his hands. But we needed them for the next day's mass.

It was all very, very simple. Except for a few roses that Nancy brought, there were no flowers. From a neighboring undertaker we got a pair of high candelabra, and had the tall candles burning on either side of the bier.

All through that night the doors of Refuge stood wide open. People from the poor streets near by, a few from the hospital, came in—and went out again. But we four kept watch all night. First Reginald, then Duke, then Nancy, and then I. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Nancy

watched the whole time, while we three others took an occasional nap in Mann's chair in his little living-room.

At six o'clock came Kohler, Strabinski, and Enfield. I put Kohler, the Methodist, in Mann's old surplice, and let him read the first part of the Burial Office from the Prayer Book. Then Strabinski arranged the altar in his manner, and said his Slavonic mass for the repose of the soul of a departed priest. After him, came Father Enfield, who re-arranged the altar in *his* way, and in the black vestments that he had brought with him he said a Latin mass.

Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine.

It was getting toward eight o'clock, and the little church was packed to the doors with all sorts of people, who dropped in for a while and then went away, to leave room for others. The Rector of Mann's parish church said the English service, offering the Sacrifice of Praise and Thanksgiving for all the Faithful Departed, and especially for "this our brother, a priest of God, who doth now rest in Him."

Surely, if there be power in such prayers and sacrifices, my old friend had many of them to speed him on his way.

And while one priest succeeded another at the little altar, I kept thinking about Mann, wondering what he was doing, where and how he was. I had read in some emotional book that heaven is merely the realization, after death, of all those hopes and

desires which have been denied us in this world. If that were so, then I could imagine where Mann would be. Without doubt, he would be standing at the high altar of some marvelous cathedral, surrounded by triumphant music, by clouds of incense, singing Pontifical High Mass, with Saint Augustine and Saint Thomas Aquinas, his two favorite saints, for Deacon and Subdeacon, while lesser saints served as acolytes and a choir of archangels sang. And he would do this—or something like it—over and over again, until all those thwarted desires of his had been satisfied to the utmost and he could—go on to something else.

And so, while my thoughts tried to follow him into the life "on the other side," I seemed to drop, without sense of effort or transition, into the discarded faith of my boyhood. As though it had been some old familiar garment misplaced for years, I slipped into it with a feeling of content and of comfort. And since the death of my friend, I have not put it off again, although at times, I will admit, I have felt somewhat straightened, somewhat less free in my mental reactions than I used to be. But what does an old man want with freedom? Ten to one it will be only a freedom to make a fool of himself.

When the last word of the last Requiem had been said, when the last wide-eyed child had stood for a moment at the bier to look at the motionless, unfamiliar figure, so different in appearance from the "Father Mike" who had watched the children play

hop-scotch on the hot pavement, or who had umpired their baseball games, under the wheels of passing motor-cars; when we four, the three men and the one woman who had loved him, were alone at last, then we lifted the body, just as it was, into a wicker-basket, lent us by our friend the undertaker, and Nancy laid her little bunch of roses in the cold clasped hands.

The rest of the work was mine—and the cleansing fires.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE END OF REFUGE

Two days later Mann's ashes were brought to me, in a shiny, wooden box that would not, I knew, have satisfied his sense of beauty. But I had no Grecian Urn in which to preserve them, so Reginald and I took up two boards in the rickety flooring of the little church, cleared a space on the ground below, dug down about a foot, and then scattered the ashes there. We put back the earth, then the flooring—and stood, looking helplessly at one another. This was the end. There was nothing more to do.

Nancy had taken no interest in all this.

"That," she said, pointing to the shiny box in which Mann's ashes lay, "isn't him. It's just—what's left of his old clothes."

But as soon as these ashes had disappeared, Nancy, as well as Reginald and I, seemed filled with a desire to blot out as soon as possible the environment in which our friend had lived. Anyway, we could not leave Refuge as it was, to fall into alien hands. And it seemed silly to shut it up and keep it unchanged for a while; for I knew that the hospital, owning the property, would tear down the

place as soon as there was money enough to begin the building of our new general dispensary.

Feverishly we three went to work to break up Refuge. It nearly broke my heart. But the sooner it were done, the better. Each of us took for ourselves a few of Mann's personal belongings. Everything else, except the church furnishings, we sold. The altar, and all things belonging to it, I gave to my friend the Archdeacon. I dare say that it is still standing in one of his mission churches.

By the end of the week, the place was bare.

We had one last meeting there, in the dismantled, desolate little room in which Michael Mann had once lived and done his work. Duke Sands told us of his chance to buy, with his own savings and the small sum that Mann had left him, part ownership in a small garage in one of our suburbs. For Reginald, I had already found a position, as a "Diener" in our anatomical department. This would give him a tiny room in the building and enough to do to keep him busy. But of Nancy I had not thought. She had become a very independent personality, of whom one did not ask many questions.

"You must come and see me if you ever need anything," I said to her, awkwardly, as we stood, all four of us, on the steps of Refuge, ready to lock the door behind us for the last time. "Besides, I'll see you occasionally at the restaurant." For whenever I had not time to get across town to the Club, I went there for lunch.

She gave me an indulgent smile; as a woman smiles at the dullness of some unintentionally awkward man.

"I'm leaving the restaurant," she said. "This will be goodby. But I'll not forget. I should never have known him if it hadn't been for you. So I'll just say thanks and good luck."

She gave me a clasp of her firm, cool, capable hand, nodded to Reginald and Duke, and walked off, waving to us just as she turned the corner and disappeared.

I have never seen her since. She went out of my life exactly as she had come into it, without explanation, directly, simply, with her head up and her eyes looking straight ahead. Plucky little Nancy!

So I was left to take up my life again, expecting to go on with its as though nothing had happened. But I soon found out that something had happened, something very serious, indeed. However, I did not discover this all at once. After the breaking up of Refuge, at the end of August, I went away on a belated summer's holiday at Mount Desert, where I played a little very bad golf and ate a great deal too much good food. The complete change of environment steadied me. I came back to my work, at the end of September, with renewed vigor. Or, rather, that was what I thought. But I had not been in harness two weeks before I began to realize that I had lost not only my interest in my work but also the power to do it.

Among my medical students at the anatomical building I was my usual self. At the beginning of a new term it was always stimulating to meet the first-year men and to size them up. But the minute I left the medical school and went across town to my consulting office, I felt a wave of depression come over me. Patients began to make appointments. But instead of tackling each new case with my old interest, I found that the whole thing bored me to extinction. I could not force myself to take any pleasure in hearing about one man's phobias, or another woman's inhibitions and obsessions. I began trying to shift new patients off on my former colleague at the mental clinic, young Dr. Haussman, who had just begun practicing on his own hook. While the old cases that I could not entirely escape, I kept putting off.

At the courts, with my friend, the Judge, with whom I still took luncheon at the Club nearly every day, I was more useless still. All the misfortune, the unhappiness, the physical and mental suffering that passed, day after day, before his judgment seat got on my nerves. It seemed too hideous, too hopeless. I had lost my power of sympathy. Or perhaps I was afraid to let myself sympathize, because I knew myself incapable of helping anyone any longer. Fortunately, I soon found a way out. For the Judge, during the summer, had met a young physician, a trained criminologist, who was looking for a position; and the Bench was considering the establish-

ment at the Court House of a properly organized medico-legal department. So I urged the Judge on. And within a month or two, I became an absolute stranger to the rooms and corridors of our tumble-down Court House, in which I had once been so familiar a figure.

It took time, of course, for me to understand what had happened to me. At first I thought that I was suffering from a mere temporary depression of a mild type; and that if I kept straight on, it would pass. But it did not pass. And the forcing of myself to do work that I could no longer do well and that I came to hate on that account, tired me out, made me cross even with my medical students, until I realized that if I were to save the part of my life's work which I could still do contentedly and well, I must give up that other part which, apparently, I could no longer do at all. So I surrendered.

But I did not surrender without great bitterness of soul.

I knew now what the main trouble was. I had lost Michael Mann and the mental impetus of his advice and companionship. But I need not have lost him, so I told myself, had it not been for the little group of hostile men who had hounded him to his death. Instead of accepting the fact that he must have died anyway—the carcinoma would have attended to that—I made these men responsible for taking him away from me. And I began to imagine that I might find an intense satisfaction in telling

them just what I thought of them and their ways. But the city in which they lived was a very long way off. I had to hug my hate all during the autumn.

When our Christmas holidays came, I made pilgrimage, as I had done for years, to the annual meeting of the Anatomical Association, which happened to meet, in this particular January, at Minneapolis. And while I was consulting time-tables and making my reservations, my eye caught the name of the town where Mann had once lived, the so-called "See City" of his old diocese, the stronghold of his enemies. By deviating only a little from my route, on my way back after the meeting, I could stop there for an hour or two and see with my own eyes the place, and perhaps some of the people, of which my friend had spoken so often and with such affection.

On a bright, very cold January morning, my train came to the top of a high grade, and in the valley below I saw the cluster of spires and roofs, the long lines of houses and the narrow streets, that had once been so close to the heart of Michael Mann.

CHAPTER XXV

MISDIRECTED VENGEANCE

I AM RATHER ashamed to write the story of my short visit to Mann's former home. If his spirit had any knowledge of my doings, he must have been amused, he must have smiled in his old quizzical, long-suffering way.

But I want my record to be complete. And the happenings of that morning, in what was to me an absolutely strange city, does, in a very real sense, complete it.

Leaving my luggage at the best hotel I could find, I asked in the lobby the way to the Cathedral. I would look first, I said to myself, at the church in which young Michael Mann had carried the processional cross in front of the cathedral choir.

I had no difficulty in finding the Cathedral. It stood on the one small hill in that very flat, uninteresting city; and, for a small town, it was quite an imposing edifice. I went in. But at the very door, being confronted by a Holy Water font, I became uneasy; and when I saw around the walls the Stations of the Cross, I knew that I was in the wrong place. To the Irish bell-boy in the hotel lobby, this

was undoubtedly *the* Cathedral. But it was not the Cathedral that I was seeking.

So I had recourse to the source of all sound local information in a city of this kind; I went to the first corner drug-store. There I found an Ancient, with long, silken, white whiskers, reading an old magazine and smoking one of his own cigars. He was only too ready to tell me anything. He got out the city directory, wrote me down several addresses, and even sketched out my route. I bought three of his cigars, and offered him one. It was the least I could do.

As I left the store, I asked, casually, whether he had ever known anyone by the name of Michael Mann, a clergyman.

No, he didn't remember any such person.

"I'm not a believer, you see," he added. "This Ethical Culture business is about as far as I can get. Name of Mann, you said? And a parson? No, sir. Th' only fellow by that name I ever knew was Billy Mann—a drummer he was—older than me—dead long ago. I'm going on eighty myself. Funny thing, too. Billy was a great boy for the booze. He just lapped it up. And they say it killed him. Only don't you believe it. Them days I lapped up just as much as Billy did—more, maybe—and I'm a-living yet."

He chuckled, put the cigar I had given him carefully back into the box from which I had purchased it, and waved me goodby with the butt that he held in his hand—probably a much better cigar.

It took me nearly an hour to find the Cathedral of Mann's boyhood. It is strange how the memories of early life distort the real size of things. For here was no vast "Cathedral pile" at all. It was a good-sized parish church, that must have stood, when it was first built, on the confines of the town; but now the business part of the community had grown out in its direction, and evidently not the most successful business enterprises. The shops and stores that surrounded it were dingy and unattractive. The Bishop's House I recognized by its door-plate. It stood across the street from the Cathedral, and was jammed in between a men's furnishing shop and a store for automobile accessories.

It was all very drab, very depressing, very middle class.

And yet to Michael Mann it had represented the glories of Canterbury and Chartres combined.

I had thought of calling on the Bishop. Indeed, I had looked forward eagerly to what I had to say to him. But the maid who came to the door, a maid without a cap, a rather superior, modern person, informed me that the Bishop was making a visitation in some distant part of his sparsely settled diocese and would not be back for weeks. However, there was the Dean, if I really had important business. His house was just across the street.

I saw the Very Reverend the Dean. And a more pleasant, more kindly young ecclesiastic I have seldom met. He did not know me from Adam, but he

received me as though I had been a Prince of the Church, instead of a strange, wandering layman. After we had talked about the weather for a few minutes, he asked what he could do for me.

It seemed strange to admit it, but really I did not know. And yet I had to say something. So I said that I had heard a great deal about the Cathedral from a former priest of the diocese, the Reverend Michael Mann, and had wanted to see it. I watched his face, but the mention of Mann's name provoked not the slightest reaction.

"Michael Mann?" the Dean repeated. "Don't think I ever heard of him. But I'm new in the diocese, you see. Only been here for the past three months. I came from out East—Maine."

"Don't you miss it—here?" I interposed, as he paused for a moment.

He nodded, and then changed the subject abruptly. He offered to show me the Cathedral. But I lied. I told him that I had seen it already. As a matter of fact, I had lost all interest in it. And I seemed to be losing interest too in my plans for "telling these men what I thought of them and their ways."

But if my desire to be nasty to someone had gone, I still had a little curiosity left.

"Mr. Dean," I said, as I got up to go, "can you give me the name of any priest of the diocese, at present in town, who has been here for a great many years? I'm interested in something that happened

in this city over fifteen years ago. It's a private matter. I won't bore you with it. But my inquiries thus far have been fruitless. The only thing I've got is a list of addresses—addresses of clergymen—taken from a directory. Can you tell me which man among them would be most likely to have the information that I need?"

I handed him the list made out for me by my silver-whiskered Ancient. He ran his pencil through one name after another. "That man has been here only five years, I think," he said. "This other is a newcomer also. We've had a lot of changes lately—the old lot dying off, you know. But—" he winked at me "—but slowly." Then his pencil came to rest under the last name of all.

"That's your best bet," the Dean went on. "Of course, he is not on the active list, so to speak. His vestry retired him—he wouldn't retire himself—and made him Rector Emeritus, several years ago. He's a queer old bird. Insists on living at the Rectory still, although he's got no earthly right there, and makes the present Rector rent a house at his own expense. He's all alone in that big, old house, with only one dried-up old servant, as queer as himself, to look after him. They say he's getting childish. But I talked with him the other day, and I don't believe he's half so dotty as he looks. You might try him. Only, he won't see many people. Wait, I'll write you a note of introduction. What did you say your name was?"

Armed with this note, I stood, half an hour later, on the neglected, unpainted front steps of an old frame house. The windows were filthy dirty; the blinds all drawn. I pulled at an old-fashioned bell, and heard a far-off tinkle in the entrails of the ancient dwelling. I had pulled three times before the door was opened by a slatternly old woman, with grimy hands and unkempt gray hair straggling about her wrinkled yellow forehead.

I asked to see Dr. Preston, and as the old woman drew back to close the door in my face, I presented my note with my card, saying that I had been sent by the Dean. I had to yell this three times into her ear before she understood. But my voice must have carried down the long, dark hall, for I heard the tap of a stick, back somewhere in the shadows, and then a deep, growling bass, "Let him in, Anna, you fool. Let him in."

And out of the shadows appeared an interesting, almost a commanding figure.

Dr. Preston may have been old, but he was still very much alive. He walked slowly and painfully, yet his broad shoulders were not much bowed, and he carried his great lion-like head well up on his powerful neck. He had on a tattered, rusty cassock, open at the throat, and with no sign of linen at neck or wrists. His black hair was only streaked with gray. But his deeply lined face was covered with a three-days' growth of dirty white beard. And his voice was like the growling rumble of

some big animal that has been disturbed at its feeding.

He gave me just one look. Then turned to his left, and threw open a door into what had once been, I suppose, his study.

I have never imagined such a disorderly room in all my life. Even with the shades down one could see the thick layer of fine dust that lay over everything, even over the papers and letters scattered on the desk. The fireplace was full of torn envelopes and the ends of cigarettes or cigars. And over everything was a smell of stale tobacco smoke.

Dr. Preston sat down in an old armchair. The stuffing was coming through the upholstery in several places. He motioned me to approach.

"Well, young man, what do you want?"

I knew what I wanted, but I had no idea how to get it. However, I rather liked being called "young man." Then, somehow, from my subconsciousness, I found the key to the situation. Was I not the son of a bishop? My sonship had not done me much good in the past; but at the expense of a small lie, it might avail me now.

"Dr. Preston," I began, with a deferential little bow, "if you will look at my card again, my name may possibly remind you of my father. He was bishop of——" I named his bare, unlovely old diocese. "And I am now collecting material for a volume of his memoirs. In such matters, personal recollections are of so much greater value than mere

documents. So I came to you, thinking that perhaps——"

I paused, like a fisherman watching the fly that he has just carefully cast across the ripple left by the rise of some big fish. To my delight, I saw that my fish was about to take the fly.

Old Dr. Preston dragged himself up from his chair, went to the dirty window, and tried to pull up the blind. But the spring had been broken long ago. He jerked it aside, then going back to his desk he hunted among the disordered papers until he had found a thumb-tack. With this he fastened the blind against the window frame, so that a little light filtered into the room. Then he peered closely into my face.

"So you're his son, are you?" he growled. "He was short, and you're tall. But you've got his nose —and his mouth. Your father was a damnably ugly man. So you've grown a beard, like his."

"Whiskers," I corrected softly. "He wore white side-whiskers."

"Quite right. Quite right, young man. I was only trying you out a bit. Here, sit down here, nearer me, and I'll—I'll give you a cigar."

He hunted about in the drawers of his rickety desk and finally presented me with an ancient box, in which three cigars remained. One of these he pressed upon me, struck a match, and insisted on lighting my cigar himself. At the first puff, I was surprised; at the fifth or sixth, more than delighted.

For it was one of the best cigars I had ever had between my teeth. And I know a good cigar when I smell one. Dr. Preston lighted a foul old pipe, and settled himself in his chair, pushing his big, shaggy head back against the torn lining.

"Your father was older than I," he began. "I'm nearly ninety myself, these days. And until a few years ago, I could do my work well enough. I'd be doing it yet if I hadn't had a fall and lamed this accursed leg." He tapped it angrily with his stick. "But I was already priested when your father gave up his life as a business man and entered the ministry. He came to me for advice—for I was senior curate—assistant-minister they called it then —in the church where he had a pew. You had to pay for a seat in church in those days, you know."

And then he gave me a picture of my father that fascinated me. The picture of a young, successful man, who might have looked forward to a position of assured influence and wealth, but who, for the sake of an ideal, the ideal of the Christian ministry, had put all this behind him and had followed the voice that he believed was calling him.

"Your father's conscience was much troubled at this time," old Preston went on, his voice booming out in the quiet room. "He had not lived, as a young business man, exactly a restrained life. Indeed, at one period he had been distinctly—well—let us say, wild. He had rather enjoyed scandalizing the 'unco guid.' And even after he had been

ordained, I imagine that he did not easily beat his body into subjection. But I always admired him. He was so human a man; so intensely masculine. Such a fine fellow. Ugly as he was, the women were always after him. But he won his fight."

I sat there gasping, my mind in a whirl. Why had I never known any of these things? Was this the hard, dominating father that I remembered? It did not seem possible. I dragged my mind back from these thoughts to listen again to Dr. Preston.

"Yet in one way your father was fortunate. I have always thought that Saint Augustine was lucky in the same way. Both men had sown whatever wild oats they had to sow before they became priests. In later life your father often said to me that if he had been ordained when he was young and undisciplined, and if he had done then one-tenth of the things that he did while he was still a layman, he would have given his bishop good reason for deposing him ten times over. And this thought, you see, made him very lenient with his younger clergy after he became bishop. During his whole Episcopate, he only deposed one man; and that nearly killed him.

"I know what I am talking about, young man, because after you father's consecration to the Episcopate, I was in his diocese for several years. At the time, my wife was a hopeless invalid. And I—well, I was still a great deal of a man. Too much of a man, I suppose, to be the best kind of a priest. And

if it had not been for your father and his big-hearted sympathy and understanding, I—I might not be here, as Rector Emeritus of this church today. Another bishop, who had not had your father's experience in his own youth, would have deposed me without mercy. I had never thought to tell anyone about all this, but as one grows old, the things that happened thirty or forty years ago seem so much clearer, so much more interesting than the happenings of last week, or even of yesterday. And your unexpected coming here this morning, you bearing your father's name, has touched me very deeply. You are at liberty to put down in your book anything I've told you today. I'm too old to have it make any difference to me now. And I want you to realize the kind of a man that your father was. During the last ten years of his life, I never saw him. People have told me that he grew hard and dominating. I can scarcely believe it. When I knew and admired him, he wasn't that kind of man at all."

The old priest stopped speaking. I did not know what to say. Here I had come to this strange town in order to heap coals of avenging fire on the heads of certain persons who had persecuted my friend, as I thought, robbing me of him when I needed him most; and instead, these men whom I had come to curse, were blessing me, because—I was the thing that I had despised being—because I was my father's son.

But as I compared in my mind the motives for my coming with the way in which these same motives had by this time shriveled up and died, my thoughts swung back to Michael Mann. And what Dr. Preston had just said about himself emboldened me to ask him for the answer to the riddle that had puzzled me all these last years. What was the truth about Michael Mann?

Dr. Preston had stopped speaking, and while with one hand he knocked out his pipe on the unswept hearth, with the other he blew his nose violently on a handkerchief very far from clean. It was at this moment that I ventured my question. First I thanked him for what he had told me about my father. Then said I, as though inadvertently reminded of some unimportant matter:

"Did you ever know a former priest of this diocese named Michael Mann? Of course this would be modern history for you, as Mann could not have left this diocese much more than fifteen years ago. I met him once. He interested me."

Dr. Preston had got his pipe going again.

"Michael Mann?" he said, repeating the name several times. "It sounds familiar somehow. Oh, yes, I've got it now. Why, whatever interested you in him? I hadn't heard a word about him for ages until a few months ago. What was it that reminded me of him then? I do so forget what you doctors call the 'recent past.'"

I hesitated. Then I made another cast.

"Wasn't it the Standing Committee? Perhaps you were a——"

The old priest brushed a bit of smoldering tobacco from his cassock—it was covered with tiny brown burnt holes all the way down the front. He looked at me somewhat suspiciously.

"How did you guess? Well, you're right. I've been on the Standing Committee for twenty odd years. I've only just resigned. At the last meeting I attended—some months ago, I think—there was talk about Mann. He wanted to get back, but the Bishop didn't seem overanxious to restore him, so the Committee split about even. I remember it because the presiding officer had the deciding voice, and I dislike him so heartily that if I'd known the way he was going to vote, I've have badgered the Committee till it made Mann a bishop instead of just giving him back what belonged to him anyway."

"But," I interposed, "the adverse vote of the Committee was unanimous."

Again I caught a look of suspicion mingled with curiosity in the filmy old eyes.

"It was not! Moberley didn't play fair with us! 'Sister Simeon,' I call him—your father wouldn't have liked him any more than I do. You see, the Committee voted on Mann's case before luncheon. Moberley's vote decided against him. But at luncheon I ate something that disagreed with me; I had to leave. So did several of the laymen. And at the afternoon session, with only just a quorum

present, Moberley got one of his satellites to reconsider Mann's case, and then to reject unanimously. I heard about it all afterwards. I don't know why he did it."

He paused, and I could see that he was getting tired. I hastened to put one of my two important questions.

"Why couldn't your Committee have given Mann a chance?" I asked. My voice must have betrayed my antagonism, for the old priest sat up straight again and glared at me. "Why did you hate him so?"

"Hate him? Why should we hate him?" Dr. Preston's voice broke in a harsh cackle of amusement. "Nobody hated him except Sister Simeon. I forget now why he did hate Mann. But to be hated by Moberley is a distinction. I claim that distinction myself. As for the other members of the Committee, why, most of us had almost forgotten who Michael Mann was. I had. And later on I kicked myself for not remembering sooner. I'd have put that motion through the Committee. The trouble was that nobody cared much about the matter one way or the other—except Moberley. May I ask you, my young friend, why you should care so much?"

"Michael Mann was my friend," I answered hotly. I was angry, and rebellious. Was it true what this old priest had said, that my poor friend had suffered so much, not because he was hated, but simply

because these men who held his happiness in their hands did not care?

"Your friend, eh?" asked the hoarse, tired voice from the other side of the room. "I wonder, now. Did you ever hear what he did here in this diocese? And why he was forced to ask the Bishop to depose him? Did he ever tell you the truth about that, I wonder?"

I held myself tight in my chair. I must not show how deeply interested I was. The other question, that I had so longed to ask, was being asked for me by the old priest himself.

"No, Dr. Preston," I said slowly. "I never knew. He never told me."

"Would you like to hear about it?" The voice had lost its suggestion of weariness; it seemed to be gloating over what it was about to say. "Pretty nasty tale. A thing that puts a man, let alone a priest, absolutely outside the pale of decent society. Sure you want to hear about it?"

I gritted my teeth. I felt that, in loyalty to my dead friend, I ought to say no. But my accursed curiosity got the better of me. After all, there can't be very much in this world of men and women that can shock a physician. And I did want to know.

So I nodded.

"Well," the old priest began, "it was this way. He——" He checked himself abruptly. "No," he said; "I find that I can't put it into spoken words

after all. There are limits, you see, even for an old man like me."

"Good God," I whispered. "It can't be as bad as that!"

"It can," said Dr. Preston. "Want to know still?"

But I had gone too far to retreat.

"All right, then." And now there was a tone in his voice that I could not understand, something repellent, something hostile, like the distant grumble of thunder. "I'll write it down for you. Here's a bit of paper. And I've got a pencil somewhere." He fumbled about on his desk. Then I saw the outline of his great iron-gray head bent over the sheet of paper on which he was writing laboriously. He wrote for some five minutes. Then he folded the paper very carefully, and handed it to me.

"I make only one stipulation," he said. "You are not to read this until you have left my house. It isn't much of a house, I know. But I live in it—and I don't want it polluted."

He looked at me searchingly for a moment; then he got up shakily, and opened the study door.

"You will excuse an old man, I know," he said, "for not coming to the front door with you. And I think that you had better go now—since you have obtained what you came for."

He did not offer me his hand. So I left him without a word. I opened the front door, and stood, for a moment, hesitating, on the threshold, staring

down at the folded sheet of paper crushed in my fist.

Just what happened to me at that moment I shall never know. Perhaps it was some subconscious recollection of the way in which the old priest had looked at me, some echo of his voice. Sometimes I have thought that my dead friend spoke to me there in that dusty, empty hall.

At any rate, I faced about suddenly, walked back down the hall and into the disordered study. Old Dr. Preston was still sitting in his battered, torn chair, gazing into the empty fireplace.

I walked up to him and thrust the paper that he had given me under his nose.

"You see this?" I demanded. My voice was shaking like a frightened schoolboy's. He nodded. "You see, also, that I have not opened it?" He nodded again. "Then," said I, "I wish to take back what I said to you here a moment ago. I don't want to know what you have written on this paper. I can imagine how a vile mind like yours might revel in setting down in black and white the details of something that you are too well bred, too decent, to put into spoken words for fear it might soil your tongue. Watch me. I'm going to tear this paper into fifteen thousand——"

He put out his hand suddenly.

"No," he said; "please don't tear it. Give it back to me."

"Very well, then. You are a priest. I can't ram the damn thing down your throat. But I want to tell you this. Michael Mann was my friend. I owe him more than I can ever repay. And I don't care what he did, nor why he did it. As long as I knew him, he was loyal, and manly, and clean, and helpful. I don't care what he did once. I care a lot about what he once was to me."

I was breathless with rage. And I turned to stalk out of the room. But in the shadows behind me, I heard a strange sound that made me hesitate. A sound like a hoarse, dry chuckle.

I faced about. The old priest was laughing at me. But somehow I was not angry. There was something friendly, something comforting about that laugh.

"Come back here, young man," I heard him say. "You've pleased me. I thought you were just a muckraker masquerading in the guise of a disinterested friend. And I played you a little trick. I wanted to test you. And for a moment, I thought you had failed. I thought that your father's son was showing base metal where there should have been pure gold. Come nearer. Here, take this paper back again. There's nothing written on it at all. I only went through the motions. Just think, if you had been a real muckraker, what a glorious sell this would have been when you opened it to read at last and to gloat over the iniquity of

the man whom you had dared in my presence to call your friend!"

I stumbled over to the window. The old man was right. The paper was perfectly blank.

I turned toward him, my jaw dropping, my mind almost as blank as the paper that I held in my hands.

"Then—then—" I stammered; "what—what——"

The old priest held up his hand.

"Still curious?" he asked. "Well, you've been a good boy. You've proved yourself to be your father's son. And I know what you're trying to say. You want to know what, under the sun, your friend, Michael Mann did do? And I'm perfectly willing to tell you openly and freely that what he did—I don't remember. I forgot it long ago. So has every decent man forgotten it. And I think," he added, in a lower tone, "that God has forgotten it too."

Now he held out his hand cordially.

"Come and see me again soon," he said; "—if you can stand my vile mind. And as for your friend, Mann, why tell him that I'm on his side. Tell him that though I'm off the Standing Committee now, I've got some influence still, and I'll see that our adverse vote is reconsidered. Tell him, too, that he hasn't been wasting his time since I saw him last if he has managed to make for himself as good a friend as you have proved yourself to be."

"Michael Mann," said I, "is dead."

There was a moment's pause. "Is he so?" said the old priest. "Well, he's better off than I am. I get terribly tired of waiting. If I see him before you do, I'll give him your love. Goodby. The floor of this room is filthy dirty, and of course you needn't kneel down, but before you go, I'd like to give you my blessing."

So there my Expedition of Vengeance ended—on my knees—at the feet of a wise old priest.

CHAPTER XXVI

NOVISSIMA VERBA

Two months ago I began the writing of this history. It has taken more time than I expected to devote to it, and in order to finish it, I have had to delay my sailing for a week or two. But this delay has had its compensations. When I do sail, within a few days, now, I shall have as a fellow passenger my friend, the Roman Catholic Archbishop, Dr. Swayne's uncle. I owe his friendship, as I owe so many other things, to my interest in Michael Mann. Instead of going to England and France, as I had first planned to do, I shall leave the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale for September, when I shall be on my way home, and shall go with the Archbishop directly to Umbria, to Perugia and Assisi. And I shall take this manuscript with me. I have become as attached to it as though it were a personal acquaintance—a friend, whom I did not truly appreciate during the early part of our acquaintance, but whom I have come to love.

Besides, while writing these many pages, I seem to have got into touch again with Michael Mann. That is natural enough, I know. And yet the mere

writing, the mere recalling from my subconsciousness of events long past, of people vanished or dead, does not quite account for my present mental attitude. I feel closer to my dead friend than I have felt at any time during the past ten years. So close, indeed, that I am constantly expecting to hear the sound of his voice, or to catch a glimpse of his once familiar figure. All easily explained, of course, from a psychiatric standpoint.

And yet, in another sense, not explained at all; for the past ten years have been very full of interesting work. Gradually the memories of Mann had faded into the dull background of my life's daily routine—and there was nothing to remind me of him. Nothing, at least, except the faithful Reginald, who has grown old more rapidly than I, and who is now a wizened, dried-up, little person. He has been so long attached to the "Dienerschaft" of the anatomical department that the younger students call him "Mr. Timmins." But although he is quite a personage among us, he still refuses to allow any of his subordinates to sweep out my own little office—and he looks after me in many kindly little ways. Only once in each year does he mention Michael Mann. And that is on a day in August—if I happen to be in town. Then Reginald lays on my desk a bit of paper, on which, in his ungainly, painful writing, he has scrawled a date—"August 6th, Mr. Mann."

Early on the morning of that day Reginald comes

to my lodgings—the only time in the year that he ever comes—and walks me off to the parish church where Mann used to make his communions. There, in the cool early hours, we hear what Reginald calls a "Reechien Mass" for the repose of the soul of Michael Mann, priest. Reginald makes all the arrangements. If such masses are paid for—I am not familiar with the custom—Reginald pays, not I.

But except for Reginald and his yearly "Reechien," there is nothing to remind me of the old days. Refuge has disappeared long since. Where it once stood now rises the side wall of our new dispensary. Over the place where Mann's ashes lie, the maimed, the halt, and the blind pass in with all their afflictions, seeking whatever help and alleviation the science of modern medicine can give. Often enough, they find it, I know.

The ancient Greek *palaestra* always had a statue of their protecting divinity set up in the center of the court—a statue of Hermes Agonios, Hermes the Helper. And so our new dispensary, our *palaestra,* where we physicians strive to build up health and strength, has its statue, its protecting symbol too, although its presence is unknown and although its influence centers, not in the chiseled figure of a glorious youthful god, but in a handful of scattered ashes.

Yet Michael Mann left me one thing that has been with me always; a thing that I often forget almost as completely as I have often forgotten him

during the past ten years—the thing that we call our "faith." I cannot say that I "practice my religion" as Mann would have wished me to do. But the old, purely materialistic outlook on life, that fully satisfied me in my earlier manhood, has given place to the mental habits of my believing youth. And I am at peace with myself—and, I trust—with my God.

Now that our new anatomical museum has been built and I have been appointed its first curator, I have no teaching duties; I have more time to think. I am working at the early history of anatomy in the famous school of Salerno, in the Middle Ages; and, in order to understand the contributions made to it by Arabian medicine, I have made up my mind to learn Arabic. My teacher—a distinguished orientalist, a professor of the Philosophical Faculty of a neighboring university—was talking to me only yesterday about the religious reactions of the ordinary Mohammedans.

"With the Arabs," he said, "the idea of sanctity has no correlations with what we should call the Ten Commandments. A man who is a 'holy personage' —that is, one who has a gift for religion as other men have a gift for mathematics—may be absolutely immoral; he may steal, murder, commit adultery and all the moral offenses in the calendar, but in the eyes of his people he will still be a holy man. Strange, isn't it? From a Christian point of view, I mean."

"Perhaps," I answered. "And yet, in the Middle Ages one finds something of the same kind. In those days—if you will read the *Colloquies of Erasmus,* for instance—you will find that a parish priest might have had a concubine and a brood of illegitimate children running round his celibate household, and yet his parishioners went to his masses and made use of his sacerdotal ministrations. It never entered into their heads to imagine that a priest was less able to function as a priest because he lived an unregulated, even a downright scandalous life. I wonder whether it wouldn't do us all good today if we got hold of the medieval outlook!"

My orientalist friend—he was a strict Presbyterian—was greatly shocked. He held up his pudgy white hands in absolute horror.

"But my dear friend," he protested, "my dear doctor, why, if——"

"You admire your Arabs," I hurried on. "Why not copy their wisdom? Oh, I hold no brief for a licentious, immoral clergy. God forbid! But at the Reformation, the Old Testament got the upper hand of the New, somehow. The Ten Commandments became more important than the Sermon on the Mount. And we haven't got over that mistake yet. See here! Let's talk in terms of this new wireless business. Suppose I'm born with a particular kind of receiving set in my brain—a kind that most men haven't got; a receiving set that can receive messages that other people can't hear. Suppose this

set of mine is specially attuned to what we'll call, for want of a better word, religious emotions and reactions. I hear things that other people can't hear, and that they want to hear about, are wild, crazy to hear about. So I tell them what I hear. And I'm happy, and doing a lot of good. Well, then somebody comes along and informs me that I may not use my receiving set any more, may not tell other people what I hear, because this material body of mine behaves in such and such a way—a way that this somebody doesn't approve of. Now if I don't make use of my receiving set, it loses its power, sooner or later, and I don't get messages any more, and the world is poorer for my loss. No, I think that your Arabs have got the right idea. I've a good mind to turn Mohammedan myself!"

My orientalist friend fled in haste. But I sat on, still, here at this very desk, in my wonderful new room at the anatomical museum, wondering whether I had been talking nonsense or whether I had been right, after all.

I don't know. Who am I to judge in such matters?

And yet—and yet——

But Reginald has just tapped at my door. He knows that when I get mooning here at my desk I miss my dinner at the Club.

At Assisi

I have been here a week. Tonight, after having

listened to Pontifical Vespers in the Lower Church, with the soft candlelight touching up the frescos that illustrate the life of St. Francis, I have taken out this bundle of manuscript from my battered trunk over there in the corner, and have brought it to the insecure little table that stands on the balcony below my window. My two candles burn straight upwards in the still night air. From where I sit, I can look straight out and down over the whole valley. To my left is the Church of the Portiuncula; and over there, away to the right, rises the steep cliff of Perugia.

I have been reading in Mann's tattered copy of the Iliad. And as I spelled out the Greek, beginning with my favorite book, the Sixth, I came across these lines:

"And Diomedes slew Axylus, Teuthras's son—that dwelt in well-built Arisbe—a man—that was beloved of all men. For he dwelt in a house by the high-road, and gave entertainment to all that passed by. Nevertheless, of all these, there was not one found—to ward from him woeful destruction."

The passage—I give only the gist of it—had been underlined; and I knew that it had once appealed to Michael Mann.

Well, Axylus, Teuthras's son, is dead, and "passed beneath the earth" long, long since. And Michael Mann—who had been so like him and who had received the same reward—is dead also. "As are the generations of the leaves, so are the generations of

mortal men." And this rather withered leaf that is my own body will drop from the tree some day, just as the others have done. So why rebel? Why be bitter?

Axylus, Teuthras's son, had done his work of kindliness and entertainment before Diomedes, good at the war-cry, met and slew him on the Trojan plain. And Michael Mann had done his work, too; had done it well. And in this well-doing he had his reward. What more could anyone ask of life than that?

I look down at the Church of the Portiuncula in the valley, where St. Francis began his preaching. How they once hated him—the easy-going, materialistic people of Assisi, who did not want to be disturbed in their enjoyment of this world's goods! But if he had died then, in the midst of their hatred, he would still have accomplished much. The impetus that he had given would have been carried on by the others. Only, he himself might not have been known to later ages as St. Francis; only as Francis of Assisi.

And I see that the final judgment of failure or success does not rest with a man's contemporaries. I think of the great Galen, ending his life alone, apparently a failure, after such a brilliant beginning with the *praxis aurea* of Rome—and yet dominating medical thought for a thousand years and more. Or of Vesalius, dying almost unknown on a strange island, weighed down with the sense of wasted

opportunities and of useless effort—and yet leaving behind him a name and an achievement that will keep his memory alive as long as the art of medicine lives and flourishes.

So with my friend, Michael Mann. Who am I, or any other of his contemporaries, to write "Failure" at the bottom of his life's last page?

The candles are beginning to gutter. I must not turn this final chapter of my history into a record of personal experiences. I have wanted only to add one last word, and to set it down now—that here at Assisi I have purged myself of the last drop of bitterness and regret. I am at peace about my dead friend.

This evening at supper I had a pleasant surprise. Across the dining room, at a distant table, I thought I saw a familiar face. As the man came moving slowly toward me, with outstretched hand, I recognized Dr. Francis, once our resident-surgeon at the hospital, "Unser Hofrat Francis," as we used to call him. He is now a very great personage indeed, Professor of Surgery at one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest of all medical schools in America. And yet he is still the same quiet, authoritative, word-shy fellow that he was when I first taught him anatomy. He is staying here for a day or two. I introduced him to my companion, the Roman Catholic Archbishop, who has been showing me Assisi as I had never dreamed of seeing it before. And

"Unser Hofrat" is coming tomorrow, after breakfast, to go with us to the spot where St. Francis received the Stigmata.

He has just knocked on my door. He saw my candles from his own window. He begged me to go to bed. Said I looked done-up. But I don't feel tired. Indeed, I never felt so completely satisfied —so much at rest.

Probably it is because I have finished this history at last.

Tomorrow——

There—the last candle has gone out.

CHAPTER XXVII

DR. FRANCIS EXPLAINS

Rome, Italy
September, 1926

My dear Jack:

I am sending you by registered post a bundle of manuscript and typewritten matter that may possibly interest you. It doesn't seem to be in my line at all. I want to get rid of it, for it came into my hands in a rather distressing way.

You will surely remember Dr. Claude Monroe, who was an instructor in anatomy when you and I were first-year students at the Medical School. Even though you are now a mere psychiatrist and not a "real doctor" at all, you must know that he did some remarkable work in his time. His early studies on the structure and function of the gall bladder were epoch-making; they have since been confirmed by the discoveries of Halpert and others. But some years ago he became interested in neurology and even in psychiatry—a most unfortunate thing for an anatomist. I believe that he actually practiced for a while. And I have heard that he did quite well. But after a time the unstable element in his personality, whatever it was, cropped out

again. He gave up his practice and returned to anatomy, his first love. However, no man can be unfaithful to his first mistress without some resultant loss. Monroe never took up any research work again. He did try to go on with his routine teaching, but as an instructor in an up-to-date medical school he soon became almost impossible. The school did not know what to do with him. Finally, his chief was able to find for him a pleasant, quiet berth as curator of the new anatomical museum.

All this by way of introduction to the story of my meeting the old fellow during the past summer while I was in Umbria, at a dreary little town called Assisi.

He was traveling with some high hat of a Catholic priest. I spoke to him at dinner. At the time I didn't like either the color of his lips or the clamminess of his hands. His room was next to mine. I watched him that evening, writing at a table on his little balcony, without an overcoat on, although the air that came up from the valley was decidedly cold and damp. Finally I went into his room and tried to persuade him to go to bed. He looked badly then, worse than before. But he insisted that he was all right; that he had never felt better in his life. He even made an engagement to take me to some ungodly place or other the next morning.

I went back to my room, and to bed. But I had been asleep not half an hour when I was aroused by a fall—not a loud one—in the next room. If I hadn't

seen old Claude and known that he had the adjoining room, I should have paid no attention, and should probably have rolled over and gone to sleep again. But as things were, I jumped out of bed and hurried into his room.

There he was, curled up on the floor beside his bed. He had undressed, and then—I never knew he was that kind of a man—he must have knelt down to say his prayers. For a book of some kind of Latin prayers was laid open on the bed. I think that his heart must have stopped while he was on his knees.

Among his belongings I found the manuscript that I'm sending to you. I tried to wade through some of it, but couldn't make head or tail of what the old boy was driving at. I thought of burning it. Then I remembered you and your pernicious habit of ruining your reputation as a good physician by writing bad books. So I am passing the buck to you. Do what you like with old Claude's lucubrations. If you discover in them any remarkable anatomical discoveries, send them to me.

Yours for old time's sake,

"Hofrat Francis"

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